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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Stevenson Heritage

THE will of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who died in February, showed an estate amounting to something more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The figures surprised a great many people, some wondering how they happened to be so large, and others expressing astonishment that they were so small. "Just about what five years should have brought in from R. L. S.'s books," suggested one ardent Stevensonian, who estimated that the royalties were yielding in the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But that computation is unquestionably very much too high. The number of living men of letters in this country and England who are earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year from their books could probably be counted on the fingers of both hands.

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The McClure Memoirs Again

Last autumn we had Miss Gilder picturing Mr. S. S. McClure "discovering" Stevenson in 1893, and, figuratively speaking, Mr. McClure purring complacently before the picture. Now, in jotting down his *Autobiography,* Mr. McClure seems to recall that it was not in 1893 that he introduced "R. L. S." to the world, but in 1887, which presents the whole matter in a vastly different light. In a way, Mr. McClure shares credit with Mr. Irving Bacheller and Mr. Charles de Kay, for it was Mr. Bacheller who stirred Mr. McClure to the realisation that, for the first time, there was intelligent and dangerous competition in the syndicate field, and moved him to make that trip to England in February, 1887; while it was Mr. de Kay who called his attention to Stevenson's *Kidnapped.* Mr. McClure did not succeed in finding Stevenson in England, but one day, the following summer, a young man visited the offices in the Tribune Building in New York, introduced himself as Lloyd Osbourne, and said that Stevenson was staying at the Hotel St. Stephen in Eleventh Street. There Mr. McClure found him. He was in bed, "very much in the attitude of the St. Gaudens medallion." Of course he was; it would not have been a conventional Stevenson interview otherwise. In Miss Gilder's version Mr. McClure spoke of the Scotsman as just emerging from obscurity in 1894; in his later account he says that by reason of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he was already famous in 1887.

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Then Stevenson made his trip to the Adirondacks, and there Mr. McClure followed him in October, 1887. Three of Stevenson's stories had been printed in *Henderson's Weekly,* an English

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paper, something like the old New York *Ledger*. These were *Treasure Island, Kidnapped* and *The Black Arrow*. He had received one hundred pounds apiece for them, and they had appeared as the work of "Captain North," a pseudonym adopted at the suggestion of some of his English literary friends, who thought that the association of Stevenson's own name with adventure stories might compromise his future. *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* had been issued in book form, but *The Black Arrow* had never been resurrected. So at Saranac Mr. McClure offered to publish the last-named story in the syndicate and to pay a good price for it. Later Mr. McClure expressed the wish to omit the first five chapters of the tale, and Stevenson readily gave his consent. Referring to this, Mr. McClure expresses opinions on a subject that is of decided significance, a subject that we propose to discuss very fully before long. Of Stevenson's acquiescence in the scheme for condensation, he says:

Like all writers of the first rank, he was perfectly amiable about changes and condensations, and was not handicapped by the superstition that his copy was divine revelation and that his words were sacrosanct. I never knew a really great writer who cherished his phrases or was afraid of losing a few of them. First-rate men always have plenty more.

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While there is unquestionably a certain amount of soundness in these ideas, there is also a certain amount of danger in their free expression. But they seem to be Mr. McClure's pet hobby, for he returns to it again, quoting Stevenson as lamenting that Balzac did not have some one to edit and condense his novels for him. Then, when Stevenson began sending in his *Letters from the South Seas:*

He told me to use my own judgment about editing them, and to cut wherever I thought it would be advantageous. After the series was well started in the syndicate, he wrote and asked me why I was not cutting the stuff down more. I have mentioned this willingness to be edited before, and I have said that all of the really first-rate writers I have known have been similarly open-minded. I must mention it again, because, somehow, young writers often have the idea that they are lowering their flag if they consent to any changes in their manuscript—that there is a mystic power in a certain order of words. My experience has been—and I think all other editors have had the same experience—that only writers of inferior talent and meagre equipment feel that way.

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Happening to read *The Study in Scarlet* on a train journey from Scotland to London, Mr. McClure tells us that he decided that he wanted Conan Doyle for the syndicate, and bought the first twelve Sherlock Holmes stories, paying sixty dollars apiece for them. But at first they were not at all popular with editors, on account of their somewhat unwieldy length. It was not until nearly all the first twelve had been published that the public began to take interest. Then Mr. McClure bought the American serial rights of *The White Company* for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, but that, too, went begging, until Mr. Laffan of the New York *Sun* took it off Mr. McClure's hands. Then Mr. McClure gives a somewhat different account of the "discovery" of Rudyard Kipling from that chronicled last autumn:

I was lunching one day with Sidney Colvin at the British Museum, where he was in residence as Curator of Prints and Engravings. Colvin told me about a new writer who seemed to have red blood in him, and who had done a good deal of work out in India that was beginning to be talked about in London. His name, Colvin said, was Rudyard Kipling. The name was so unusual that I had to write it down to remember it.

Shortly after this I paid my first visit to George Meredith. I went to Box Hill to see him about getting the right to syndicate sev-

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eral of his novelettes, such as *The Tale of Chloë,* which had never been published in book form and were unknown in America. During the course of our conversation I said:

"Mr. Meredith, Mr. Colvin thinks very highly of a new writer named Rudyard Kipling. He believes he is the coming man. Do you know anything about him?"

"The coming man," said Meredith emphatically, "is James Matthew Barrie."

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Conan Doyle again figures in the April instalment of Mr. McClure's *Autobiography.* When Dr. Doyle was in the United States in 1894 on his lecturing tour, *McClure's Magazine* was in its precarious infancy. It was running at a loss of a thousand dollars a month, and it was found necessary to cut the text of the magazine from ninety-six to eighty-eight pages, and to reduce the size of the illustrations. Five thousand dollars was owed to English authors, and every apparent source of capital had been gradually exhausted. One day in this dark period Mr. McClure paid a visit to Dr. Doyle at the Aldine Club in New York City, where the latter had been staying. In apologising for apparent neglect he explained that he had been upset by business anxieties, remarking incidentally that he had to finance the magazine as well as edit it. Conan Doyle then said that he would like to put some money into the business himself, if it was needed; that he believed in the magazine and in McClure. After lunch the two went to the office of the magazine, and there Dr. Doyle wrote out his cheque for five thousand dollars, exactly the sum that was owed to the English authors. That cheque put new life into the office staff.

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Readers of the early numbers of *McClure's* may remember the "Human Documents" series which was such a feature of the first years of the magazine. That feature, which was so successful that it would have been kept up forever if the supply of great men had held out, was christened by no less a personage than Alphonse Daudet. When Mr. Jaccaci, the art editor of *McClure's,* was in Paris, he explained one day to the creator of Tartarin the intention of publishing in each number of the magazine a series of photographs of some noted man or woman, from his or her childhood up. *"Veritables documents humaines,"* exclaimed Daudet; and that was the title adopted for the series. The "Human Documents" led to many interesting personal contacts. In 1895 Mr. McClure went to Germany to get a series of the best portraits of Bismarck, and spent two days with his son, Count Bismarck, at his great farming estate, Schaffhausen. He tells of there being shown a cabinet photograph of the present Emperor taken when he was a boy, and sent by him to Bismarck while his grandfather was still on the throne and his father was an apparently sound man with the prospects of a long reign before him. On this photograph was written, in young William's hand, *"Cave adsum."*

Count Herbert called my attention to this photograph, but neither by word nor manner did he comment upon it. When I asked him what his father had said when he received this picture, Count Herbert replied imperturbably: "My father said nothing that it would have been unbecoming to say of his future Emperor."

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Mr. McClure considers that the first distinguished series of short stories published in the magazine was Anthony Hope's *The Heart of Princess Osra.* Once, when Mr. McClure was in London, Robert Barr, who often gave him valuable advice, told him that he would make a mistake if he left England without seeing Anthony Hope Hawkins, a new man who was doing remarkably interesting work. Then one day Mr. Hawkins presented himself at the magazine's London office with a black valise full of his manuscripts and published works. Mr. McClure was in a hurry, being about to sail for New York the following day, so he told the novelist that

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he wouldn't bother about the manuscripts then, but that he would gladly take the books along and read them on the steamer. On that trip across the Atlantic Mr. McClure read *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and as soon as he reached New York he cabled Mr. Hawkins to send over all the manuscripts he had. The next time the American was in London Mr. Hawkins sent him eight "Princess Osra" stories in a bunch. "Mrs. McClure and I were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr then. I took the manuscript to his house, and after dinner in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Barr and my wife and I sat down in the library, and each of us took a 'Princess Osra' story to read. Very soon some one exclaimed and then some one else exclaimed. Each of us declared that the story that had fallen to his lot must be the best of the collection."

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In the April version of the *Autobiography* Mr. McClure tells us that he first met Kipling soon after the latter's arrival in London, when he was writing *The Light That Failed,* for which Lippincotts paid him eight hundred dollars. Kipling was then writing still with the free pen of the unknown man. Indeed, comments Mr. McClure, so far as the market was concerned, Kipling went very slowly. For a long while his prices remained very moderate. He returned to England and began to be talked about there in 1889; "but as late as 1893 I was offered one of the Jungle Book stories for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Five years later I paid twenty-five thousand dollars for the serial rights of *Kim.*" We are inclined to ask whether this is not another of those little inaccuracies which have been lending so much piquancy to Mr. McClure's narrative, inaccuracies which we very much enjoy pointing out, but which do not seriously reflect upon the value or the very genuine interest of the *Autobiography* as a whole. Five years after 1893 would have been 1898. *Kim* was published in 1901, and, unless we are very much mistaken, finished a very short time before its serial publication began.

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Mr. McClure records that he never saw the perverse side of Kipling that the American press at one time exploited, and doubts whether any one but a reporter has ever seen that side. Kipling always resented newspaper interviews, refusing to take himself as a public man, and therefore feeling that he ought to be exempt from interviews. His brusqueness with reporters Mr. McClure considered to be really an expression of his modesty. "I have always found him cordial and tolerant of other people's interests. I remember he once told me, in London, that when I went to see him in Vermont I had 'talked *McClure Magazine* to him for eight solid hours.' And he bore it! He used to say to me: 'McClure, your business is dealing in brain futures.'

"Once, when I went to see him at Lakewood, he asked me whether I had read *David Harum.* I replied: 'No. He's dead.'

"Kipling laughed and said: 'That's right, McClure. The mark of genius is to eliminate the unnecessary.'"

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Another memory of these pages is George Meredith. Mr. McClure first went to see him in 1890, and arranged to publish several of his "novelettes" through the Syndicate. A short time before he had read all of Meredith's published novels in rapid succession. He had always heard of Meredith as a man very difficult to read; his novels were spoken of as quite unattainable to the man of average intelligence.

I had imagined that to read one of his novels would be something like reading a very obscure work on philosophy and psychology in one. Stevenson was the first man I ever heard speak of them as if they were interesting as well as profound. Once, when I was on the road, I bought a cheap copy of *The Egoist,* and read it with the most intense interest. Then I read *Richard Feverel,* after which I bought the set of eleven

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AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE'S IMPRESSION OF KIPLING IN THE PROSPEROUS DAYS

volumes in a box, and went straight through them. I was living then on Sixty-first Street. I read them on the elevated—before breakfast—while I was eating my lunch at the Astor House. I went through them in about six weeks, and had never read any novels with more interest or delight.

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Sydney Colvin gave Mr. McClure a letter to Meredith, and Meredith wrote extending an invitation to visit Box Hill and spend the night. Mr. McClure went down from London on New Year's Day of 1890. Meredith met him at the gate, and even then walked very slowly, because of his nervous malady. Mr. McClure remembers particularly the novelist's clear ringing voice and says that his conversation was very like the dialogue in his novels; one had the feeling, when he talked, that there were swords flashing in the air. After dinner that night guest and host went up a steep hillside to the châlet where, before a roaring fire, they sat until two o'clock in the morning, talking of the novels, going from book to book, and from character to character. During this talk Mr. McClure asked Meredith how, in the light of his own experience, he would define genius. As nearly as Mr. McClure can remember, he said:

> It is an extraordinary activity of mind in which all conscious and subconscious knowledge mass themselves without any effort of the will, and become effective. It manifests itself in three ways—in producing, in organising, and in rapidity of thought.

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William James

It is the late William James who stands forth in the brightest light from the pages of Mr. Henry James's latest reminiscences, happily entitled *Notes of a Son and Brother*. In all the charming circle, so characteristic of a closed period in the development of our national manners, to which this book is devoted, his is the fig-

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ure that bears the authentic stamp of genius. His high spirits, his quick, eager mind, the wide range of his talents, marked him for great things even in the early days of which his brother here preserves the record. "Willy James is one of the very few people in this world that I love," writes one of his friends of those days. "He has the largest heart as well as the largest head." And from the same witness, in one of a series of letters the most personally appealing and touching of any included in this record: "What a *real* person he is! He is to me in nearly all respects a head and shoulders above other people." Without genius William James might easily have been betrayed into an obscure mediocrity by the variety and wide reach of his interests. It is not altogether easy to realise that the man who, after undergoing the training first of a chemist and biologist and then of a physician, became first a great psychologist and then perhaps the most world-famous of American philosophers, was first of all dedicated to the artistic career. As a child he displayed a remarkable facility in drawing, and a long sojourn of the family in Europe was actually cut short that the eldest son might undertake the serious study of painting under the tutelage of William Hunt, at that time one of the most distinguished of American artists. Mr. Henry James does not fail to comment on the fine irony of a family deserting Paris for the advantage of art study in Newport, Rhode Island. But at the same time he bears witness—and he may be conceded a sufficient and unprejudiced authority—to the genuineness of his brother's talent, the cultivation of which was so early abandoned. "No stroke of it that I have recovered but illustrates his aptitude for drawing, his possible real mastery of the art that was yet, in the light of other interests, so utterly to drop from him; and the example is rare of being so finely capable only to become so indifferent."

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Mr. Henry James is not alone in testifying to the high quality of his brother's talk and familiar correspondence; and, though he gives promise of a future publication of letters, the present volume is happily not without interesting fragments. Some of W. J.'s early letters to members of the family, dating from the first days at Harvard, convey enlightening as well as amusing pictures of the Cambridge and Boston of that day—the early Sixties.

I am going to Boston to-night to hear Agassiz lecture (twelve lectures on *Methods in Natural History*), so that I will only tell you that I am very well and my spirits just getting good. Miss Upham's table is much pleasanter than the other. Professor F. J. Child is a great joker—he's a little flaxen-headed boy of about forty. There is a nice old lady boarder, another man of about fifty, of aristocratic bearing, who interests me much, and three intelligent students. At the other table was no conversation at all; the fellows had that American solemnity, called each other Sir, etc. . . . F. J. Child impresses one as very witty and funny, but leaves it impossible to remember what he says. . . . Professor Eliot, at the School, is a fine fellow, I suspect; a man who if he resolves to do a thing won't be prevented. . . . Eliot I have not seen much more of; I don't believe he is a *very* accomplished chemist, but can't tell yet. . . . As Wilky has submitted to you a résumé of his future history for the next few years, so will I of mine, hoping it will meet your approval. Thus: one year Chemistry, then one term at home. Then one year with Wyman, followed by a medical education. Then five or six years with Agassiz; after which probably death, death, death from inflation and plethora of knowledge. . . . I like Miss Upham's very much. Dark, "aristocratic" dining-room, with royal cheer. "Fish, roast beef, veal cutlets, pigeons!" says the splendid, tall, noble-looking, white-armed, black-eyed Juno of a handmaid as you sit down. And for dessert a choice of three, *three,* darling Mother, of the most succulent, unctuous (no, not unctuous, unless you imagine a celestial unction without the oil) pie-like confections, always two platesful—my eye! She has an admirable chemical, not mechanical, combina-

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tion of cake and jam and cream which I recommend to Mother if she is ever at a loss. . . . This Sweester family is worthy of Dickens. It consists of a Mr. and Miss S., Mr. S.'s three gushing girls, a parrot and a maniac. The maniac is very obstreperous. Her husband left her boarding here three months ago and went to Cuba. When she got mad he was written to, but has sent no reply, and they are keeping her. For the Aunt's sake I keep my door locked against her at night. Old Sweester is a riddle I hope to do justice to at some future time, but can't begin now. His sister shakes like an aspen whenever she is spoken to. Oh, I forgot the most important character of all, the black wench who "does" the room. She is about twenty years old and wears short frocks, but talks like Alice Robeson and has an ante-diluvian face about as large as the top of a flour-barrel.

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Here is the future pragmatist's account of a Christmas morning in Boston:

I have been in Boston the whole blessed morning, . . . found myself in for following the innocent lamb Lily up and down for two hours, to hold bundles and ring bells for her; Wilky and Tom having vanished from the scene. Clear, sharp, cold morning, thermometer five degrees at sunrise, and the streets covered with one glare of ice. I had thick, smooth shoes and went sliding off like an avalanche every three steps, while she, having India-rubbers and being a Bostonian, went ahead like a swan. I had, among other things, to keep her bundles from harm, to wipe away every three minutes the trembling jewel with which the cold *would* with persistent kindness ornament my coral nose; to keep a hypocritic watchful eye on her movements lest she fall; to raise my hat gracefully to more and more of her acquaintances every block; to skate round and round embracing lamp-posts and door-scrapers by the score to keep from falling, as well as to avoid serving old lady-promenaders in the same way—to cut capers four feet high at the rate of twenty a second, every now and then, for the same purpose; to keep from scooting off down hills and round corners as fast as my able-bodied companion; often to do all these at once and then fall lickety-bang like a chandelier, but *when* so to preserve an expression of placid beatitude or easy nonchalance despite the raging fiend within; oh, it beggars description! When finally it was over, and I stood alone, I shook my companion's dust from my feet, and biting my beard with rage, sware a mighty oath unto high heaven that I would never, while reason held her throne in this distracted orb, never, NEVER, by word, look or gesture, and this without mental reservation, acknowledge a "young lady" as a human being. The false and rotten spawn might die before I would wink to save it. No more Parties now?—at last I am a Man, etc., etc.!

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Of others in the James circle or touching it at this or that point there are glimpses through the fine haze of retrospect that Mr. Henry James interposes.

John La Farge became at once, in breaking on our view, quite the most interesting person we knew, and for a time remained so; he became a great many other things besides—a character, above all, if there ever was one. . . . I see him at this hour again, see him, jacketed in black velvet or clad from top to toe in old-time elegances of cool white and leaning much forward with his protuberant and over-glazed, his doubting, yet all-seizing vision, dandle along the shining Newport sands in faraway summer sunsets on a charming chestnut mare.

From a letter of his father, bearing date of November, '67, he quotes: "What a charming impression of Dickens the other night at the Nortons' dinner! How innocent and honest and sweet he is maugre his fame! Fields was merely superb on the occasion, but Dickens was saintly." And there is this admirable tribute from the elder craftsman to his younger contemporary, the late F. Marion Crawford. "The most endowed and accomplished of men Frank Crawford, so that I have scarcely known another who had more abundantly lived and wrought, about whom, moreover, there was more to be said, it struck me,

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A SKETCH OF LOUIS OSBOURN. DRAWN BY WILLIAM JAMES

than at all found voice at the time he might have been commemorated."

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Far back to another generation we are taken by another letter of that amiable, eccentric, paradoxical man, the elder Henry James:

Hawthorne isn't to me a prepossessing figure, nor apparently at all an *enjoying* person in any way; he has all the while the look—or would have to the unknowing—of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives. But in spite of his rusticity, I felt a sympathy for him fairly amounting to anguish, and couldn't take my eyes off him all dinner, nor my rapt attention; as that indecisive little Dr. Hedge found, I am afraid, to his cost, for I hardly heard a word of what he kept on saying to me, and resented his maliciously putting his artificial person between me and the profitable object of study. (It isn't, however, that I *now* feel any ill-will to him—I could recommend any one but myself to go and hear him preach. The thing was that Hawthorne seemed to me to possess human substance and not to have dissipated it all away like that culturally debauched,—or even like good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow.) John Forbes and you kept up the human balance at the other end of the table, but my region was a desert with H. for its only oasis. It was pathetic to see him, contented, sprawling Concord owl that he was and always has been, brought blindfolded into that brilliant daylight and expected to wink and be lively, like some dapper Tommy Titmouse. I felt him bury his eyes in his plate and eat with such voracity that no one should dare to speak to him.

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Algernon Blackwood

In Mr. W. L. George's paper on "Who Is the Man" in the February issue, there was an allusion to Mr. Algernon Blackwood that was tantalising in its brevity. Two or three years ago Mr. Blackwood's name attracted some attention in this country largely on account of a very ingenious poster that was made in England, and widely circulated, for the purpose of exploiting *John Silence.* The book itself appeared in a small American edition, and the story of that edition is said to involve a curious story of international publishing history. Now a systematic attempt is being made to win

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for Mr. Blackwood an American reputation. *John Silence* has been reissued, and four or five of Mr. Blackwood's other books are announced for publication early next autumn. We are not inclined to venture any prophecy as to what the result of this campaign will be, beyond pointing out that there is to-day a group of exceedingly clever English writing men who for some odd reason have remained in comparative obscurity both in this country and in their own land. It is not too much to say that Mr. Blackwood belongs to this group.

PENCIL DRAWN PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM JAMES BY HIMSELF, ABOUT 1866

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We have often had occasion in these pages to jot down the stories of men of letters who have had singular careers. Few if any of them have undergone greater diversity of experience than Algernon Blackwood. First there were the early years in a Moravian Brotherhood School in the Black Forest, a background of which he afterward made use in *John Silence*. Then, at twenty, unable to decide upon a career, he was sent to a farm in Canada. There, after a brief period on a Methodist magazine, he started a dairy farm with a partner. The partner did not last very long, and neither did the dairy farm. With the remnant of his resources Mr. Blackwood bought a hotel. This time his partner was a young Oxford undergraduate. Six months in this venture brought them to the end of their resources, after which there were six penniless months in the backwoods, until a little welcome money came from England, and Mr. Blackwood journeyed to New York.

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In New York Mr. Blackwood, as he expresses it, "went through the mill." For a living he posed to artists, among them Gibson, Cox, and Zogbaum; for a short time he was on the stage; he taught French and German and the violin; he translated short French stories for the daily papers. Finally he found a post

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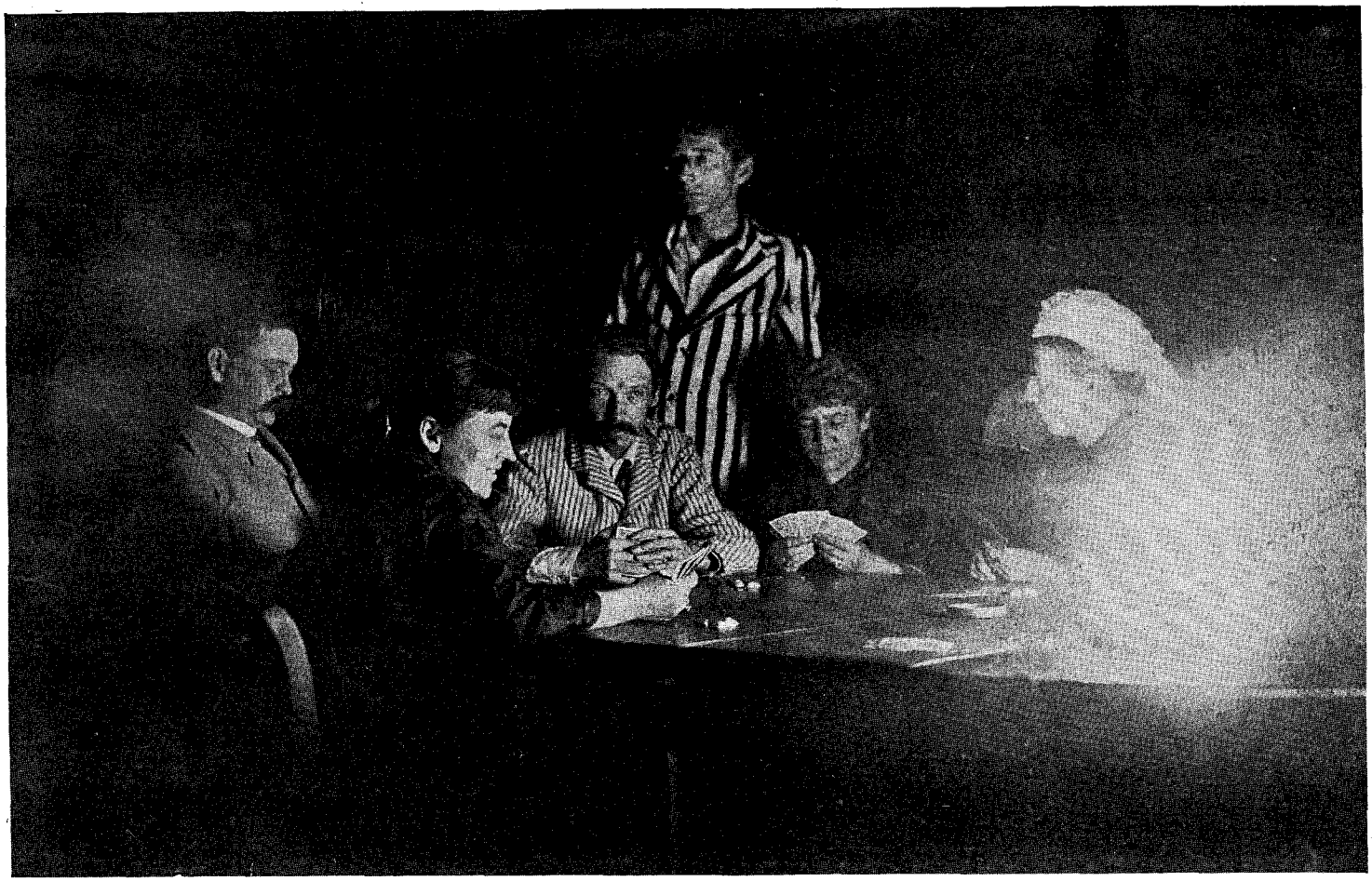

THE STEVENSON FAMILY GROUP. SHOWING R. L. S., MRS. STEVENSON, MRS. STRONG, LLOYD OSBOURNE, AND STEVENSON'S MOTHER. MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON DIED IN FEBRUARY, 1914

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ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

as a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*. The life was distasteful, because for the first time he saw crime and vice at close quarters. His salary at the beginning was meagre, and dependent upon him were two other Englishmen in much more unfortunate circumstances than himself. They lived three in a room, cooking on gas, and often eating nothing but dried apples and raw rice. Finally revolting, Mr. Blackwood went to the Rainy River Gold Fields, with the assistance of a railway pass as far as Duluth. All these years he had no desire to write, nor any idea that he could write.

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Beyond various adventures, life in the West brought Algernon Blackwood nothing, and returning to New York, he found employment on the New York *Times,* where he remained for two years. Several fellow-workers on the paper urged him to try his hand at fiction. He did so, and at first failed. Then he became the private secretary of James Speyer, of Speyer Brothers, and in 1898 he returned to England. But it was not until 1905, while he was interested in the dried-milk business, but getting nothing out of it, that he suddenly began to write. Angus Hamilton, the step-son of Pinero, who had been a fellow-reporter with Blackwood in the old days on the *Evening Sun,* came across his path again, carried off some old ghost stories from a cupboard, and a few weeks later *The Empty House* appeared. It was followed by *The Listener* and *John Silence,* in two succeeding years, and then by *Jimbo* (which went first, however, to fourteen publishers in vain) and he decided to try to take up writing seriously. Since 1905 he has been travelling, taking his work about with him, happily possessing the faculty of being able to write anywhere. He claims no abiding place and no possessions, not even a room in London. All he owns three trunks can hold, and he takes his home about with him:—in the winter to Switzerland and to Egypt; and in summer wandering somewhere—to the

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Caucasus (where he wrote *The Centaur*), to the Jura Mountains (*Pan's Garden* and *The Human Chord*), to the Dorsetshire pine woods (*Education of Uncle Paul*) and to the Alps (*A Prisoner in Fairyland*).

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Robert Dunn

A first novel by an American author that is reviewed in this number is *The Youngest World,* by Robert Dunn. This book is said to indicate an unusual personality in its author. Certainly Mr. Dunn's career is not without interest. While at Harvard, he and a companion joined the historic Klondike rush of 1898, choosing to travel overland on the trail from Edmonton in the Canadian northwest, on which no less than twenty per cent. of its argonauts perished, and fewer reached the Yukon. Dunn was among the latter, but in four months completed a journey of fifteen hundred miles through the wilderness, much of it travelled absolutely alone, finally arriving in Vancouver from the lake region of northern British Columbia.

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Back in New York he went to work on the old New York *Commercial Advertiser,* now the New York *Globe,* at a time when Lincoln Steffens was the city editor of the paper. Dunn was a good reporter, but his ways were not the ways of the other reporters and he was soon at loggerheads with the rest of the staff. Steffens did his best to keep him, but at last reached the conclusion that the environment of the *Commercial Advertiser* office was too tame for the young firebrand. So he sent him to the New York *Evening Journal* for a year of discipline, and Dunn was assigned to Police Headquarters between the hours of nine in the evening and seven in the morning with orders to be responsible for every crime, fire and violence in Manhattan. When he had got his fill, he felt the North calling to him again, and went to Alaska, where he made the first attempt to climb the Wrangel Volcano—the highest active cone in North America—and completed a journey of some six hundred miles on foot, arriving in Dawson City in midwinter at the height of that camp's splendour. His writings and experiences from this trip led the notorious Dr. Cook to seek him and ask his help in organising the first Cook Mt. McKinley expedition, on which Dunn was Cook's chief aide. It was on this trip that Dunn wrote his *Shameless Diary of an Explorer,* a book unique in the annals of exploration, and which gives a succinct and pitiless analysis of the character of the famous Doctor.

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Robert Dunn's extraordinary activities can best be indicated by telling the story of the last fifteen years chronologically. The years 1899 and 1900 were those of his newspaper experiences in New York. In 1901 he went to Alaska as special correspondent for the *Commercial Advertiser,* and proved that a certain Mount Tillman, 16,600 feet high, which was down on all maps, did not really exist. In 1902 he went on the Dixie Expedition to Mount Pelee and ascended to the crater between eruptions. The next year he was with Dr. Cook. In 1904 and 1905 he was in Japan and Korea and with the Japanese fleet off Port Arthur for the New York *Globe* and the London *Post.* 1906 was devoted to a special yachting expedition, as a result of which he wrote a series of articles for *Outing* called "On the Chase for Volcanoes." In the same year he made the first ascent of Perry Peak, which had emerged from Bering Sea only three months before. In 1907 he made the tour around the world with the United States fleet on the battleship *Rhode Island,* reporting it for the New York *Evening Post* and for *Harper's Weekly.* 1908 was spent in Seattle and Alaska. He now succeeded in making the first ascent of the Wrangel Volcano—fourteen thousand feet high, and told the story of the trip in *Harper's* for February, 1909. 1909 was spent in Hol-

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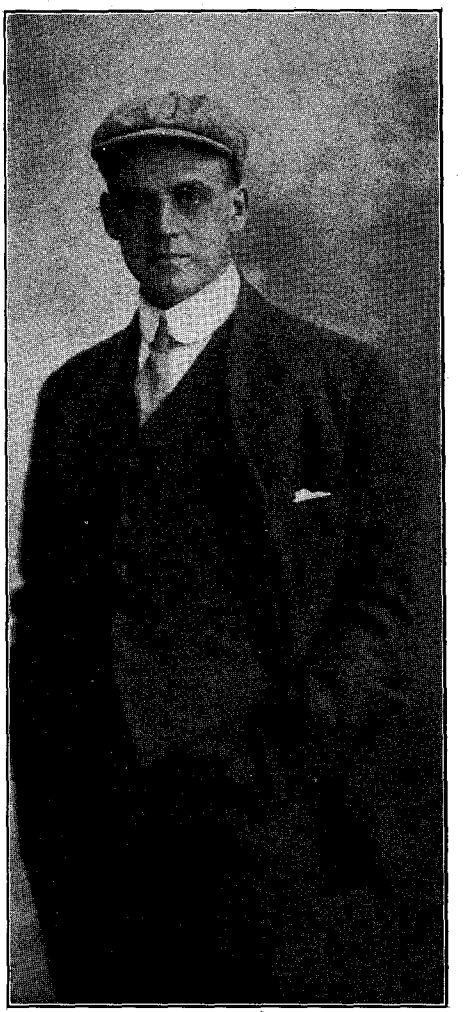
land, and there he began work on his book, *The Youngest World*. 1910 found him in Canada muckraking the Hudson Bay Company for *Everybody's Magazine*, and 1911 in Mexico, where he divided his time between mountain-climbing and working on *The Youngest World*. Six months of the year 1913 were spent in northeastern Siberia, where Dunn made the first ascent of the Kluchefskaya volcano, seventeen thousand feet, and the second highest active cone in the world. His two hobbies are mountain-climbing—he has done valuable geological work for the United States Geological Survey—and naval ordnance and tactics. He has often attended as observer the target practice and summer manœuvres of the Atlantic Fleet, and has written a number of fiction stories based upon them. His home is in Newport, Rhode Island.



ROBERT DUNN

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What Rhodes Read

Mr. Gordon Le Sueur, in his *Cecil Rhodes, The Man and His Work*, recently published by McBride, Nast and Company, recalled the fact that the late Cecil Rhodes was an omnivorous reader. Like Macaulay, he would throw himself down with half a dozen books and dip first into one and then another. "Besides his favourite Gibbon, he read books of history with zest, and also biography; while *Plutarch's Lives* were a source of never-ending pleasure. Among other books that appealed to him were such as Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, Milner's *England* in Egypt and the works of Mahan on the influence of Sea Power, while he now and again read some modern novel, a selection of which used to be sent out to him by Hatchards, of Piccadilly. He had a few of Thackeray's works and one or two of Dickens, but on somebody asking him once whether he ever read Dickens, he replied that he was "not interested in the class of people Dickens wrote about." He had a large number of books on Federation and Constitutional Government, but they were usually on the shelves of the library. He once gave Miss Mary Brailsford a copy of R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. "You ought to read it," he said; "it's a very good book—very instructive." "Have *you* read it, Mr. Rhodes?" she naïvely inquired. "Now you run away and play," was Rhodes's answer, turning and smiling at Brailsford. He did not care at all for poetry, nor did he read many novels, but he had nearly all Kipling's works in his library; he was very fond of Rudyard Kipling, he said, because "he writes

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such charming letters." He had the "Woolsack" built like Groote Schuur in old Dutch architecture, on the Groote Schuur estate, and Kipling spent a portion of each year there.

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MRS. THOMAS HARDY

Mrs. Thomas Hardy

To Mr. Shorter's page in the London *Sphere* we are indebted for information about the new Mrs. Thomas Hardy. The former Miss Florence Dugdale is a native of her husband's beloved Dorsetshire; she was born at Wareham, which town plays a great part in the Wessex novels. Contrary to the account published in the American papers at the time of the marriage, she has never been Mr. Hardy's secretary as the term is usually understood. For years she has been a close friend of Mr. Hardy's two sisters, who live in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, where Mrs. Hardy has often stayed with them. Mr. Shorter speaks of her as a writer of decided talent and a sincere lover of literature.

"The Story of a Passion"

Some twenty years ago there were a number of New York newspaper men who had the habit of dining at the same table. They met at Mouquin's, Pedro's, or some like place in the neighbourhood of Printing House Square. Stephen Crane, Charles K. Gaines, Edward Marshall, Willis B. Hawkins and Irving Bacheller were members of this cheerful company. A little club grew out of the association which became rather famous in its time as "The Sign of the Lanthorne." In a part of William Street, New York, known as Monkey Hill, they found their club house—a sort of Swiss châlet approached by a hanging stair that ascended the brick wall of an iron monger's shop. The little house was really an upper rear extension of this shop. Its doorstep rose from the broad roof that covered a stable yard. Inside it was furnished in the fashion of a ship's cabin. It was supplied with many cheerful accessories; there were fine old bits of mahogany and rosewood; leathern window seats, easy-chairs, and all kinds of lanterns. A passage-way connected with the kitchen over the iron shop. There the group ate luncheons and had a dinner every Saturday night, and there read to one another little tales and sketches, dealing mostly with local colour and character. Criticism was freely offered and received in good part. The only applause allowed was silence. Some tales which have become famous were read there and many great men sat by the fireside and spent cheerful and careless nights with the company. One of the stories selected for incorporation in the book of Short Stories projected by the Author's League of America is Mr. Irving Bacheller's "The Story of a Passion." That little sketch of an old shop and violin maker was first read and duly jumped upon at "The Sign of the Lanthorne."

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The old violin shop of the tale was on the Bowery. Mr. Bacheller called there one day and had an interesting chat with the wife of the violin maker. She told

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him of a wonderful old Maggini which her husband had been looking after for years. A certain old gentleman had been coming into the shop every day for weeks to look at the Maggini. They, supposing he might be a customer, allowed him to look at the instrument and try its tone. The old gentleman seemed to have fallen in love with it. He thrummed and fondled it every time he visited the shop. The dear old lady explained how one day when this old gentleman was trying the instrument she stepped into the back room for a moment, and on her return man and Maggini had disappeared. She told in her simple way of the panic they fell into over this calamity. When her husband returned she told him what had happened. "He stood in the door and looked at me and went a lead colour." There was much talk in the newspapers of this theft, but the Maggini was never recovered. There is another point which perhaps ought to be mentioned in connection with the tale. Violin makers say that every good violin has a certain individuality. Its tone differs from that of any other violin in the world. In that respect it resembles the voice of a human being. The original of the old violin maker of "The Story of a Passion" once showed Mr. Bacheller a remarkable instrument with a marked richness and individuality of tone. He said, "I was showing it one day to a connoisseur." "Great Scott," said he, "I never heard anything like that quality of tone in a violin but once, and that was when I was visiting in New Orleans in 1860." "This violin was there at that time," I told him, "and it was undoubtedly the same violin that he had heard."

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Alastair

In an edition limited to five hundred copies for both England and America, the John Lane Company are issuing a book made up of the drawings of Alastair, a Continental artist who seems to have drawn his inspiration from Beardsley, Walter

THE LADY OF THE CAMELIAS. BY ALASTAIR

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Crane, and Edmund Evans, and the Frenchman, Cheret. Alastair, according to the introduction of Mr. Robert Ross, claims to have Russian, Spanish, and English blood in his veins, and his permanent home is in Germany. He is now twenty-four years of age, and is a musician and dancer. To quote from Mr. Ross's introduction:

> Alastair's art is also quite untouched by the contemporary and, I believe, only temporary tendencies evinced by the later technique of Matisse and Piccasso, though the influence of those artists is widespread all over Europe. Such immunity appears to be an indication of strength and individuality, however much one may admire the new Byzantinism. The Cubists and the Futurists and the rest have passed him by: he has minded his own business.

CARMEN. THE END. BY ALASTAIR

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Sand and De Musset Again

Again the old story of George Sand and Alfred de Musset reappears, this time flaunting in a new dress, and involving an interesting point of literary ethics. It seems that a playwright of no particular importance formed the idea of presenting the story on the stage. He drew from the famous correspondence, he followed Madame Sand and De Musset to Venice, he exposed the motives of their separation, and brought in Dr. Pagello, who played, as is known, an important rôle in the drama. He did not, however, seek the authorisation of the heirs of either hero or heroine, nor disturb himself over the possible annoyance that the work might cause them. The play written, he offered it to a theatrical manager. The latter, impressed apparently by the subject and the celebrity of the characters, produced the piece. Its success was only mediocre. The critics found it weak, and the public tiresome. Its life was short. But the quick failure did not appease the granddaughter of George Sand. She protested against what she considered a sacrilege, and took the matter to the courts.

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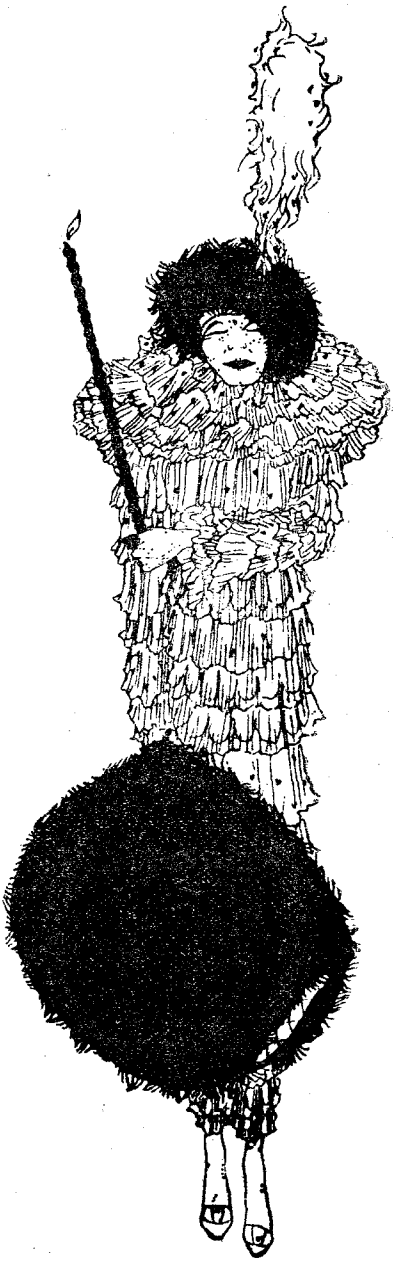
In a way the question is an important one and a writer in *Les Annales,* of Paris, allows his imagination to play about the probable arguments that would be adduced by the lawyers for the contending parties. He pictures the representative of the dramatist as contending: "What! you reproach my client with indiscretion? Has he revealed anything that was not known? The material that he has used, he has drawn, not only from the letters exposed to general curiosity by the relatives of the two illustrious lovers, but from the books written by the lovers themselves, for these books exist, and you cannot say that they have been kept secret. You have read *Elle et Lui, Lui et Elle, La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle!* The sobs of *La Nuit d' Octobre* have moved you! Twenty other volumes followed them. A vast literature has been born of this episode. The loves of Sand and of De Musset belong to history like those of Petrarch and Laura, of Dante and Beatrice, of Abelard and



COVER DESIGN. BY ALASTAIR

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Heloise, of Henry IV and Gabrielle d'Estrées, of Louis XIV and LaVallière, of Bonaparte and Josephine, of all the kings and all the favourites. Take care that in invoking the respect due the sentimental weaknesses of the great dead you do not condemn the work of Shakespeare, of Walter Scott, of Alexander Dumas, of Victor Hugo, of the great artists who have made the past live again."

• • •

Then the writer in *Les Annales* goes on to fancy the reply to this argument: "In the first place, my dear colleague, I beg to point out that your client's name is neither Hugo, nor Dumas, nor Walter Scott, nor Shakespeare, and that writers of dominant genius have always enjoyed privileges that have been denied to lesser men. The granddaughter of George Sand might have tolerated the public dissection of the heart of her grandmother by a great artist. It is repugnant to her that so delicate a subject should have been abandoned to the clumsiness of the first comer. And again, consider that this is not an affair of remote events, but of happenings quite near to us; remember that the plaintiff was brought up near this grandmother, that she loved her, that the sound of her dear voice still rings in her ears, and consider how painful to her it is to see her memory vulgarly materialised on the boards of a theatre. It is like the violation of a tomb. Mme. Lauth-Sand has not taken time to reflect. She has yielded to a spontaneous revolt. She begs you to protect her, to protect those who might be exposed to a like danger from these posthumous profanations."

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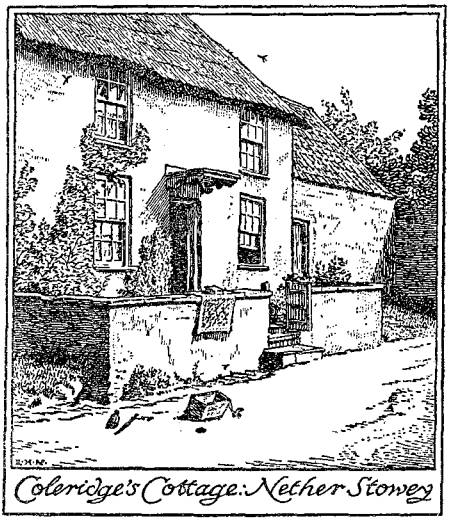
Writing "The Ancient Mariner"

It is an old story, but one worth while being retold, and Professor Knight retells it in his recently published *Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country*. To posterity "The Ancient Mariner" has come down as the work of Coleridge, and justly so, but it must not be forgotten that Wordsworth had a share in its invention. Of actual lines Wordsworth contributed only a few; but the discussions which the two poets had on the subject were such that the poem may legitimately be regarded as a joint production. In the autumn of 1797 Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the latter's sister started on a short journey, and as their united funds were very small, the two poets agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. The result was "The Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream, as Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greater part of the story was Coleridge's invention, but certain parts Wordsworth suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which would bring upon the old Navigator—as Coleridge afterward delighted to call him—the spectral persecution as a consequence of that crime,—and his own wanderings. "Suppose," said he, "you represent him as having killed an albatross on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. Wordsworth also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men.



Coleridge's Cottage: Nether Stowey

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THE GHOSTS OF DRURY LANE

BY AGNES LEE

And I dozed a little. And the dream began.
Settling close beside me was a quaint and curious man.
Painted, patched and powdered, from his wide peruke
He the flaxen ringlets on a perfumed air outshook.

And my soul avowed him, knew him past deny,—
Cibber, Colley Cibber, of the estimating eye,
As a treble quavered: "Lo, the stage whereon
A Bracegirdle hath been, sir, and alike a Woffington!"

"Laureate," I ventured, "now tell me of your time,
You, a court's familiar, you, a wit of camps sublime!"
"More than court," cried Cibber, "more than court or camp
Was the stage my tutor, and its golden lamp my lamp.

"Ah, we strove, as you strive, to preserve it pure
From the furious fustian, from the gaudy garniture,
To disprove the ailing sophists who proclaim
The downward path of virtue, the upward path of fame."

"Know you then," I queried, "how stands the stage with us?"
"Truth, I know," cried Cibber, "and O truth, 'tis marvellous!
Yet my heart hangs after the little mellow ring
Where Barry fired with love, sir, and where Betterton was king.

"Rays have wrought you riches. Fathomed lies the sea.
Deep may call to deep and world to world at your decree.
From earth's limitation leaping far and high
Over mist and mountain sail your orchids of the sky.

"Wonders, wonders, wonders, wherever eye may glance,—
Romance's very tentacles. But where is your romance?
Where are your tendernesses? Where is your love to-day?
You cannot say it all, sir, there is so much else to say!"

Ere I made him answer, icy winds arose
Rocking wild the house. The curtains parted to disclose
Forth-advancing figures, faded, jaded all,
Belle and buskined hero, moving blurred, fantastical.

"Who are these come hither to a stage forgot?
What is all the meaning?" Colley Cibber heard me not.
Down the aisle he hastened, down the hurricane.
Down the dim he vanished with the ghosts of Drury-lane.

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PERSONAL MEMORIES OF WEIR MITCHELL

BY ELLIS P. OBERHOLTZER

It is now more than ten years since Dr. Mitchell helped in founding the Franklin Inn Club, of which he was always the president, and during those years the writer of these "Memories" has been its secretary. Dr. Mitchell's home was at 1524 Walnut Street, in the city which he had called "The Red City," set as it was by William Penn upon the red clay fields, lying between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. It had been in the heart of the most desirable residence section of the city, in that little belt of territory running east and west, which has long been associated with the idea of aristocracy in Philadelphia. To north of it and to south of it is barbarian ground. But in recent years the shopkeeper has been intruding, and milliners and jewelers, tailors and upholsterers have opened their doors and hung out their signs. Dr. Mitchell protested the westward advance of the tradespeople, but he used to say that the neighbourhood would serve him for the days he had for this earth. Then he cared little what was done with Walnut Street, so old and dear to every Philadelphian. Chestnut Street had been surrendered to trade, and Walnut Street might follow.

For years it had been Dr. Mitchell's custom to leave the city about June 1st and return to it about November 1st. When June came he would go salmon fishing in Canada, and it was a rare summer, in recent years, when he failed to send to the Franklin Inn Club a great fish in proof of his catch. He would address a card in his own hand, stating the place of capture and the weight of the fish. That which came last June was the largest ever received. Its weight was thirty-nine pounds. The steward's ovens would not hold it, and it was cut into parts before it could be baked for the use of the members, who at such times were assembled by letter and telephone to enjoy the feast. From the fishing grounds Dr. Mitchell went to his summer home, "Far Niente," at Bar Harbor, where most of his reading and writing, undisturbed by the calls of patients, went on with rapidity. He was an ardent pedestrian, often compassing many miles in a day. Far more remarkable than any other one of Dr. Mitchell's characteristics was his exuberant youth. He seemed to have drunk at its fountain. His bright, blue, twinkling eyes, his full head of hair not yet wholly gray, the well-filled skin upon his face, his active step and alert mind, were all eloquent of the joy of living. Is there record anywhere of another man far past the age which the psalmist allots to us picturing with delicate fancy the loves of young men and women? At seventy-five Dr. Mitchell wrote what is regarded as his strongest work of fiction, *Constance Trescot,* and at eighty-four *Westways,* a novel which the critics were still reviewing at the time of his death.

As his vacation came to an end in Maine, he was likely to make his way with Mrs. Mitchell to the Hot Springs of Virginia for a fortnight, and then resume the regular routine of his life in the Walnut Street home. Here, when he was ready to receive visitors, a sign bearing the word "In" was hung outside the door; when he was in New York or Washington, or was ill, or for any reason was not accessible, the word "Out" appeared. Within, the chairs were often more than filled by patients; friends waiting for an audience; school girls come to ask for his autograph; visitors from cities in the West who, while they were in town, having seen Independence Hall and Betsy Ross's flag-house, would now see Dr. Mitchell,

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and finish their day in Philadelphia; and the beggars and pests of every prominent man's office. He had had a busy and popular physician's long experience with the world. He knew human nature, well ordered and disordered, in nearly all its forms and phases through his wide practice as a neurologist. When he opened the door, which led to his inner room, and surveyed the company before him, it was with great acuteness that he guessed the errands of those who were gathered here, and took inside those whose business interested him. In this inner room, on Saturday nights he received his friends. Hither came prominent men of the city to greet him and to discuss literary and other topics with him and with each other. The company was often distinguished, and Dr. Mitchell very reluctantly accepted any invitation calling him out of the house at this time. "It is the night upon which I receive my friends," he would say, "and I cannot be away."

In the early morning he was likely to be occupied with his correspondence, with the coachmen and servants in the house, which adjoined the office, and who came in upon him from time to time. Then the young physicians who had cases in association with him were likely to come in, and the callers in the general course of business until about one o'clock, when he would lunch in the house with Mrs. Mitchell. Later he would go, perhaps, to the Franklin Inn, the College of Physicians, the Philadelphia Library, or the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. His quick step upon the streets of Philadelphia up to within a few days of his death, his bright eye and his kind speech, as he stopped a friend in passing, were a part of the afternoon life of the city. Many a younger man on a cold day would be dressed more warmly than he, as he walked with alert observation and erect strength. A few days before his death, at a business meeting in the Franklin Inn Club, when he proposed some changes in the by-laws, to make its character more similar to that of the Tavern Club in Boston, he lingered, standing with a few friends. "Now I must go to see my patients," he said. One and another expressed his admiration. He bowed and kissed his hand to us, and was away alone with the self-reliance he had ever had.

His social engagements were always many. He and Mrs. Mitchell were the kindest of hosts; in their home presidents, ambassadors, poets and historians had been entertained in that manner which was to them both a valued inheritance from a better time in the social history of Philadelphia and of America. For it must be known that Dr. Mitchell had some of the punctilio which is in peril of going out of our life. To him, manner was much. He had come of a family which had the traditions of that time, in the nineteenth century, when Philadelphia had the most eminent physicians and lawyers, and when it was still regarded as the literary, as it so long had been the financial, centre of the country. The society of that day in Philadelphia was the best that the country could provide, and Dr. Mitchell's studies, as well as his native instincts, made him an aristocrat. He pondered the life of Washington, of which he wrote so much and so well; and he had some of Washington's dignity, without nearly all of his austerity. Whoever came into Dr. Mitchell's presence felt some of the hesitation about putting a hand upon his shoulder which even his closest friends are reported to have felt when they met General Washington, an incident which Dr. Mitchell often related in illustration of the character of his hero. In his home, correct manners were known and practised. The good social traditions of Philadelphia which are a by-word survived here, for he was their defender and embodiment; his home set the conservative standards of the city.

II

Dr. Mitchell was the third of nine children. He was named for Silas Weir, a prominent citizen of the day in

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Philadelphia, a friend of his father, and was in youth of a delicate constitution, as indeed his slight form betokened throughout his life. When some friends in the Franklin Inn Club, a few years ago, went to him with a signed address, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, he told them something of his young manhood. He was usually averse to dinners and attentions of whatever kind upon his birthday anniversaries. Their recurrence served to remind him of the passing of a life which was full of serene enjoyment. "Bother with the birthday," he would say. "Why do you wish to mark it?" But he said on this occasion that it was "very sweet" of us to extend to him our good wishes. He explained that he had been a student at the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1848, but he was obliged to relinquish his studies before graduating, since he was threatened with tuberculosis. Later he took up the study of medicine in Jefferson College, where his father was a member of the faculty. After finishing his course in this school he went to Paris for a year, where he was ill for a time with varioloid. Upon his return home he was for ten days unconscious as a result of sunstroke. Twice in his life he suffered from attacks of diphtheria, and from one of them he was not expected to recover. Altogether he had spent eighteen months of his life on beds of sickness. With all this in view, he observed, as the address was borne to him on the day when he had reached the age of seventy-five, "It seems to me that I am growing stronger and stronger every year."

In the past five years Dr. Mitchell had thought much of his possible going from the world, though he was not often or for long times in depression about it. His religious faith had always been strong, and he lived not without a hope for the future. The death of Henry C. Lea in 1909, while Dr. Mitchell was absent from the city for the summer, deeply affected him. The historian had said, as they had parted in the spring, that they would probably not see each other again. "You must take care of yourself, Lea," said Dr. Mitchell. "You and Furness and I are all that are left." Then, when Dr. Furness died in 1912, Dr. Mitchell said, "I shall be the next." One morning when the writer called, after he had been dwelling on grave subjects, he spoke of Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*. "Here is poetry," he said. "If you do not know it, you have a great land to explore. The *Hound of Heaven* is one of the greatest poems I ever read. You must have a copy. I have one here, and will inscribe it for you. I wish you to read it this evening."

Two years or more ago Dr. Mitchell remarked that there was at the time only one man alive, outside of his family circle, who called him by his first name, or had the right to do so. His generation had passed, but he drew around him younger men for their and his own enjoyment. He was inestimably kind. His patronage meant much to them in the advancement perhaps of their literary or scientific ambitions, or, it may be, in gratifying some social interest. When his confidence was gained and his friendship given, they were heart-whole. Sometimes he met with ingratitude, but he never complained very bitterly of this. He was loyalty itself to the members of his family and to his friends. To his two sons he was a brother as well as a father. He rejoiced in their professional and literary successes, as if they had been his own. To Owen Wister he was one of the tenderest of friends. His interest and oversight was nearly parental in its intimacy.

III

The genus journalist and the species reporter were always a good deal of a trial to Dr. Mitchell. He often enjoyed speaking of the distinction which was his of being the only man in America who had never been interviewed. When Mr. Bryce, Mr. Taft or some other distinguished person was his guest he most carefully guarded his house from intruding reporters. He considered their

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prying, sleuth-like ways very discourteous. He had the standards of another day on these subjects, and much and long and consistently decried the methods of the modern seeker after news. Once, a few years ago, when he was retiring from a place he long had held as a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, the writer made a morning call at his office. "Have you seen this? The newspapers are wonderful. But I cannot find it. It is not in this one," he said, reading a clipping from some gazette. "At any rate it is here somewhere. The fellow says that I have resigned from the board of trustees because I am becoming deaf." Once, when a sum of money was being raised for some purpose, he asked for the privilege of paying his share at once. "I cannot bear to be in debt," he said. "I am the unhappiest man alive when I owe anything." The writer inadvertently remarked that he would obtain the "balance" by appeals to others. "Remainder, not balance," he interrupted. "That is newspaper English. I once made a glossary, but I have lost it. They always say banquet for dinner. A fire is a conflagration. Then they speak of an ovation and a probe. Undesirable conditions are always to be probed."

It was his absolute rule that the proceedings in the Franklin Inn Club should be kept from the knowledge of the newspaper men. Once, when a burlesque was presented after the annual dinner on Franklin's birthday, a night set aside every year for "high jinks," the "book" fell into the hands of a reporter by some means never satisfactorily explained. The revelations were very much disliked, as prominent literary men were concerned in the entertainment. "Do you wonder that I loathe the creatures?" Dr. Mitchell said while the displeasure was fresh upon him. The reporter, who was known, wrote a letter explaining his point of view. The world, he said, was his fair prey. He got what he was sent to get, and he would be the judge of his own methods. "The ethics of a ragpicker!" exclaimed Dr. Mitchell, with unabated disgust. The reporter met with another rebuke at his hands one day, when, after he had visited the dying couch of Archbishop Ryan, certain extraordinary statements were published concerning the meeting. Dr. Mitchell went to pay his respects to the distinguished prelate, whom he long had known. "Is there any thing at all I can do for you?" asked the Archbishop. "Well I do not know," replied Dr. Mitchell, as he bent upon one knee before the dying man. "Since you are blessing so many people, you might perhaps bless me. One old man's blessing upon another old man should be gratefully received." "May blessings rest on you and all of your house, now and forever," said the Archbishop. Then the young doctors who had witnessed the scene told the reporters that Dr. Mitchell had been blessed, and they hurried off to tell the world that the distinguished novelist and physician had been received into the Catholic Church.

Yet Dr. Mitchell was not inattentive to what the newspapers said of him and his movements. Their reviews of his books were read, and, if they were inadequate in length or unfavourable in their judgments, they were not more respected by him than such articles are respected by most other authors in a similar case. If the criticism were very unfair, in his opinion, he would write complaining of the treatment he had received, which might perhaps be remembered for another time. When one notably false statement was made in a critical review the editor was asked for the name of the reviewer. The book had been sent out of the office to a school teacher in some small village in Long Island. Dr. Mitchell requested a correction, but the editor told him it was too late, a case which he had pleasure in citing to illustrate the methods of critics.

It was very interesting to hear Dr. Mitchell relate his experience of lunatics, with many of whom he had been brought into close contact in his medical practice. The topic was suggested by

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the assassination of David Graham Phillips. Dr. Mitchell said he had been in real danger for his life only once. Then a Native American leader, named Levin, whom he had caused to be confined for lunacy, escaped and confronted him one evening at his desk in his office. The man held a pistol and threatened to discharge it. Catching him off his guard, Dr. Mitchell seized the weapon and threw the lunatic to the floor. The pistol was then turned upon the intruder, who begged piteously for his life: "You would not kill a man, would you?" "I should do so at once," said Dr. Mitchell, "and shall do so if you do not get out of my office." The man crawled away, and, as he reached the door, the physician, then still a young man, kicked him with some vigour into the street. As he still lingered about the door, Dr. Mitchell kicked him again, knowing very well that his life would not be safe in future unless the man could be given a great fright, cowardice being a well-known trait in the insane. Ever afterward, when Levin saw Dr. Mitchell, he would "run like a deer." In another case he said that he had held a lunatic two or three hours, until aid came, by suggesting that they together should kill imaginary cockroaches with a silver fork. They crawled around under the bed, and Dr. Mitchell averred that he had never been so weary in his life as at the end of this adventure. Another story, told at this time, related to a lunatic in the old Pennsylvania Hospital. Samuel Coates, long its president, had gone out upon the roof to give some attention to the building. An insane patient followed him and took his arm on the edge of the roof, suggesting that they together jump down. "No," said Mr. Coates, with great presence of mind; "I think it would be more fun to go down and jump up," and with this object in view both entered the house and the man was made fast again.

IV

Dr. Mitchell's sympathies, political, social and literary, were all conservative. He had helped to support Walt Whitman in that man's old age in Camden, New Jersey. But to him Whitman was a "poetic tramp." He often used these words to describe this "odd stick," as some one else, Charles Godfrey Leland, once called him. Dr. Mitchell could be only a qualified admirer of this poet, though surrounded often by those who became nearly fanatical in their adhesion to him and to his libertine views of life. To Dr. Mitchell Kipling's note was rude and journalistic, and one day, with Masefield's "Dauber" on his table, he said, "Power is not poetry." The work he found to be "unregulated, disordered narrative, in something which suggests, but which is not, poetic form. There is a line," he said, reading it, "which is poetry; but it is not true."

Of his own work those who have known him well have often heard him speak with freedom. A few years ago a friend said to him that of all his novels *The Adventures of François* seemed to deserve the highest rank. "You are right, sir," said Dr. Mitchell. "And next, I think," said the friend, "comes *Far in the Forest.*" "You are right again, sir," said Dr. Mitchell. But in more recent years *Constance Trescot* was his favourite. "That," he said one day, "is my great book." And, strangely enough, the case which he discusses in this novel so interestingly and with so much faithful regard for the psychological requirements of the situation was taken, not from his own note-book, but from the experience of a brother physician.

While they lived, Dr. Mitchell was accustomed to submit the manuscripts of his novels to Mrs. Owen J. Wister, Owen Wister's mother, a daughter of Mrs. Frances Kemble Butler (Fanny Kemble), and Mrs. A. L. Wister, the well-known translator, a sister of Dr. Horace Howard Furness. The advice of these highly gifted women he felt to be of the greatest use to him in the work of giving correctness to his characterisations. From them he got the woman's view of other women, and their recent

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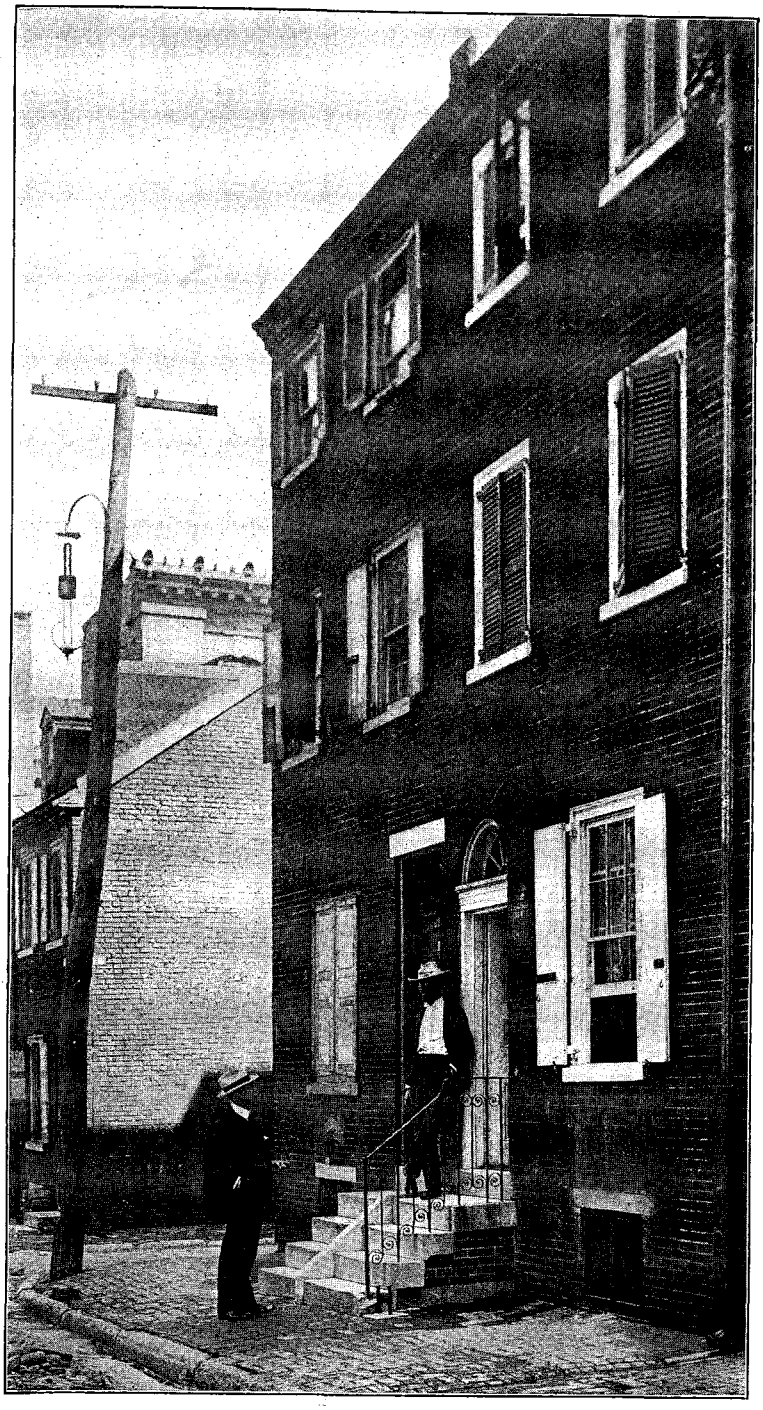

THE FRANKLIN INN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, OF WHICH DR. MITCHELL WAS SO LONG THE PRESIDENT, AND TO WHICH HE WAS SO MUCH ATTACHED

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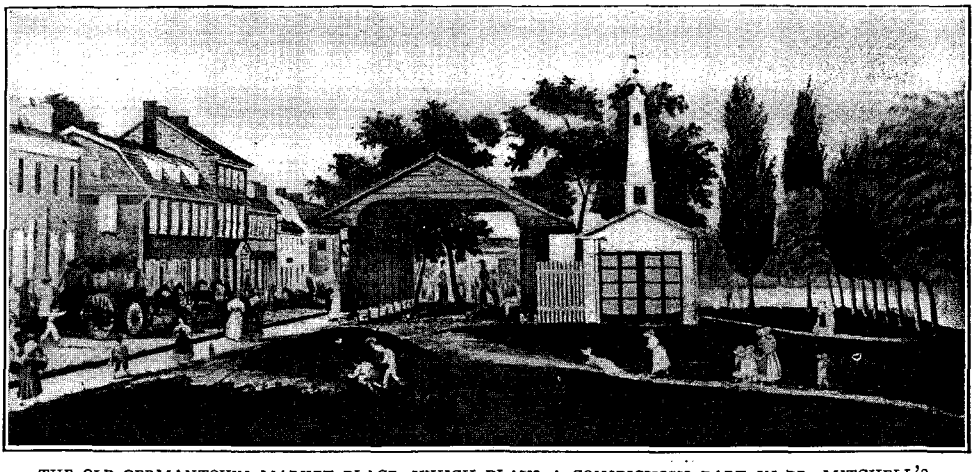
deaths were not the least of the losses which had been his portion in the few past years.

The pleasure which he had recently found in the study of the Civil War, reflected in the writing of *Westways*, published only a few months before his death, quite equalled the satisfaction he earlier got out of his studies of the Revolutionary period, whose products were *Hugh Wynne, The Red City* and *The Youth of Washington*. He spoke often of his reading of the material about the battle of Gettysburg, and gave us his estimates of Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Meade and other leaders of the war. He could not bring himself to like the recent tendency to glorify the Southern Confederacy and its leaders, and shared the feeling of men who passed through the time as to the gravity of this great attack upon the life of the Government. One day he was heard to say that he had found a man who believed Lee a greater one than Grant. But he, Dr. Mitchell, would say that this was not so. Grant must always seem the greater—for had he not conquered both liquor and Lee? Stonewall Jackson's aberrations gave him much entertainment. From a family in Philadelphia related to Jackson he got the story of the general's belief that at one time he had a glass leg, and that everything he eat (Dr. Mitchell properly pronounced this old preterite form "et") and drank went into it.

As illustrating the faith of the South in its cause, he would tell of a long-bearded old Southerner whom he had confronted with what he supposed must be a crushing argument against their course in seceding from the Union. "Washington would not have been a secessionist," said Dr. Mitchell. "He was a—Federalist," the man replied. "I suppose he would have been on the side of the North." But what Dr. Mitchell better liked than any anecdote which he found in his investigations into the Civil War period was one told him by General Horace Porter, and used in *Westways*. It is that concerning a soldier in General Grant's army whose offence gravely concerned a Southern woman. The general was in some doubt as to the punishment which should be meted out to the offender. He therefore determined to tie him to a tree and put upon his breast a paper describing the nature of the crime. Under it were written the words, "Left to the justice of General Lee.—U. S. Grant." The Northern army moved on, the rebel army followed it. Dr. Mitchell often wondered what was that man's fate.



THE OLD GERMANTOWN MARKET PLACE, WHICH PLAYS A CONSPICUOUS PART IN DR. MITCHELL'S "HUGH WYNNE"

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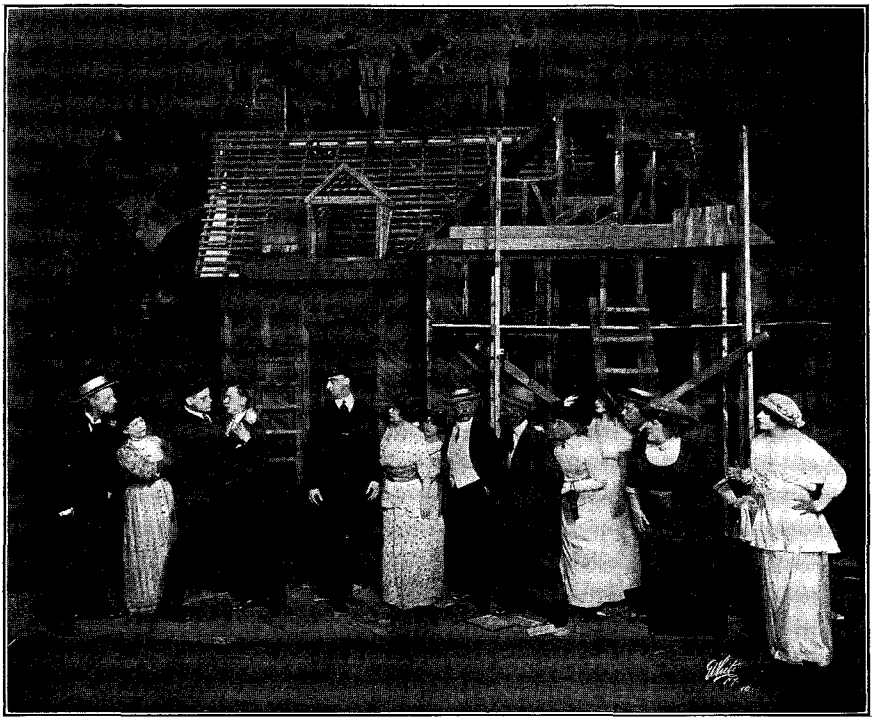

"TOO MANY COOKS"—ACT II

"In the second act, when the wooden framework of the house has been completed, the conflicting desires of so many outsiders embroil the hero and the heroine in an altercation which leads to the breaking of their engagement."

EMOTIONAL CONTAGION IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE are two traits in the psychology of crowds which must always be considered in estimating the chances of success or failure for a play. The first point is that a crowd feels an interest in itself, apart from the purpose for which it has convened; and the second point is that a crowd is easily susceptible to emotional contagion.

These points may be vividly observed on the occasion of a world's-series baseball game. It would be very difficult to make an individual enjoy even so imaginative an experience as the pleasure of anticipation, sitting all alone for four hours on an uncomfortable wooden bench. Anybody would grow restless waiting lonely for so long at a railway junction, even if the station were on the road to Rome. But thirty thousand people waiting four hours for a ball game to begin never notice the discomfort of the benches and forget the ticking of the clock. Each of them is interested in the crowd of which he forms a part, and each is kept alert by that common thrill of anticipation which sweeps through all the thirty thousand and reduces them to one.

After the game is started, the sensation evoked by every play is vastly multi-

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"ALONG CAME RUTH"—ACT I

"The little town of Oldport was as sleepy as a little town could be, until Ruth came along. But, as soon as she secured employment in the 'Furniture Emporium' of Israel Putnam Hubbard, she proceeded to wake the town up to a sense of its opportunities."

plied by the emotional contagion of the crowd. It is not at all remarkable that a pitcher with such habitual control as Mathewson's should put the first ball squarely over the plate: for over ten years he has done the same thing nine times out of ten: yet the fact becomes remarkable when thirty thousand people simultaneously seize upon it as the occasion for a cheer. From the technical standpoint, a world's-series game is frequently inferior to a contest in midseason, because the players are excessively nervous and often play below their form; but the occasion seems more interesting to the gallery, because to the enjoyment of the game itself has been added the interest that a great crowd derives from the contagion of its own emotions.

People in the mass nearly always show a tendency to behave like a flock of sheep. If three or four men should suddenly start running down Fifth Avenue at the crowded hour of three P.M., crying, "Look there! Look there!", they would soon be followed by a hundred others, who would imitate the common action of the crowd without pausing to investigate its cause. This fundamental fact explains the reason why success begets success in the theatre and failure begets failure. The crowd naturally flocks to a crowded house, and very few people can enjoy a play if half the orchestra is empty. The judgment of the audience is easily influenced by that atmosphere of success or failure which permeates the house before the curtain rises.

Consider, as an illustration of this point, the continued success of Mr. Hartley Manners's comedy entitled *Peg o' My Heart,* which has already passed its five hundredth consecutive performance. This piece possesses very little

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"THE RULE OF THREE"—ACT III

"The third husband of the heroine naturally is annoyed at the interruption of his hoyenmoon by his two predecessors."

merit as a play, and its early performances were made impressive to the public only by the charming acting of Miss Laurette Taylor; but as soon as its success had been established, the reputation of its popularity increased at once the potency of its appeal. Any one who buys a ticket to it now is ushered into an auditorium that is crowded with people whose minds are already made up to enjoy the play; and even if the piece were less considerable than it is, no individual could combat against the contagion of that communal predisposition to be entertained. Since this play was first presented, many other comedies have been produced which in themselves were much more entertaining; and some of the very best of these, like *The Great Adventure*, have failed to interest the public. Apparently the only reason why people did not flock to see Mr. Bennett's exceedingly diverting comedy is that they had vaguely heard that people were not flocking to see it.

It seems to be a fact that most people "go to the theatre," as the phrase is, without caring very much whether they see one play or another; what they want chiefly is to enjoy the emotion of immersing themselves in a theatre audience. To the majority, a good audience appeals more potently than a good play. The crowd follows the crowd. This is especially true, in New York, of the large percentage of people from out of town who "go to the theatre" merely as one phase of their metropolitan experience. They inquire at Tyson's for tickets to "the most successful show in town," and never ask whether it has been written by Arnold Bennett or Hartley Manners, John Galsworthy or Bayard Veiller.

This is the reason why a play must fill the house during the first three weeks of its career if it is to enjoy any subse-

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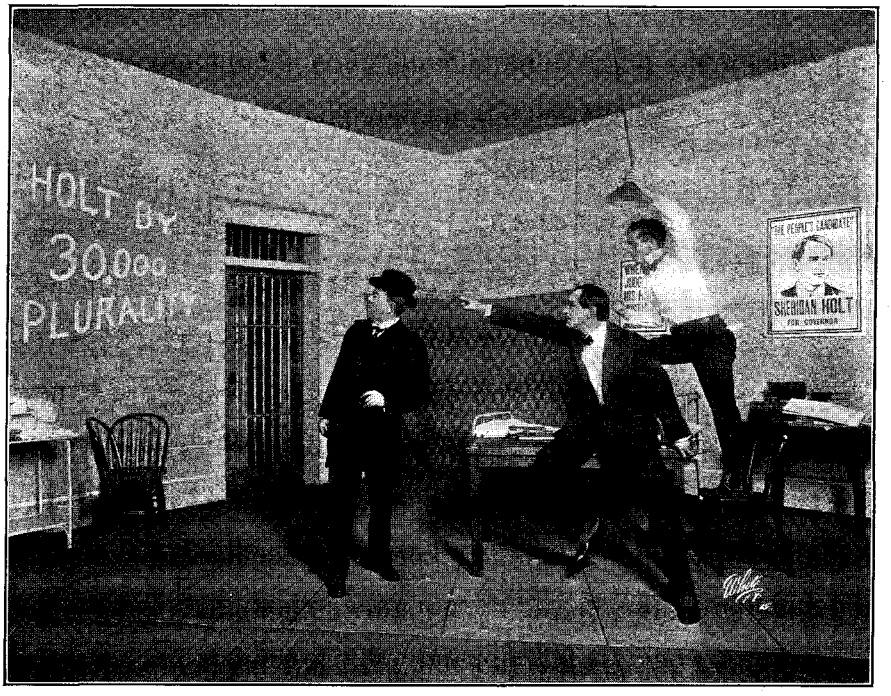

"THE LAST RESORT"—ACT III

"News that the hero has been elected governor is flashed through the iron grating of his window by a search-light that has been rigged up for this purpose."

quent success. *Hindle Wakes* ran for several months in Chicago because the house was crowded in the first week by people who had taught themselves to watch for what is best in the theatre of to-day; but it failed in New York because the first few performances were attended mainly by people too weary to be interested in life or in the sort of art that holds the mirror up to nature. Such helpful organisations as the Drama League of America have recognised the fact that their support of worthy plays, if it is to be at all effective, must be delivered not later than the first or second week, in order that it may contribute to the contagion of success.

An unusually entertaining farce is now running at the Harris Theatre; but it has to fight its way against a contagious sense of failure inspired by the fact that no piece has succeeded in this theatre since longer than the public can remember. As people enter the auditorium, they look about them at an audience that appears to be resigned already to a wasted evening. There is no sense of that pleasurable (though often unwarranted) illusion of anticipation which is always to be noted, for example, in the Belasco Theatre.

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine attended a performance of *Change,* which was one of the most interesting plays and one of the most complete failures of the current season. There were only thirty or forty people in the orchestra; and each of these looked sadly at the others until everybody wondered why the rest had come. My friend perceived that both the play and the performance were unusually good; but he reported afterward that he had not enjoyed the evening, because of a besetting sense that none of the other people in the theatre were having a good time.

The impression that an evening in the theatre has been well or badly spent re-

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"HELP WANTED"—ACT I

"All that the hero ever does—for eight hours a day—is to engage stenographers, seduce them, and instruct his lawyer to settle with them out of court when they enter suits against him for damages to their moral character."

sults not merely from the merits or defects of the play itself, but also from the mental atmosphere of the audience. A good audience may make us overestimate a play; a bad audience may make us underestimate it; and few minds are capable of such critical detachment as to remain immune from the contagion of success or failure which seems to hover in the very atmosphere of the auditorium.

During the first act of a play an audience usually makes up its mind to settle down to an evening of enjoyment or an evening of boredom; and it is therefore highly necessary that the playwright should exert himself to win the favour of the audience at the very outset of the evening. No audience will laugh at the third act of a comedy, however witty it may be, if the two preceding acts have disseminated an atmosphere of dulness; but an audience already accustomed to the experience of laughter may enjoy a comparatively dull last act without discovering its deficiencies.

"TOO MANY COOKS"

Mr. Frank Craven has recently shown us how a first-night audience may be captured by assault at the very outset of a comedy; and the subsequent career of *Too Many Cooks* may be accepted as an illustration of the principle that success begets success in the theatre. It is very easy to enjoy this play; because the house is always filled with an audience that is expecting to be entertained.

Mr. Craven won his victory by inventing a novel device of stage-direction to serve as the frame-work for his comedy. The scene is set in a suburban landscape. In the first act, the brick foundations of a house about to be erected occupy three-quarters of the stage. In the second act, the wooden

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"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"—ACT III

"The hero offers the stolen $300,000 to his wife, and tells her how he got it: but when she accepts it, he throws her around the room and complains that she is not an honest woman."

framework of the house has been completed; and in the third act, the entire house is finished. No less than twenty actors are cleverly moved about and grouped in the few square feet of available space left vacant on the stage.

This house is being built by the hero of the comedy, a young clerk who is engaged to be married and is planning to settle down as soon as the house is ready. He has always wanted to have a home; and he has stinted himself for years in order to save the five thousand dollars which he has invested in the house we see before us. He has met his fiancée romantically in a lunch-room, and he is not yet acquainted with her family. Her name is Alice Cook. In the first act, she brings her relatives out to see the foundations of the house. The little party consists of her father and mother, two aunts, two sisters, an uncle, two brothers, and a girl who is her best friend. All these individuals begin to give advice about the building of the house; and no two of them agree. Several of the assembled Cooks express a willingness to come out and live with the young couple; and the hero ruefully discovers that, instead of marrying a girl, he is expected to marry a family.

In the second act, the course of true love is further complicated for the hero by the interference of his own best friend and the unexpected intrusion of his uncle and guardian, who wants him to marry another girl. The conflicting desires of so many outsiders ultimately embroil the hero and the heroine in an altercation that leads to the breaking of their engagement.

In the last act, a "For Sale" sign is nailed to the now completed house; and the hero's best friend, who has decided to marry the heroine's best friend, offers to buy it. But, of course, the heroine re-

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turns before it is too late; and, renouncing her entire family, agrees to settle down with the hero in the little house which they have so fondly dreamed of as their home.

The actual house which is erected on the stage symbolises, of course, that larger House of Life which young lovers must always build for themselves, without any interference from relatives and friends. The characters of this comedy are singularly true to life; and the lines are both witty and sagacious. The piece appeals to everybody who is married and suggests a warning to everybody who is not. All in all, this first play of Mr. Craven's is the most entertaining comedy of American authorship which has been presented in New York this season.

"THE RULE OF THREE"

A clever idea has been developed by Mr. Guy Bolton in his farce-comedy entitled *The Rule of Three*. The heroine has three husbands. Two of them have been relegated to the retired list; but she is the sort of woman who finds it easy to keep on friendly terms with the husbands that she has divorced.

We meet her on her honeymoon with Husband Number Three. She brings him to a certain summer hotel in the mountains of Vermont, because she has found it such a pleasant place on her two preceding wedding-trips. Evidently her second husband has also preserved a pleasant recollection of this hotel; for they find him stopping there when they arrive. Shortly after this encounter, Husband Number One turns up with the distressing news that a question has arisen concerning the validity of his divorce and the legality of the heroine's two subsequent marriages. Because of the difference between the laws of the various States in which the heroine has been married and divorced, the whole tangle seems more complicated the more it is looked into by the lawyers. For some time the heroine is kept in doubt as to which of the three men is her legal husband at the moment, until finally the enigma is cleared up in favour of Husband Number Three.

Meanwhile this third husband naturally is annoyed at the interruption of his honeymoon by his two predecessors, and at the maternal solicitude which still prompts the heroine to take an interest in their personal concerns. The ten-year-old daughter of this thrice-married woman is also present in the hotel. This *enfant terrible* calls the first husband "father," the second husband "daddy," and the third husband "papa," and is equally friendly with all three.

In developing this pleasantly satiric theme, Mr. Bolton has displayed considerable ingenuity. He has invented many entertaining incidents; he has sketched his characters with sufficient fidelity to fact; and he has written innumerable lines that are genuinely witty. It is unfortunate that so sprightly a composition should have to contend against the grave-yard atmosphere of the Harris Theatre.

"ALONG CAME RUTH"

La Demoiselle du Magasin is a homely little comedy of middle-class life by two Belgian playwrights, MM. Frantz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler. This piece has been Americanised with quite extraordinary skill by Mr. Holman Day, who has localised the action in the little town of Oldport, Maine, and altered the title to *Along Came Ruth*. Mr. Day's adaptation shows no traces whatsoever of its Belgian origin; it reveals, instead, a family resemblance to so essentially American a product as Mr. Winchell Smith's *The Fortune Hunter*.

The little town of Oldport was as sleepy as a little town could be, until Ruth came along. She was fresh from a Normal College; but, instead of teaching school, she wanted to do great things. So, as soon as she secured employment in the "Furniture Emporium" of Israel Putnam Hubbard, she proceeded to wake the town up to a sense of its opportunities. Before long she developed the "Furniture Emporium" into a thriving department store and started a boom for

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the entire town which resulted in its incorporation as a city, with Israel Putnam Hubbard as its first mayor. But, in the last act, she is still treated as a shop-girl by the men whose fortunes she has made. They class her as "hired help" and refuse to regard her as a social equal, until the son of Israel Putnam Hubbard insists on making her his wife and establishing her as the leading lady of the city.

Here we have a pleasant fairy-tale which is told in terms of realism. The piece reveals considerable humour of characterisation; and the amusing dialogue is rendered, with studious exactitude, in the local dialect of Maine.

"HELP WANTED"

The hero of *Help Wanted,* by Jack Lait, is a middle-aged business man with offices in a New York skyscraper. He tells us frequently, in his lines, that he is extremely busy; and evidence is offered us that he has amassed a large fortune. For two acts of the play, we watch this busy man at work: and this is what we learn about his business.—

All that he ever does—for eight hours a day—is to engage stenographers, seduce them, and instruct his lawyer to settle with them out of court when they enter suits against him for damages to their moral character. This revelation of the daily routine of business life is very instructive to spectators who have never been in business. How easy it is to amass a large fortune, after all! All that you have to do is to rent a suite of offices and insert a "Help Wanted" advertisement in the newspapers. Who would have thought—unless he had been told by this veracious dramatist—that seduction, even on a wholesale scale, could be so profitable to the seducer?

The particular stenographer whose experience is detailed in this play is a preternaturally innocent young woman. She is innocent of stenography, although she has been through a course in a business-college; and she is innocent of the wicked wiles by which big business men lead little girls astray. So her middle-aged employer comes near to accomplishing his fell purpose. But the heroine is rescued just in time by the step-son of this experienced philanderer, who outbids him for her affections with an offer of honourable marriage.

This play is advertised as "A Danger Signal That Every Girl Seeking Office Employment Ought to See." It teaches a Noble Moral Lesson:—namely, that business is not business, after all, and that if a stenographer is unable to manipulate a typewriter, a rich and nice young man is sure to marry her.

"THE LAST RESORT"

Mr. George Scarborough also teaches us many serviceable lessons about life in his melodrama entitled *The Last Resort.* In the last act of this veracious chronicle, the hero is in jail, serving a sentence for contempt of court that has been confirmed by the highest tribunal in the State. After his incarceration, he has been nominated for Governor on an independent ticket. We visit him in his cell on the evening of Election Day. A great many other people also visit him. In fact, his capacious and well-appointed cell is a very pleasant place, where people pop in and out to pass the time of day. One of his callers is the corrupt political boss of the opposing party, who does not happen to be busy elsewhere on Election Night. Another is the heroine, who comes in handcuffed. In an adjacent room of the jail she has just been tried and convicted on a trumped-up charge of burglary. It is very instructive to be informed by Mr. Scarborough that criminal trials are held upon a legal holiday; but it seems a pity that the author did not tell us if the jurors were allowed a recess in order to cast their votes. News that the hero has been elected Governor is flashed through the iron grating of his window by a search-light that has been rigged up for this purpose by "the boys." Since the hero's secretary is living with him in his cell, and is allowed to come and go at any time, we wonder why the hero could not have been informed of his election

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without recourse to this elaborate device. We wonder also how he is going to get out of jail in time to take the oath of office, and whether or not his citizenship will have to be restored before he is inaugurated. The author is teaching us so much that we never knew before, that he cannot find time to clear up all these points; but in walks the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, who assures us that he will fix everything up as we desire and will even officiate at the wedding of the hero to the heroine.

It might also be interesting to analyse the two preceding acts, which are almost equally efficacious to revise our hitherto mistaken views of life. It is very instructive to be told, for instance, that a girl wearing one of the tight skirts that are in fashion at the present moment could climb through a window several stories in the air at the hour of one A.M., or that a great lawyer, acting on mere hearsay evidence that has just been whispered to him, would immediately stand up in court and accuse the presiding judge of corruption. But space is lacking to detail all the lessons which might be learned from the mirror which Mr. Scarborough has so honestly held up to nature.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

The question which Mr. Augustin MacHugh has asked in the title of his latest play invites several flippant answers which it is a virtue to resist. The piece starts out as a faithful imitation of Mr. Eugene Walter's melodrama entitled *Fine Feathers;* but before long it begins to tell us things about life that nobody—not even Mr. Scarborough—had told us before.

The hero is a young bank-clerk with a small salary; and his wife wants more money. Therefore he steals $50,000 from the bank, and speculates, and loses. His best friend is a muck-raking magazine writer who has been depicted for two acts as the Soul of Honesty. This friend now advises him to steal half a million more and to continue to speculate until he comes out ahead. The hero does so; and, in an incredibly short time, he finds himself $300,000 to the good. He replaces the stolen securities in the vaults of the bank; and then he wonders what to do with the money he has won. He offers it to his wife, and tells her how he got it; but when she accepts it, he throws her around the room and complains that she is not an honest woman. Then he leaves her, and goes out to live alone on a five-acre farm in New Jersey. But his wife soon decides that she doesn't want the $300,000, after all, and returns it to him. Thereupon he resolves to spend it in erecting and endowing a Home for Crippled Children. This charitable deed woos his wife to discard her hopes of living high and to return to his bosom.

Of the six plays that have been noticed in the present article, three are worth seeing, and one of these three is unusually worthy; but there is no apparent reason why the other three plays should have been presented in New York. If the managers could find no better pieces than these travesties of life, it would surely have been a charity to the theatre-going public if they had closed their houses for the season.

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WHERE IS THE MAN?

BY ELIZABETH REDFIELD KENDALL

In any consideration of the school of younger English novelists the question, "Who Is the Man?" is the natural one. There is in England, as Mr. George demonstrated in his survey of the field in the February Bookman, a group of men possessed alike of talent and the knowledge how to use it, who stand ready to take the places of the elder novelists whose laurels are, at least in part, already won. The problem is not what will happen in English fiction so much as who will happen. But when we come to turn the limelight upon what should be a "school" of younger American novelists the result is entirely different. It is not that we lack evidences of talent. Where we fail is in the way that talent finds its vent; our neophytes have lost themselves in the mazes of a strange philosophy. Can we honestly say that we have in any proper meaning of the term a school of young novelists producing work which, however faulty in detail, shows a comprehension of the purpose of the art of novel-writing? Have we—to get down to hard and sometimes stupid facts—a single writer under forty who can be taken seriously as the American novelist of the future? Have we even a writer belonging to that indeterminate period, middle age, who can write a novel comparable, as a novel pure and simple, to the better works of Marion Crawford? Or are we compelled, reluctantly enough, to admit that the question is not "Who Is the Man?" but "Where Is the Man?"

Many years ago, in a tiny village in the White Mountains, a worthy minister, whose ardour for righteousness was greater than his learning, preached a sermon against the use of intoxicating liquors. He ended his plea for total abstinence by saying: "And, my friends, I am sure that if you knew, as I know, the perils of alcohol, you would flee from it as you would from the bite or the sight of an incubus." The story—which happens to be a true one—occurs to the mind instinctively in connection with any attempt to orient one's self toward the future of fiction in the United States. If it be true that there is something essentially wrong with the temporary trend of the American novel, what is the nature of the trouble? If the insidious germ can be discovered, will not our novelists flee from it as they would "from the sight or the bite of an incubus"?

We are suffering at the moment from a peculiar malady; yet it is one which a shrewd enough æsthetic physician might have prognosticated as likely to follow in the wake of another disease. Ten years ago the tenor of American fiction was sensationally entertaining. It matters not that we had Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Deland and Mr. Churchill and a half-dozen other writers of an entirely different character. The general tendency of the novel of a decade ago was to pique not the emotional or the intellectual, but the sensitory interest. The "Best Seller" is not an artistic criterion; but there is no good purpose served by ignoring its meaning. It may be only the manifestation of a back-wash; but it always signifies something. The "Best Seller" of ten years ago was not merely of the earth, earthy; it was, speaking by and large, meretricious. The entertainment provided was not wholesome; its keyword was sensationalism.

But, if the American people are not sufficiently an artistic people to recognize the cheapness of the fiction which, if it were not actually vulgar, was assuredly common; if they have not turned from this particular form of brummagem because of its lack of art, they have turned from it for other reasons. We are not serious enough; if we were, we should

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have a finer appreciation of the art of Nonsense and a slighter respect for the science of Sense; but we are, after all, capable of getting below the surface occasionally. And as a perfectly natural and inevitable consequence of the popularity of the novel designed to amuse sensationally, we have to-day the novel which is designed to instruct sensationally. We have the didactic novel—the novel in which art is no less effectually subordinated to purpose, though that purpose be different, than it was in the heyday of Mr. Chambers and Mr. MacGrath.

It is, then, didacticism which is the "incubus." Didacticism has fastened its tentacles upon the very life of the American novel. If our younger writers do not have the courage to free themselves from its death-dealing grip, a grip which has extended to the work of many of the older writers, there can be no hope for the future. But what, it may be asked, is the horror of didacticism? Must not all art be didactic to a certain extent? Aye, but there's the rub. We have passed the boundary. And when in speaking of didacticism as a curse the writer means by the word such an undue aggrandisement of the teaching purpose in fiction that art is merged in pedagogy. It may be socialism or feminism; it may be religion or a vague "uplift" philosophy; it may be any one of a dozen admirable subjects for study which so far usurps the function of the novel that this species of the art of fiction ceases to fulfil its artistic obligations. The didactic novel may be fertile as a source of ethical inspiration. It is none the less sterile as a work of art. And if we take the point of view that art is the most serious matter in the world—as we must if we are ever really to live at all—then we must certainly think it is more vital than any of the aspirations after betterment, physical, mental or ethical which are labelled "serious" by the literary pharmacist. It is more vital and more serious than any of these things, because it is the essence of the best in them all—the essence of all that makes life bearable.

The essence, yes; and in an essence every flavour must be so perfectly blended that the whole effect is smooth yet stimulating. To change the figure to suit a particular rather than a general art, one might compare the art of novel-writing to that—scarcely inferior—of compounding a salad-dressing. The common mixture is made up of only four elements, oil and vinegar, salt and pepper. But some people like to add a little mustard. This is excellent—always provided that the mustard is not allowed to preponderate over the other condiments. If it does, the effect is, to say the least, unpleasant. The unfortunate person who has to swallow the nauseous dose is reminded sensibly of unhappy experiences in the nursery. Didacticism is the mustard of fictional salad-dressing. A little of it is not bad, if it be so mixed with the oil of artistic construction that it is an essential component part of the whole; but if it be not, then the whole object of the novel—which is, after all, to tell a story—is stultified. We have in the didactic novel a hybrid form of literature which is bound in the end to suffer the natural fate of the hybrid; it cannot be prolific.

It will, of course, be said that, in calling didacticism the "incubus" of the American novel, proof should be offered of the contention. There is only one way to consider the matter. In this case exemplification is not difficult. What are the novels of the past year that have really made an impression upon the American mind or are likely to make an impression? Probably most people will admit that the two novels that have had the largest circulation among thinking readers—speaking only of books by American writers—are the *The Inside of the Cup* and *The Custom of the Country*. Probably no one would deny the preponderance of didacticism over story in the first; and, in vastly different kind, Mrs. Wharton's brilliant study of the American woman is no less written more to point a moral than to adorn a tale.

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There is a third novel which many persons would doubtless place higher in the estimation of the thoughtful—though probably without sufficient reason—than either of these. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that that novel is *V. V.'s Eyes.*

We have mentioned only the three most conspicuous examples of didactic fiction published in the past year. A half-dozen more of the most notable novels published in 1913 are easily ranged in this class. There are Mr. Herrick's *One Woman's Life,* Miss Johnston's *Hagar,* Mr. King's *The Way Home,* Mr. London's *The Valley of the Moon,* Mr. Sinclair's *Sylvia,* and somewhat below these in general popular influence, perhaps, Mr. Albert Edward's striking *Comrade Yetta* and Miss Ellen Glasgow's rather disappointing *Virginia.* We may also, possibly, include among the influential novels of the year that unpleasant book, *Hagar Revelly,* by Daniel C. Goodman. Here is a vast variety of texts; but the plan of the "preachment" is surprisingly similar in each case. That the sermon overpowers the story in every one of the so-called novels cited will only be denied by critics who conceive the novel as a genre midway between a tract and a legal document.

There are two much-read novels of the past year which may perhaps be claimed by American fiction, though in neither case is the author an American except by adoption. And only one of these two could have any possible influence upon the future of the American novel. But one is glad to think that it has been possible to turn from the dreary pages of hortatory fiction to Mrs. Burnett's cheerful *T. Tembarom,* and still more is one grateful for that delightful oasis in a desert of imaginative aridity, Mr. Coningsby Dawson's charming *The Garden Without Walls.* It could scarcely be said that this talented young Englishman, who has so recently come to this country, is a representative American novelist; though we must hope that we may be able in the future to keep some lien upon his work. And certainly Mrs. Burnett's agreeably old-fashioned tale is out of the running as in any sense characteristic of the tendencies of American fiction. Possibly Mr. Rex Beach's *The Iron Trail,* which is, of course, not preceptive, whatever else it may or may not be, ought to make a third exception to the statement that the strikingly conspicuous novels of the year are all didactic.

The very fact that so many of the older school have become impregnated by the malignant germ is perhaps even more discouraging than the prevalence of didacticism in the younger ranks. With the exception of two writers, the list of those who have produced during the past year the novels just mentioned includes all of those novelists who may reasonably be supposed to exercise a marked influence upon the novel of the future. Such men as Mr. Howells, Mr. Hopkinson Smith or Mr. Page, who have left middle age behind them, can scarcely be placed in this category. Mrs. Deland is, happily, a witness for the defence. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, on the contrary, is a striking exemplar of the cult of the hortatory. Despite the fact that *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt* are vastly over-rated novels and that Mr. Dreiser's name has a literary significance only among a certain following, his influence can scarcely be ignored. And he has so recently passed the age when he could be called a "younger" novelist that to fail to mention him as a factor in the power of the "incubus" would be inexcusable neglect.

II

The three men under forty who may be said to represent the direction taken by the American novel are Mr. London, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Harrison. We have plenty of other writers who can turn out a passably amusing story; the average production of this type is marred by minor slips in taste and plausibility calculated to irritate the sensitive reader; but it serves its purpose. Yet surely no one would contend that the lucubrations of Mr. McCutcheon, or even of Mr. Nicholson—to mention two of the best

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of the writers in this class—could be regarded seriously as works of art. One feels sure that their authors would claim no such distinction for them. Once or twice, it is true, Mr. Nicholson has led us to fancy that he might abandon the primrose path. But *Otherwise Phyllis* makes it apparent that he will not be likely to do so now. In a specialised direction, Mr. Rex Beach and Mr. Stewart Edward White are writing books which make a large but not general appeal. But Mr. Beach has not grown since his first book was published, and Mr. White has, quite regrettably, rather deteriorated. Neither furnishes any real impediment to the progress of didacticism, because neither has grasped the fundamental law that the injection of "red blood" into a commonplace story will not cause an example of the art of novel-writing to live. There was a time when we should have expected better things of Mr. White; but, so far at least, he has not lived up to the hopes of his more discriminating public. Mr. Will Levington Comfort is the only other of the younger novelists who needs mention, and only that to say that he cannot be considered influential. The over-sentimentality of his attitude toward life and the purple-patchiness of his style make him, though happily not a didacticist, a *lucus a non lucendo*.

What, then, is to be hoped for from the three men who seem to be our only prophets? Mr. London and Mr. Sinclair are both under forty; but they have been writing for a considerable period. Neither has ever succeeded in getting away from himself. And neither has a literary personality with which it is agreeable to associate at too close quarters. This, however, must be granted to be a matter of personal taste. That each has a measure of genuine, if misdirected, power will hardly be denied by any one who is not hopelessly prejudiced. Let us take, first, the case of Mr. London. *The Son of the Wolf* was published in 1900, when the author was twenty-six years old; but the book which made his reputation was *The Call of the Wild,* which came out three years later. Since then Mr. London's best work has been a repetition of the spirit of these tales, but he has striven more than once to work a different vein. The most serious attempt at a novel that he has ever made is *The Valley of the Moon,* and this is a book that, with all its artistic blemishes, gives evidences of possibilities in Mr. London that many of us would hardly have believed to exist. But it is utterly, hopelessly, didactic. In the moment when we wonder whether Mr. London may not yet do something of abiding excellence in novel-writing we feel that he never will unless he can escape from the new peril that has come upon him to take the place of an unregenerate passion for "strong" situations which has vulgarised so much of his previous work.

How about Mr. Sinclair? *The Journal of Arthur Sterling* was rather a remarkable book, though it owed much of its interest to purely adventitious causes. So was *The Jungle* remarkable, but hardly for reasons that need detain us in the consideration of Mr. Sinclair's position as a worker in the art of fiction. Everything that he has written since then has been practically negligible in its effect upon his artistic reputation; yet he has given occasional glimpses of potential gifts, and never more so than in *Sylvia,* crude as the book is in many respects. He has written with at least an effort at artistic seriousness; but to his native fondness for superficial and sometimes inaccurate portrayal of conditions of which he knows little he has added a false conception of the meaning of the novel. The former defect might be conquered; the latter is far graver. It seems unlikely that the "incubus" will ever release Mr. Sinclair.

There remains Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison. Unlike the works of Mr. London and Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Harrison's two striking novels have been altogether free from the taint of vulgarity in any form. There are many minor artistic solecisms—though there are admirers of this gifted writer who would deny this—in both *Queed* and *V. V.'s*

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Eyes. The former is far the better novel, and it deserved its vogue; but it was obviously the work of a 'prentice hand. Every one who read it looked with profound interest for the next novel by Mr. Harrison. And what was the next novel?—a sociological tract, enlivened by certain moments of emotional power and beauty, and disfigured by an ignoring of the probabilities that can only be regarded as deplorable. Mr. Harrison is firmly clutched by the deadly tentacles; yet there is still chance for him to escape. He has lost a precious opportunity; he is for the moment a lost leader, though certainly not in the sense that Browning so unjustly stigmatised Wordsworth. We have only to compare *V. V.'s Eyes* to such a novel as Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude* to realise how completely Mr. Harrison, who occupies in American fiction a position not dissimilar to that of Mr. Walpole in English fiction, has failed to distinguish between the use and the abuse of a serious theme in his fundamental misinterpretation of the nature of the novel. Yet we must have the faith to believe that so much high talent will not be pigeonholed, that Mr. Harrison will eventually gain a deeper understanding of his art, and so justify the hopes that were aroused by the finer elements in *Queed*.

Yet, with every desire to be optimistic, it is impossible honestly to say that, at this moment, the future of the American novel paints itself in rosy colours to those who least wish to take the gloomy view. The root of the whole matter lies far back of the immediate peril, didacticism; it lies far back of "red blood" or "strong meat," or any of the futile battle-cries of the ragged army of pseudo-realistic writers. The American novelist has, with a few rare exceptions, been building his house on the sand for ten years and more. He has ignored the need for background; or, perhaps, we ought rather to say, he has lacked the perception to realise its vital necessity. He has utterly despised that imminent law of all art which Frith's London scene-painter put so perfectly into a single word—"wista." Least of all arts can the art of novel-writing live without "wista." The large point of view, the subordination of detail, the seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, are essential. With this background once established, we might have as great a novel, with its *mise-en-scène* in any centre of the uplift movement in the United States, as in Thackeray's London. But we have it not. Where is the man who will give it to us?

AS THE GREEN SEA IN FISHERS' NETS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

In some dark sea that through us ebbs and sweeps,
One day this body dips where great tides fret.
When the sun falls, and when the fisher sleeps,
Shall I be with the sea, or but the net?

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THE SNOWY PEAKS OF THE HIMALAYAS. "CHANGELESS SINCE THE WORLD'S BEGINNING, BUT CHANGING TO EVERY MOOD OF SUN AND CLOUD, LAY OUT THE ETERNAL SNOW."—"KIM"

KIPLING'S INDIA

BY ARLEY MUNSON

IN THREE PARTS—PART II—THE BORDERLAND AND THE DESERT

REFER again to the map of India. Lahore, the city just left behind, is the centre of a great square whose boundary lines, north, south, east, and west, run through the countries to be described in this paper, the Great Indian Desert of Rajputana; the Borderland between India and her Northwestern neighbours, Afghanistan and Baluchistan; and the Himalaya Mountain country which separates India from mysterious Thibet. All three of these regions are crowded with the children of Kipling's fancy.

Turning sharply to the south from Lahore, and travelling now by metre gauge and now by the broad, regular line of the Indian railway, you find yourself after three or four hours in the heart of the Rajputana Desert. Rajputana is your true desert country, with all its solemn grandeur and all its bitter desolation. Miles and miles of yellow sand stretch away to the horizon, broken only by great boulders, ragged camel's-thorn bushes and little scrubby trees, or, perhaps, a whirling dust-cloud which rises high in air, scatters and settles again. Here and there the waters of a lake or river, blue and sparkling in the blazing sunshine, refresh the eye; or low hills misty purple in the distance, grow larger, clearer, and less fascinating as you near their bare, brown ridges destitute of verdure. Again, you see a great patch of forest-land with thatched-roofed native huts peeping out from flaunting, bright-coloured foliage, and some self-appointed guide tells you that among the rocks and trees tigers and leopards and wolves abound. As everywhere else in India, monkeys romp and chatter among the trees, little striped squirrels dart into sight and off again, and the green parrot regards you critically from a distant bough. Occasionally, a solitary camel, the jaws and brow of its rider bound tightly against the dust, weaves across the plain; a country bullock-cart creaks dismally along with its burden of men or cotton; or a band of gypsies, with wild, dark eyes, splendid bodies, and rainbow attire, pass slowly by, driving their cat-

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tle; the ornaments of the women, bone and iron and brass, clanking loudly. The heat is tremendous and you wilt visibly in mind and body and apparel; the blazing sunshine blinds your eyes and you are glad indeed when the waning light brings relief and the much-vaunted colouring of the desert—amber, gold, opal, silver-blue, and crimson—spreads over the landscape. This is the country

—where the wild dacoits abound
And the Thakurs live in castles on the hills,
Where the *bunnia* and *bunjara* in alternate streaks are found,
And the Rajah cannot liquidate his bills.

The trackless desert of Upper Rajputana, far from the railway line, was the scene of "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" (*Under the Deodars*), the Civil Engineer who in the delirium of fever rode madly over the sandy plain, brandishing his hog-spear at the moon and shouting challenges at the camel's-thorn bushes, and plunged without warning into the terrible village inhabited by "the Dead who did not die but may not live."

The events told of in "At the End of the Passage" also took place in this desert country. It was there that Hummil, the Assistant Engineer, and his three friends, who had ridden so far for the sake of seeing a white man's face—"they were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness"—spent doleful hours together in the terrific heat of an Indian summer on the plains,—

The sky is lead and our faces are red,
And the gates of Hell are opened and riven,
And the winds of Hell are loosened and driven,
And the dust flies up in the face of Heaven,
And the clouds come down in a fiery sheet,
Heavy to raise and hard to be borne.
And the soul of man is turned from his meat,
Turned from the trifles for which he has striven
Sick in his body, and heavy hearted,
And his soul flies up like the dust in the sheet
Breaks from his flesh and is gone and departed,
As the blasts they blow on the cholera-horn.

And there poor Hummil, maddened by the heat and loneliness, became the victim of "terror beyond the expression of any pen"—hunted to death by the "blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes."

In an insignificant little town of Eastern Rajputana the policemen of "At Howli Thana" (*Soldiers Three*) concocted that marvellous story of the Dacoity attack which should save them from deserved punishment, and which failed so completely before the smile and the "many eyes" of Yunkum Sahib, the Assistant Commissioner, "Tiger of Gokral-Seetarun."

II

Gokral-Seetarun was the province where Nick Tarvin, of Topaz, Colorado (*The Naulahka*), a gallant nineteenth-century knight, championed so loyally and successfully his lady-love and the pathetic little Maharaj Kunwar in the midst of the intrigues of a gypsy queen; and learned the invaluable lesson that

—it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

Chitor (Gunnaur) is the Dead City where, in the "Gau-Mukh" or "Cow's Mouth," Nick sought the Naulahka, the priceless necklace of crown jewels which he afterward saw during the wedding pageant of the Maharaj Kunwar.

It blazed with the dull red of the ruby, the angry green of the emerald, the cold blue of the sapphire, and the white, hot glory of the diamond. But, dulling all these glories, was

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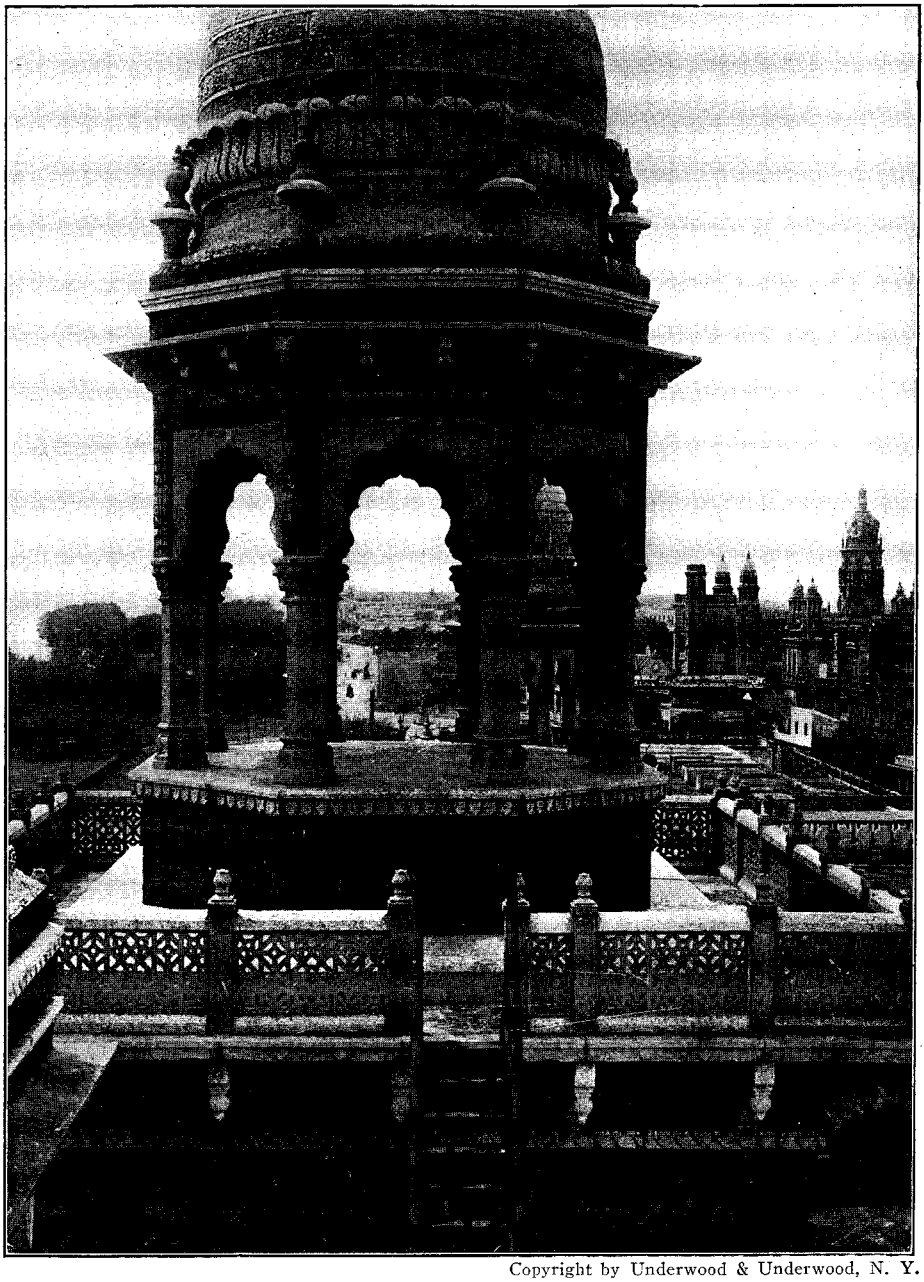

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THE TOWER OF VICTORY, CHITOR. "—THE CITY OF THE DEAD. TALL-BUILT, SHARP-DOMED PALACES . . . REVEALED THE HORROR OF THEIR EMPTINESS AND GLARED AT THE DAY THAT PIERCED THEM THROUGH AND THROUGH. THE WIND PASSED SINGING DOWN THE EMPTY STREETS, AND, FINDING NONE TO ANSWER, RETURNED, CHASING BEFORE IT A MUTTERING CLOUD OF DUST, WHICH PRESENTLY WHIRLED ITSELF INTO A LITTLE CYCLONE-FUNNEL, AND LAID DOWN WITH A SIGH. . . . GIGANTIC RESERVOIRS DRY AND NEGLECTED, . . . HOLLOW GUARD-HOUSES THAT STUDDED THE BATTLEMENTS, . . . TIME-RIVEN ARCHES THAT SPANNED THE STREETS, AND, ABOVE ALL, THE CARVEN TOWER WITH A SHATTERED ROOF THAT SPRANG A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET INTO THE AIR, FOR A SIGN TO THE COUNTRYSIDE THAT THE ROYAL CITY . . . WAS NOT DEAD, BUT WOULD ONE DAY HUM WITH MEN." —"THE NAULAHKA"

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ELEPHANTS IN STATE DRESS. AS THEY APPEARED IN THE WEDDING PAGEANT OF THE MAHARAJ KUNWAR.—"The Naulahka.

the superb radiance of one gem that lay above the great carved emerald on the central clasp. It was the black diamond—black as the pitch of the infernal lake, and lighted from below with the fires of hell.

The thing lay on the boy's shoulders, a yoke of flame. It outshone the silent Indian stars above, turned the tossing torches to smears of dull yellow, and sucked the glitter from the cloth of gold on which it lay.

Chitor is on the railway line from Ajmere to Mhow. It was once the glorious capital of the kings of Mewar and for hundreds of years was the scene of some of the greatest dramas in Indian history. At the close of the thirteenth century, Ala-ud-din Khilji, the Pathan emperor, having determined to capture the Rajput queen Pudmini, said to have been the most beautiful woman India has ever known, besieged the city of Chitor. When the Rajputs could no longer hold the place, all the thousands of women of the city, among them Queen Pudmini, voluntarily went to their death on funeral pyres in the subterranean chambers of the palace, while the men dashed out of the gates into the very arms of their enemies, who entered over their dead bodies into possession of a dead city. Chitor is of remarkable shape and situation. Three miles in length, it stands on the summit of a huge rock five hundred feet above the plain, the massive loopholed walls and sculptured gates giving the city the appearance of a great battleship. New Chitor, a comparatively modern town of grain merchants and armourers, nestles at the base of the fortress, but within the old city there is no sign of human life. The beautiful palace of Pudmini, the fine old temples, the big, empty reservoirs, and the wind-swept houses are given over to the birds and beasts of the jungle. The trees and the elements have torn great rents in the walls and many of the houses and tombs are ruined. In the midst of this ancient grandeur stands the old Jain Tower of Victory, one hundred and fifty feet high, and close by is the "Gau-Mukh," a sacred shrine built in the side of a huge pit surrounded by trees and ruined tombs and a flight of old stone steps; and ornamented with heroic stone figures of gods carved in high relief. The Gau-Mukh takes its name from a spring issuing from one side of the pit through a crude bit of carving supposed to resemble the mouth of a cow, and falling into a reservoir filled with slimy purple water. From the Gau-Mukh, a passage leads into the subterranean chambers of Pudmini's palace, where the queen and her loyal women went to their death. It was in this passage that Nick Tarvin's foot crashed into a skull and he retreated from the gruesome heaps of human bones and the savage, emerald-eyed guardian of the place.

Rajputana contains some of the most conservative, fanatical Hindus of India. It was in Rajputana that infanticide was practised to the greatest extent, and it was here that the custom of suttee, the burning of the living widow on the pyre of her dead husband, survived longest. In Western Rajputana "The Last Sut-

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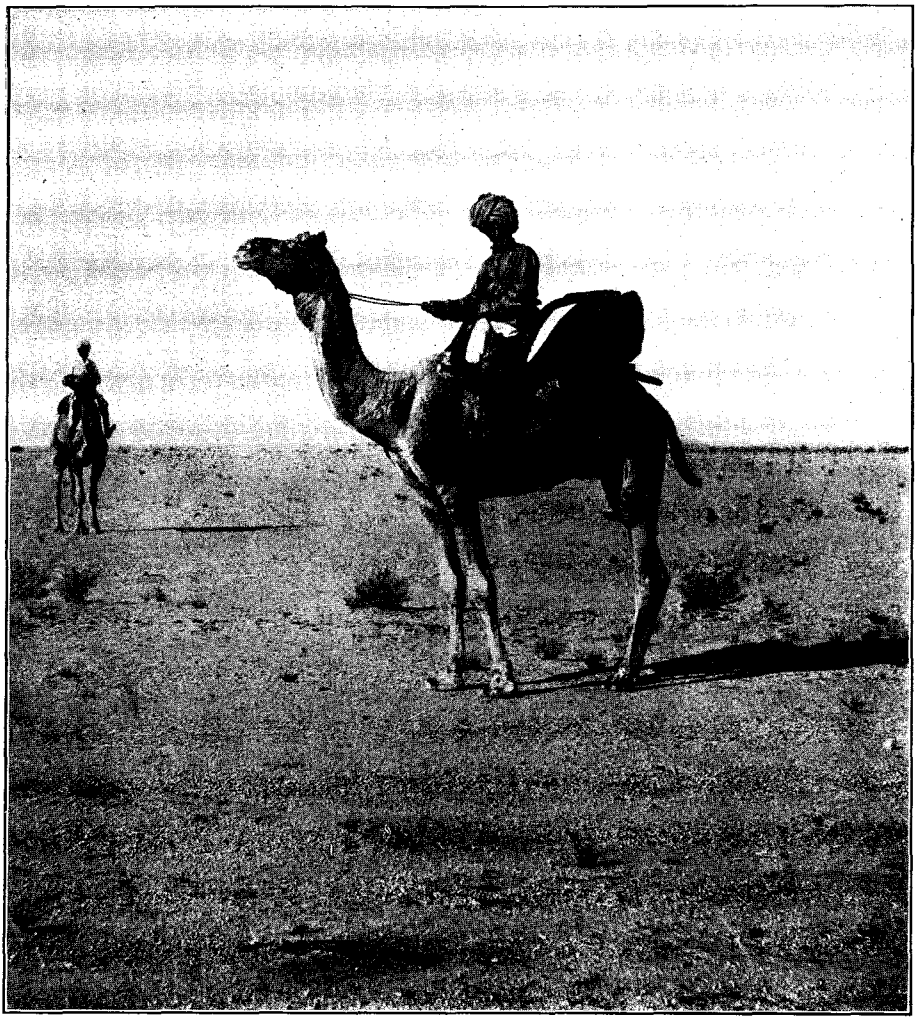

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THE RAJPUTANA DESERT. THIS DESERT IS A FACTOR IN NUMEROUS KIPLING TALES. IT WAS THE SCENE OF "THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES," THE CIVIL ENGINEER WHO, IN HIS FEVER, RODE INTO THE TERRIBLE VILLAGE INHABITED BY "THE DEAD WHO DID NOT DIE BUT MAY NOT LIVE." IT IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE EVENTS RELATED IN "AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE." IT PLAYS A CONSPICUOUS PART IN "THE NAULAHKA." IT KNEW CARNEHAN AND DRAVOT OF "THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING." MILES AND MILES OF YELLOW SAND STRETCH AWAY TO THE HORIZON, BROKEN ONLY BY GREAT BOULDERS, RAGGED CAMEL'S-THORN BUSHES AND LITTLE SCRUBBY TREES, OR, PERHAPS, A WHIRLING DUST-CLOUD WHICH RISES HIGH IN AIR, SCATTERS AND SETTLES AGAIN. HERE AND THERE THE WATERS OF A LAKE OR RIVER, BLUE AND SPARKLING IN THE BLAZING SUNSHINE, REFRESH THE EYE. IT IS THE COUNTRY

—WHERE THE WILD DACOITS ABOUND
AND THE THAKURS LIVE IN CASTLES ON THE HILLS,
WHERE THE "BUNNIA" AND "BUNJARA" IN ALTERNATE STREAKS ARE FOUND,
AND THE RAJAH CANNOT LIQUIDATE HIS BILLS.

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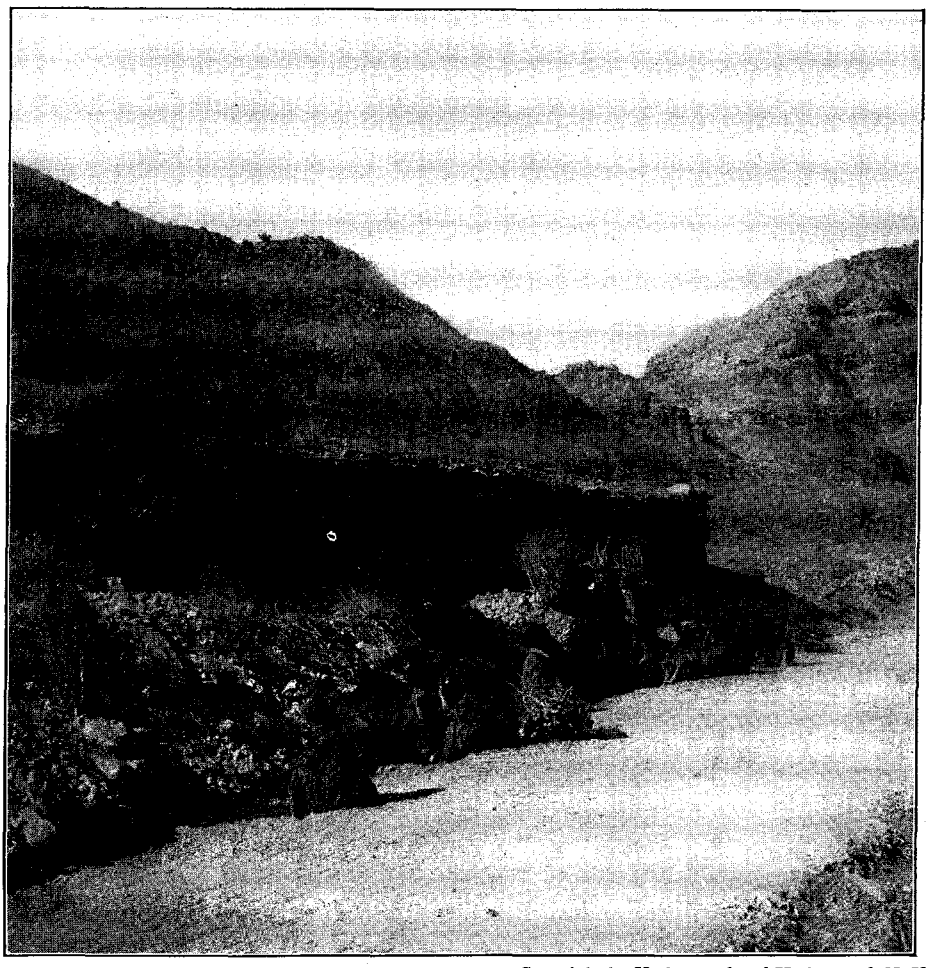
tee" took place; when, as the dead Rajput king lay on his funeral-pyre and

—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs,

the Queen, disguised as a dancing-girl, escaped from the palace and, fearing the flames but longing to share the death of her lord, besought the baron guarding the pyre to kill her and burn her with the king.

He drew and struck; the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
But the harlot dies for the Rajput dame—
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.
Pass with thy King to rest!

The black log crashed above the white:
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,



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A TURN IN THE KHYBER PASS SHOWING THE MOUNTAINS "TALL AND BLACK" AND "BITTER COLD" THROUGH WHICH DRAVOT AND CARNEHAN MADE THEIR TOILSOME WAY TO KAFIRISTAN.—"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING"

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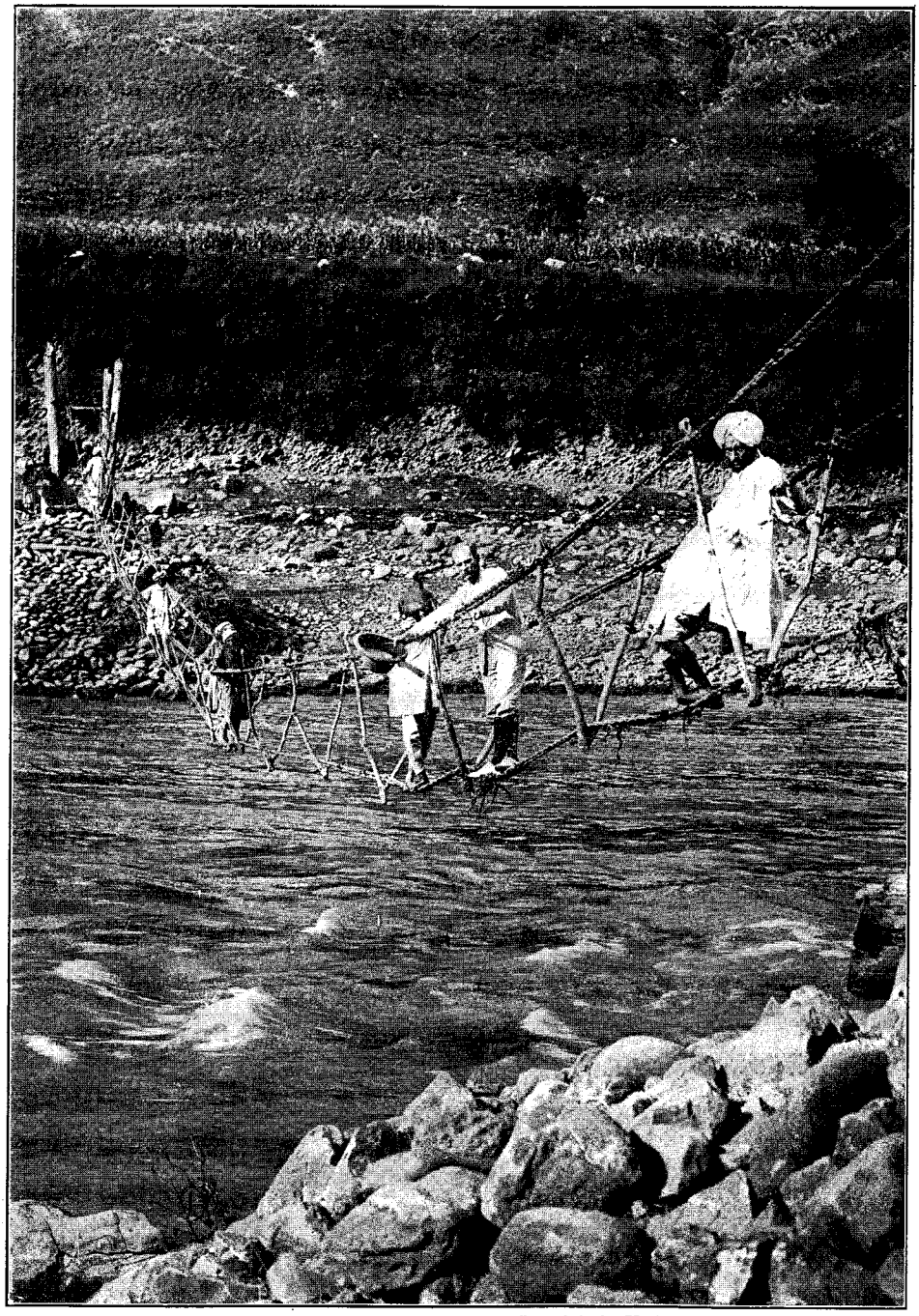

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ROPE BRIDGE OVER A MOUNTAIN TORRENT. IT WAS SUCH A ROPE BRIDGE AS THIS THAT THE KAFIRS CUT, SENDING DRAVOT TO HIS DEATH.—"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING"

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That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!

It was near here, in Pali, that the twins of "Gemini" (*Soldiers Three*) were born, the money-lenders of Isser Jang, whom Durga Dass, one of the twins, described so accurately when he portrayed his brother:

—a swine and a night-thief, a taker of life, an eater of flesh, a jackal-spawn without beauty, or faith, or cleanliness, or honour.

III

Here in Western Rajputana, we come on the trail of Peachey Carnehan and Daniel Dravot of "The Man who would be King." Nasirabad is an unimportant little town on the metre gauge line of railway running from Ajmir to Mhow; and it was here that the newspaper correspondent made the acquaintance of Carnehan, "a big, black-browed gentleman in shirt-sleeves,—a wanderer and a vagabond,—but with an educated taste for whiskey," who "told tales of things he had seen and done, of out-of-the-way corners of the Empire into which he had penetrated, and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food," and who finally sent a message by the correspondent to his friend Dravot at Marwar Junction. Just to the west, on the railway line of the Bombay Mail, lies Marwar Junction, another town of no special importance, where in the second-class railway carriage the correspondent obligingly sought out Dravot, the man with "a flaming red beard" and "a great and shining face," and gave him the mysterious message, "He has gone South for the week." Following close after the clever adventurers, you find them in some large city of the Punjaub, probably Lahore, seeking in the hot newspaper office of the friendly correspondent information concerning Kafiristan which, with consummate impudence and boundless ambition, they have decided to conquer and rule as kings, according to their "Contract" with each other:

This Contract between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth.

(One) That me and you will settle this matter together; *i.e.*, to be Kings of Kafiristan.

(Two) That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any Liquor, nor any Woman black, white, or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.

(Three) That we conduct ourselves with Dignity and Discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him.

Signed by you and me this day.

PEACHEY TALIAFERRO CARNEHAN,
DANIEL DRAVOT,
Both Gentlemen at Large.

Then comes the departure from the Serai (probably the Kashmir Serai of Lahore), Dravot disguised as a mad native priest and Carnehan as his servant, travelling on camels ostensibly "to the North to sell charms that are never still to the Amir," but carrying, concealed beneath the camel-bags, twenty Martinis and "ammunition to correspond." At Peshawur, a large British military station only a few miles from the Afghan frontier, Carnehan and Dravot joined the caravan of the trader going through the Khyber Pass to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan.

For more than six hundred miles, India is bordered on the northwest by Afghanistan, the savage country of a savage race—large, muscular, warlike Mohammedans,—often called "Pathans"—unruly and fanatical—which, ever since the early nineteenth century, has been at war, more or less constant, with British India. No European is allowed to enter the country, which is made to act as a "buffer" state between Russia and India; the Amir, as the King of Afghanistan is called, being guided in all foreign affairs by the Indian Government, from which he receives an annual subsidy.

Afghanistan is a country of violent contrasts. Day after day, the traveller

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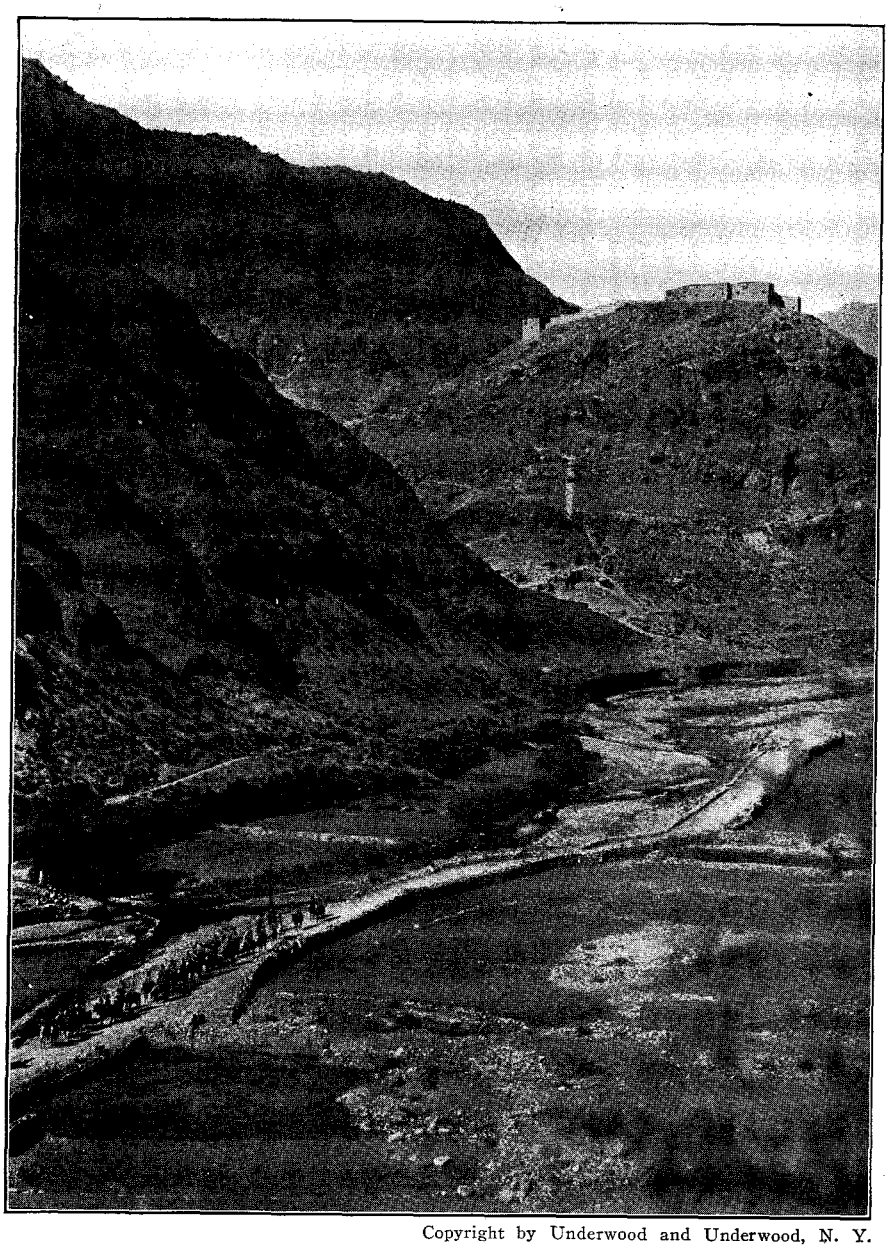

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THE KHYBER PASS BELOW THE FAMOUS FORT OF ALI MASJID, SHOWING THE KHYBER RIFLES ON THE MARCH. IT WAS THROUGH THIS CRUEL BORDER COUNTRY THAT AUSTIN LIMMASON OF THE WHITE HUSSARS, "THE MAN WHO WAS," FORCED HIS WAY IN HIS TERRIBLE FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA. THIS IS ALSO THE COUNTRY OF THE BATTLE DESCRIBED IN "DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT," OF "THE LOST LEGION," OF "LOVE O' WOMEN," OF "WEE WILLIE WINKIE," AND OF "WITH THE MAIN GUARD."

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fights his way through the rough, narrow defiles of lofty, jagged mountains, cold and bleak and desolate, or over sandy, fever-stricken deserts, suddenly to find himself in the midst of a pleasant summer valley whose fertile orchards and vineyards produce some of the finest fruits in the world. Ten miles west of Peshawur, in a group of marvellous caves, begins the Khyber Pass, "that narrow sword-cut in the hills," which runs back fifty miles to the centre of Afghanistan. This famous mountain pass, which sometimes narrows to the bed of a tiny rivulet, the cliffs on each side rising almost perpendicularly to the height of six or seven hundred feet, is the highway for the caravans coming from Central Asia into India.

Along this mountain pass, Carnehan and Dravot made their way with the Afghan traders, the amusing antics of Dravot, "the mad priest," making him a welcome guest among the simple, friendly natives. Leaving the caravans just below Jagdallak, a little mountain town between Peshawur and Kabul, they made their toilsome way through the mountains, "tall and black" and "bitter cold," "with never a road broader than the back of your hand," past the hostile villages, "dispersed and solitary," and so to Kafiristan.

Kafiristan, a small tract of land in the northwestern part of Afghanistan, is but little known to the civilised world, whose only source of information is the account of the few Mohammedan traders who have entered the country. From these it has been learned that Kafiristan, whose mountains are the higher peaks of the Hindu Kush, is a far more attractive country than the rest of Afghanistan. The hillsides, thickly wooded with oak and pine, and the green valleys, rich in gardens and orchards and rolling meadows, resemble the Himalayan country, while the people, a pure type of Aryans, are remarkable for strength and beauty, many of the Kafirs—in strange contrast to their neighbours on every side—being as fair as Europeans, with yellow hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks. The women especially are said to be the handsomest women of the Orient. The Kafirs ("Kafiristan" meaning "the country of unbelievers in Islam") have resisted all attempts to convert them to the Moslem faith, clinging tenaciously to their ancient form of worship, which closely resembles the old Vedic religion. While the people are barbaric in many ways, using bows and arrows for weapons, and dressing chiefly in goat's skin and goat's hair, they sit on stools after the manner of Europeans and have several other European customs.

Into this country of Kafiristan Peachey and Dravot suddenly precipitated themselves before the simple natives, who received them as gods; here by masterly stratagem they won their sovereignty; and here the tragic farce ended with the murder of Dravot, hurled to death from the rope bridge, and the journey of Peachey, hopelessly maimed and mad and bearing with him the crowned head of Dravot, back to the hot newspaper office in India to tell his piteous tale.

IV

Through the cruel Border country, Lieutenant Austin Limmason, of the White Hussars ("The Man Who Was"), somehow forced his way to Peshawur in his terrible flight to Siberia, until "like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess," who were entertaining royally but reluctantly Dirkovitch, the Russian; and proved his right to be there by the mechanical, accurate response of his poor crazed brain to the old and honoured toast to the Queen:

> —the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man . . . and said hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Peshawur and the Border saw the mutiny of the Native Irregular Cavalry

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("The Lost Legion"), who were afterward hunted to their death by the Afghans while they rode "stumbling and rocking in their saddles, and howling for mercy . . . from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand—this officerless rebel regiment," and all because the Pathans "desired their clothes, and their bridles, and their rifles, and their boots,—more especially their boots, . . . a great killing—done slowly." And many years later, among the Border hills, when the long-suffering British Government moved at last against the outlawed Gulla Kutta Mullah, the ghosts of the Lost Legion, stumbling about among their own graves, won an easy victory for the British.

Near the Edwardes Gate in Peshawur lived Suddhoo's son ("In the House of Suddhoo"), whose attack of pleurisy cost his father so many rupees and brought upon his father's friends so much perturbation of spirit, all through the cunning machinations of the seal-cutter.

On the road to Peshawur, the sight of the simple, honest love between Mulvaney and his Dinah Shadd, with the "flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the livin' mornin'," brought an agony of remorse and shame to "Love-o'-Women" (*Many Inventions*) of the Black Tyrone, a "gentleman-ranker," such as those who are told of in "Gentleman-Rankers,"

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride, it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf enfolds us
And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.
We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa-aa-aa!
Gentleman-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

And it was in Peshawur later on that same day that the death of "Love-o'-Women" and of his "Diamonds and Pearls" in each other's arms closed their tragic story—"a lamentable tale of things done long ago and ill done."

The tale of "Silver's Theatre," where "Love-o'-Women" tried so hard to die but failed, was told by Mulvaney ("With the Main Guard") to "blandandher" his suffering comrades through "a stifling June night" when "the heat under the bricked archway was terrifying," when "a puff of burning wind lashed through the wicket-gate like a wave of the sea," and "the dust-devils danced on the glacis and scoured the red-hot plain." "Silver's Theatre" was the name given by Mulvaney and his friends to " 'a gut betune two hills, as black as a bucket, an' as thin as a girl's waist,' " where the British and the Afghan soldiers " 'just rushed into each other's arrums, an' there was no firing for a long time, nothin' but knife an' bay'nit when we cud get our hands free: an' that was not often'—knee to knee—breast to breast—'breathin' in each other's faces and swearin' powerful.' " Terence Mulvaney, John Learoyd and Stanley Orthris are described by their friend, the special correspondent, as "three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man nor woman could come between them—in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the outer-door mats of decent folk, because they happened to be private soldiers in her Majesty's Army; and private soldiers . . . have small time for self-culture . . . their duty" being "to keep themselves and their accoutrements specklessly clean, to refrain from getting drunk more often than is necessary, to obey their superiors, and to pray for a

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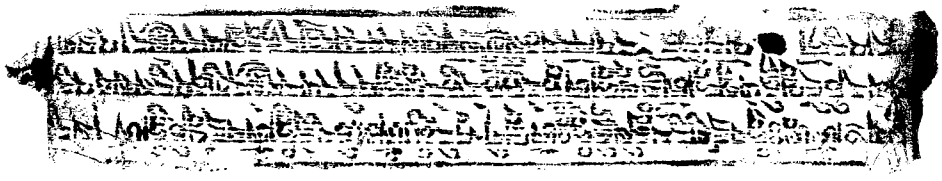
war . . . the worst men in the regiment so far as genial blackguardism goes." These "Three Musketeers" stood firm in the crush at "Silver's Theatre," Mulvaney with his "bay'nit, wid a long reach, a double twist—an' a slow recover," Learoyd with the rifle-butt "used exactly as a man would use a dagger," and little Ortheris with his "breech that's wore out a bit, an' hamminition one year in store, to let the powder kiss the bullet" while Captain O'Neil—the beloved "Cruikna-bulleen"—led his men on with a cheery laugh; while the Sergeant of the Tyrone sat on the head of the weeping and cursing "little orf'cer-bhoy" to save him alive for his mother in Ireland; and the Black Tyrone fought "like sowls in tormint," for they had seen their dead mutilated with the soul-sickening mutilation that the Afghan women inflict on the dead and wounded of their enemy.

Ortheris had a still better chance to show his skill with the rifle when from a pine-grove near the Border, he shot the deserter of the Aurangabadis ("On Greenhow Hill") "seven hundred yards away and fully two hundred down the hillside." That was the afternoon that Learoyd, lying under the pines, tore up a handful of white violets and told the tale of his lost love, the girl of Greenhow Hill in England, to win whom he had nearly committed "black murder," and who, when he had enlisted in the army, gave him a last caress and whispered with dying lips, " 'Eh, but I'd ha' liked to see thee i' thy red coat, John, for thou was allus my own lad—my very own lad, and none else.' "

V

Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris appear again in that Border tale where Lord Benira Trig ("The Three Musketeers") made himself obnoxious to the regiment by desiring the garrisons to be turned out for his inspection on a holiday when "he would—dine with the Officer Commanding, and insult him, across the Mess table, about the appearance of the troops." This was at Helanthami Cantonment on the Frontier and the three friends devised a scheme, which proved most successful, to have Lord Benira "dacoited" by mischievous Buldoo and his friends who were to pose as Pathans, and "gallantly rescued" by themselves, all that the objectionable Earl might be made unfit to inspect troops until their holiday should be past.

Fort Pearson, near Kalabagh, is another Frontier fort, and there took place the events told of by Crandall, Major, the young Subaltern (*Stalky & Co.*), as he lay in the darkness of the college dormitory and "spoke to the generation he could not see,"—how Duncan, of the old college, in command of a cartload of rupees to pay off the troops, was attacked by the Pathans, deserted by his Sepoy escort and found by his schoolmate, Crandall, "under the wheels of the cart out in the open, propped up on one arm blazing away with a revolver;" and how he died a few minutes later with his head on his comrade's knees. They were three or four of this "younger generation" who, in later years, so bravely suppressed the Khye-Kheen-Malot uprising over the Border (*Stalky & Co.*), when Stalky showed the same remarkable ability as a strategist that had



THE BUDDHIST PRAYER-PAPER. SUCH A PAPER AS THOSE TIED IN GREAT BUNCHES TO THE TREES OF THE BUDDHIST VILLAGE WHERE KIM AND THE LAMA WERE ENTERTAINED BY THE WOMAN OF SHAMLEGH. IT BEARS THE INSCRIPTION, WRITTEN OVER AND OVER AGAIN, "OM MANI PADMI OM!" (HAIL TO THE HOLY ONE [BUDDHA] WHOSE JEWEL IS THE LOTUS, HAIL!)—"KIM."

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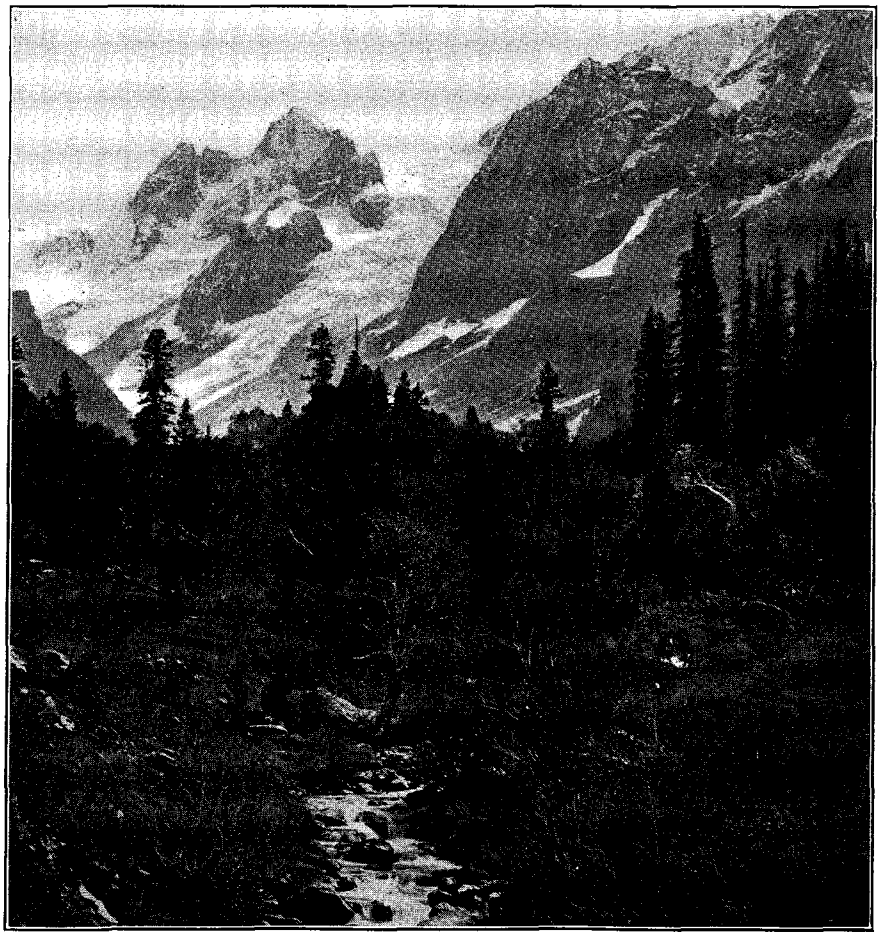
distinguished him in his boyhood days at college.

It was a Border scuffle in which George Cottar, "The Brushwood Boy" (*The Day's Work*), engaged when the effectiveness of his training which "had taught him how many were the 'things no fellow can do,'" showed in the condition of the men of his troop whom he had guided with so much tact and skill:

> They were fit—physically fit beyond the other troops; they were good children in camp, wet or dry, fed or unfed; and they followed their officers with the quick suppleness and trained obedience of a first-class football fifteen.

Another Frontier scrimmage brought to an end "The Mutiny of the Mavericks" (*Life's Handicap*), the Irish Regiment which Mulcahy, the Irish-American, "devoured with blind, rancorous hatred of England," had tried with so much effort and beer to entangle in a conspiracy against the British Empire. On the field of Marzun-Katai, Horse Egan and Dan Grady, "for the honour of the



THE LAND OF NAMGAY DOOLA, WHERE MOST OF THE MILES STOOD ON END OWING TO THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY. IT WAS HERE THAT THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOUND THE RAJAH WITH HIS STANDING ARMY OF FOUR MEN, THE RED-HEADED REBEL WITH HIS RED-HEADED BROOD, AND LISTENED, PUZZLED, TO THE STRANGE CHANT WHICH HAD SUCH A FAMILIAR RING.

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Regiment," urged the trembling, cowardly Mulcahy into the front ranks of the fight against the Afghans, until "the panic excess of his fear drove him into madness beyond all human courage. His eyes staring at nothing, his mouth open and frothing, and breathing as one in a cold bath, he went forward demented, "to deeds of wild heroism;" then "tore on, sobbing," and alone into the midst of the retreating Afghans, until the "straight blade" of an Afghan "went home through the defenceless breast."

The 195th Regiment was stationed near the Border when "Wee Willie Winkie" (*Under the Deodars*), the Colonel's six-year-old son, saw Miss Allardyce cross the river into the dangerous Afghan territory, and promptly rode to the rescue, because Miss Allardyce belonged to his faithful friend and ally, "Coppy" (Lieutenant Brandis). The rescue was effected on the Afghan side of the Border when Wee Willie Winkie manfully faced the "Bad Men" until his regiment arrived, thus proving himself a "*pukka* hero," and winning the right to his own name, "Percival William Williams." Fort Jumrood on the Frontier is the background of that other story where a Colonel's son is a hero ("The Ballad of East and West") when Kamal, the Border Chieftain, stole the Colonel's favourite mare and rode away. He was hotly pursued into his own territory beyond Jumrood by the Colonel's son, whose rash courage was so greatly admired by Kamal that, although he held the boy's life at his mercy, he not only spared him, but took with him the Oath of Blood-Brother."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the two shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

"The Lament of the Border Cattle Thief" is also the tale of a Jumrood robber chief:

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre fine,
And heaved me into the Central Jail
For lifting of the kine.

And God have mercy on the Jut
When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
When I am loosed from thrall.

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,
Fat herds below Bonair!

The one I'll shoot at twilight tide,
At dawn I'll drive the other;
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
The white man for his brother!

This section of country appears again in "The Head of the District" (*Life's Handicap*). On the banks of the Indus River, near Peshawur, the dying Yardley-Orde, Deputy Commissioner of the Kot-Kumharsen District, bade good-bye to his friends and eagerly watched the approach of the boat carrying his wife, who arrived just one hour too late, "the grimmest practical joke ever played on a man." Kot-Kumharsen, the District which was deprived of the wise and kind guidance of Yardley-Orde and left in the hands of a South country Babu, lies under the Khusru Hills of the Frontier. Here it was that the Khusru Kheyl, urged on by the fiery eloquence of the Blind Mullah of Jagai, mutinied and made their unsuccessful attack on the lowland villages; while the South country Babu fled in terror and fever-stricken Tommy

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Dodd bade his fever-stricken men go forth with the words,

O men! If you die you will go to Hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to Hell that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying. File out there!

And here Tallantire, the Assistant Deputy Commissioner who knew "the talk and the heart of his people," ended his scathing denunciation of Khoda Dad Khan, chief of the mutinous tribes, with the words, "Rest assured that the Government will send you a man;" and received from the Chief the praise he so richly deserved,

Ay . . . for we also be men. . . . And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man!

From the Hurrum Hills over the Border, Jones ("A Code of Morals") heliographed to his wife the love messages and warnings concerning her moral welfare, which were so inopportunely read off by General Bangs, riding with his Aide and Staff,—

For clear as summer lightning flare, the husband's warning ran:
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—
a most immoral man."

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter know
By word or act official who read off that helio;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to Mool*tan*
They know the worthy General as "that most immoral man."

Kurram Valley, referred to in "Arithmetic on the Frontier," is a beautiful bit of level, fertile country over the Border whose inhabitants are among the wildest and most faithless of the Afghans.

A great and glorious thing it is
To learn for seven years or so,
The Lord knows what of that and this,
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear:—"All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
On making brain and body meeter
For all the murderous intent
Comprised in "villanous saltpetre!"
And after?—Ask the Yusufzaies
What comes of all our 'ologies.

* * * * *

One sword-knot stolen from the camp
Will pay for all the school expenses
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp
Who knows no word of moods and tenses,
But, being blest with perfect sight,
Picks off our messmates left and right.

By their pitiful retreat, during a battle with the Afghans on the Frontier, "The Fore and Fit Princess Hohenzollern - Sigmaringen - Anspach's Merther-Tydfilshire Own Royal Loyal Light Infantry, Regimental District 329A" earned the title of "The Fore and Aft" ("The Drums of the Fore and Aft"), and were saved from everlasting disgrace by little Jakin and Lew, the twelve-year-old drummer-boys who all alone on the great plain strewn with the dead and wounded, marched stiffly with fife and drum into the face of the foe, calling on their panic-stricken regiment to return and meet the enemy.

And in bitter mockery of the distant mob, the old tune of the Old Line shrilled and rattled:

"But of all the world's great heroes
There's none that can compare,
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadier!"

And the sullen regiment responded with terrible disaster to the Afghans,

"But some say, . . . that that battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of the big ditch-grave for the dead under the heights of Jagai."

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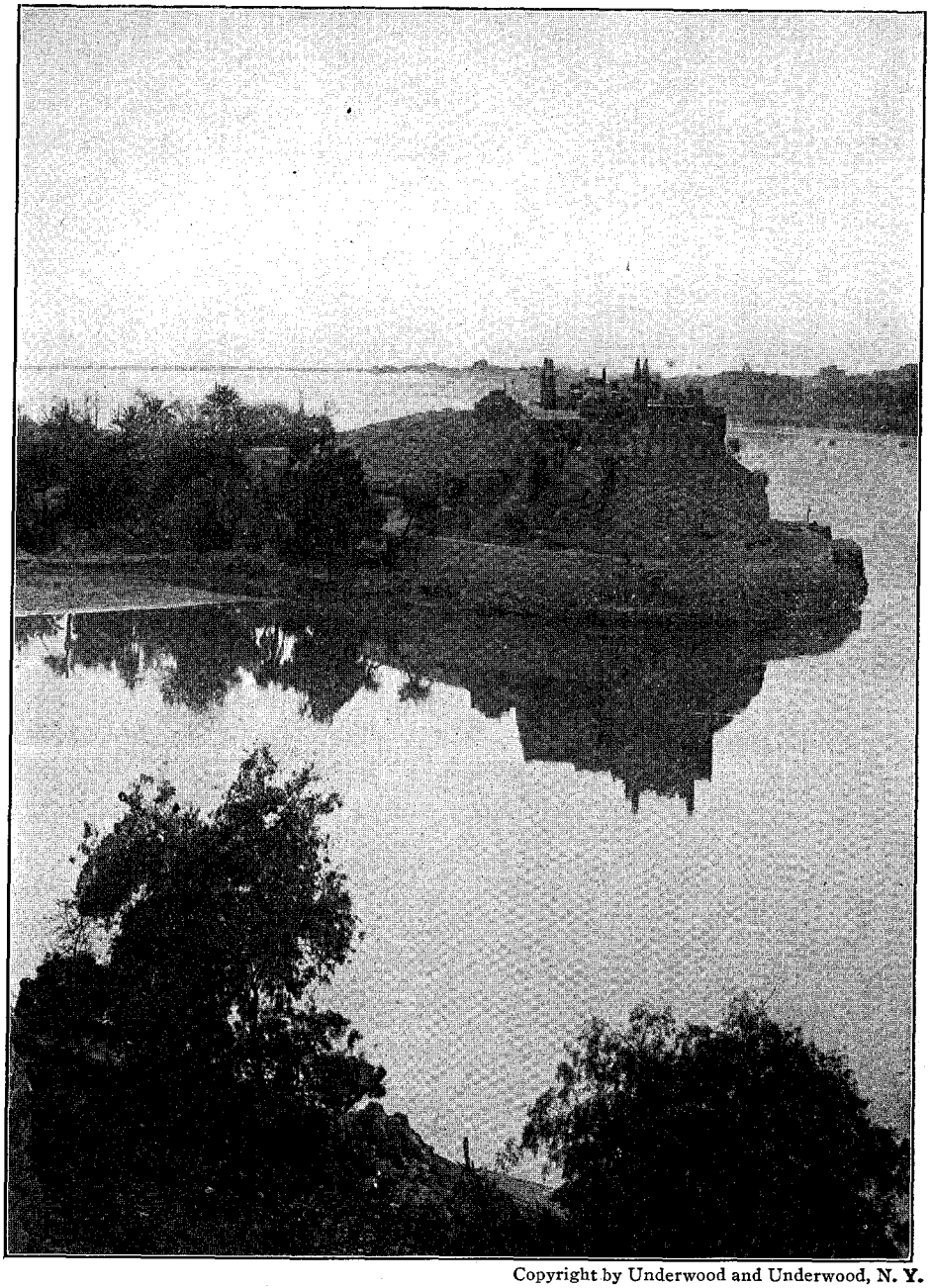

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THE INDUS RIVER, NEAR QUETTA

"JACK BARRETT'S *BONES* AT QUETTA
ENJOY PROFOUND REPOSE;
BUT I SHOULDN'T BE ASTONISHED
IF NOW HIS SPIRIT KNOWS
THE REASON OF HIS TRANSFER
FROM THE HIMALAYAN SNOWS."
—"THE STORY OF URIAH."

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Down through the Khyber Pass to Peshawur came our gruff and kindly friend Mahbub Ali ("The Ballad of the King's Jest") with his caravan.

Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tentpeg answered to hammer-nose,
And the picketed ponies shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

And there Mahbub Ali told his friend of the "King's Jest," how the young lad, Wali Dad, sought favour at court by reporting as a fact that which was but a vague rumour, the coming of the Russians and of how Abd-ur-Rahman, the Amir, determined to crush forever such empty reports, commanded the young man to sit in a peach-tree overlooking the road to Kabul and there to remain until the Russians should actually come.

Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
* * * * *
Wait and watch. When the host is near
Shout aloud that my men may hear.
* * * * *
A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God who alone is great,
Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

"Ford of Kabul River" is a ballad of the Border.

Ford, ford, ford of Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots'll pull 'em under,
By the Ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

The tragedy of the man from Little Malikand ("Dray Wara Yow Dee") and his wife, who had been a maid of the Abazai, took place across the Border near Peshawur. From Little Malikand, the dishonoured husband, his "'heart dried up with sorrow and shame,'" began his search for the author of his misery "'and the head of the woman of the Abazai was before me night and day, even as it had fallen between my feet! . . . *Dray wara yow dee! Dray wara yow dee!* The body without the head, the soul without light, and my own darkling heart—all three are one—all three are one. . . . If my vengeance failed, I would splinter the gates of Paradise with the butt of my gun, or I would cut my way into Hell with my knife, and I would call upon Those who Govern there for the body of Daoud Shah. What love so deep as hate? . . . *Ahi! Ahi! Alghias! Ahi!*'"

Journeying southward along the Border, you come to the important frontier station of Quetta, a modern Indian city, prosperous but very unhealthy, located in the Assigned British District of Baluchistan. Quetta, you will remember, was where Jack Barrett (in "The Story of Uriah") was sent while his wife re-

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mained at Simla "on three-fourths his monthly screw;" and when Barrett died "ere the next month's pay he drew," "mourned for him five lively months at most."

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If now his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big, black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

Southeast of Quetta, near Chachuran, is "Arti-goth" ("Bubbling Well Road"), where grew the patch of the plumed jungle-grass, that turns over in silver when the wind blows, from ten to twenty feet high and from three to four miles square, in which the hunter of pig and Mr. Wardle, his terrier, becoming lost, stumbled on the horrid mystery of the Bubbling Well and the evil priest of the Arti-goth, "whose most pressing need" was "a halter and the care of the British Government."

Leaving the Afghanistan and Baluchistan frontiers and following the Border around to the East, you come to the Himalaya Mountains, one of the most delightful regions on the face of the globe. Warm green valleys, all sunshine and soft air and flowers and bird-songs, sweep upward with astounding abruptness to great forests of pines and deodars swathed in moss and fern where cloud-wreaths chase each other in the high wind and the edelweiss hides among the rocks; and up and up to giant glaciers and ice-bound peaks that pierce the very sky. Once enthralled by the spirit of the Himalaya Mountains you will hardly escape, for it is the spirit of enormous distances, tremendous heights and terrific depths, the spirit of loud laughter of mountain torrent and the solemn stillness of densest woodland, of damp earth-smells, of black impenetrable shadow and blazing, blinding light; the spirit of glorious colour on plant and bird and beast, on rock and cloud and snow.

Small wonder that Captain Gadsby and his bride ("The Garden of Eden"), spending their honeymoon in the Himalayas near the Fagoo Hills, thought themselves in the Garden of Eden, and that they had "appropriated all the happiness in the world!" The Himalayas saw another interview between Captain Gadsby and a lady when there was not so much happiness abroad. Naini Tal in the Himalayas, a charming little summer resort, was the place where Captain Gadsby, during an agonising dinner hour, "explained things" to the incomparable Harriet Herriott.

"Shamlegh" is one of the many Himalaya Mountain villages of rude little huts "perched on the edge of all things," where the trees are filled with fluttering strips of paper bearing the inscription, written over and over again, *"Om mani padme, om!"* (Hail to the Holy One (Buddha) whose jewel is the lotus, hail!). It was here that the Woman of Shamlegh (*Kim*), "a fair-coloured woman . . . aught but unlovely . . . with turquoise-studded headgear," so hospitably entertained Kim and the Lama when Kim "stalked" the Rusian spies. Shamlegh is not far from Kotgarh, which is near the Sutlej River—famous for its "bhujjis" (boats made of buffalo-skins)—and where there is a little colony of English people, an English mission and a telegraph station. The Woman of Shamlegh was probably that "Lispeth" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), the Christian girl of the Kotgarh Mission who was "beautiful like the Princesses in fairy tales," and who returned to her own people because an English *Sahib* had betrayed her trust.

Just out of Kotgarh is "The Pass called Muttianee" ("The Truce of the Bear") through which "Matun, the old blind beggar," went down to hunt the bear and just beyond which he responded

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so disastrously to the truce of the bear. Chini is not far from Kotgarh. Dumoise, the Civil Surgeon of Meridki, in the Punjaub ("By Word of Mouth"), after the death of his wife and just before he died of cholera at Nuddea in Bengal, went on a walking-tour to Chini.

—and the scenery is good if you are in trouble. You pass through big, still, deodar-forests, and under big, still cliffs, and over big, still grass-downs swelling like a woman's breasts; and the wind across the grass and the rain among the deodars say—"Hush—hush—hush!"

Just beyond, in Bagi, a cold, lonely little hill-station, Ram Dass, the bearer, saw the dead Mrs. Dumoise

walking on the road to the village. She was in a blue dress, and she lifted the veil of her bonnet and said: "Ram Dass, give my salaams to the *Sahib,* and tell him that I shall meet him next month at Nuddea."

At a village of the Himalayas near Donga Pa—The Mountain of the Council of the Gods—Athira, wife of Madu, the charcoal-burner, "one-eyed and of a malignant disposition," and Suket Singh, Sepoy of the 102d Punjaub Native Infantry ("Through the Fire"), learned to love each other "better than life" and, because of an evil fate forbidding that love, they chose death by their own hands rather than separation. The men of Donga Pa across the valley saw "a great fire . . . winking and blazing through the night, and said that the charcoal-burners of Kodru were getting drunk. But it was only Suket Singh and Athira . . . burning—burning—burning."

"On the road to Thibet, very many miles in the Himalayas" lay a certain Kingdom, "eleven thousand feet above the sea and exactly four miles square; but most of the miles stood on end owing to the nature of the country." There, "between the tail of a heaven climbing glacier and a dark birch-forest" was the hut of "Namgay Doola ("Life's Handicap"), "whom his fellow villagers called "the outlander," because of his flaming red hair and his merry blue eyes, and because he worshipped the strange God of the Crucifix. It was this Namgay Doola who refused to pay revenue, who stirred up treason among his fellow-villagers and who committed "sacrilege unspeakable against the Holy Cow," until the King's English guest, who understood Namgay Doola and his race, solved the problem and set the matter straight. He learned that Namgay Doola was the son of Tim Doolan, an Irish soldier in an East India regiment, and knew that Namgay Doola's acts were prompted by the hereditary instincts of that "quaint, crooked, sweet, profoundly irresponsible and profoundly lovable race that fight like fiends, argue like children, obey like men and jest like their own goblins of the rath through rebellion, want, woe or war." Wherefore, the King, on the advice of his friend, raised Namgay Doola, the rebel, to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army "with honour . . . and full allowance of work . . . and liquor from certain bottles" but not "a tuft of grass for his own."

(*To be concluded*)

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HEARN SEN-SEI

Memories of Lafcadio Hearn

BY MOCK JOYA

I

It was a warm Sunday afternoon of October that we were passing through the narrow lane of Waseda, the suburb of Tokyo. The leaves were just beginning to turn from bright green to reddish yellow, and on both sides of the lane, as far as we could see, farmers were bending low gathering the harvest of their rice fields. Suddenly my companion stopped and tugged at my sleeves.

"There comes Lafcadio Hearn," he whispered.

I looked up and saw a short foreigner walking slowly toward us. I had heard of Lafcadio Hearn, but I never had seen him. I watched him intently as he came nearer. His dress was shabby and he wore a soft outing shirt. A black tie that almost faded into brown was tied carelessly and loosely under the soft collar. He was walking with his eyes directed to the ground. He did not look over the beautiful scenery nor did he seem to be aware of the busily working farmers in the fields. He approached us silently and slowly as if deep in meditation. As he neared us, he took a large reading glass with a short handle from his coat pocket and placing it closely before his face, he looked at us with a curious and penetrating look. Then I thought that he was the ugliest and queerest foreigner I ever saw.

That was the first time I saw Lafcadio Hearn. About one year later I had the opportunity to see him closely. I listened to his lectures, I saw him in his study, I took walks with him and I told him many stories of old Japan. As I began to know a little more about him, he became to me quite a different man from what I had seen on the Waseda road. Standing in the lecture hall, or pondering over his books at night in his study, his eyes would sparkle and his face light up with enthusiasm and interest. He was no longer dull nor ugly. The spark of genius and talent covered his ugly features. He was a man of vigorous activity when his inward talent was awakened.

But my first impression that he was the queerest and ugliest foreigner I ever saw has not been shaken even by all I know about him. Closely as I was associated with him, I found myself at a loss to understand him or to know him thoroughly. He was always a mystery. Many things he did, and some of the opinions he expressed, were so queer that they were almost unbelievable. Strange to say, while he was not good looking, his body was a beautiful specimen of a perfectly developed body. During his long stay in Japan, he never took any form of exercise except his daily walk, but he used to keep in splendid physical condition. He was almost never sick in bed. But the greatest surprise was when I saw him swimming almost naked at Yaidzu. He was the most wonderful swimmer I ever saw. Although the fishermen of the little fishing village were all expert swimmers, they recognised in Lafcadio Hearn a supernatural swimmer. They said that they never saw anybody so natural and easy in water. He used to say that he had invented a special way of teaching others to swim and that by his method he could teach anybody to swim in two days. He regretted that he could not teach me by his method because I could already swim.

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II

When he decided to live in Japan, Lafcadio Hearn disappeared from the world. It was his desire to be unknown and not to be disturbed from without, and he accomplished what he desired. He secluded himself, and lived in his study with his own thoughts, books, and his Japanese pipes. He lived in the dream of the ancient Japan, the beauty and quaintness of which he tried to picture before him as he sat in his Japanese house. The public learned his existence only through his books and published articles.

He could not bear to have anything break his seclusion, and he dreaded meeting people and making friends. Consequently, he had only a few friends and he had no desire to make more. Nor did he try to keep the friendship of anybody, and if any of his friends deserted him, he took no notice. Many people of fame and reputation, both Japanese and others, admired him and wished to see him, but he fled from them and refused their invitations and turned them from his house. Whom he would see and whom he would not see was an impossible problem to solve. He seemed to act on the moment's impulse. One day he would welcome even his Japanese pupils to his house and for hours would talk with them cheerfully; the next day he would not recognise them on the street.

Once the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which magazine he often contributed articles, visited Japan, and several times called at Hearn's house and tried to see him, but Hearn Sen-sei never saw him. Ernest Fenollosa, the famous art critic and the authority on Japanese paintings, was his friend for many years. When Fenollosa came to Japan, Hearn was glad to see him, and often invited him to his house. But when Fenollosa called upon Hearn just before he sailed back to America, he was refused the meeting.

"I am going back home soon. And I would like to see him even for a short moment before I go back," Fenollosa said to the servant when he went to the house of Hearn for the last time.

But Hearn told his servant. "Tell him I am out and that you do not know when I will be back."

It was different in Yaidzu, where he used to spend his summer vacations. In that small fishing village he saw everybody who cared to see him, and he was glad to speak with any fisherman, although it was hard for him to understand the fishermen's language. What pleased him most at Yaidzu was the fact that everybody there liked him. Everybody, young or old, girls or boys, greeted him with pleasant smile and salutation whenever they saw him. There he was sociable, and he became very friendly with many old sailors and fishermen, and all the children of the village. Almost every evening he used to gather many old sailors and hear their tales of shipwrecks and dangers of the sea. He was never tired of hearing the same stories over and over again. And not only many sea stories, but innumerable traditional tales, he heard from those hardy, rugged sailors and fishermen. He was known by all the villagers as Sen-sei, which means teacher or master. Nobody there knew him by any other name. The spring after Sen-sei died I had occasion to visit Yaidzu again. An old sailor asked me, "Do you all miss Sen-sei in Tokyo?" I replied that those who were fortunate enough to have known him missed him very much.

Then after a pause, the old sailor said, "Here in Yaidzu everybody misses him, and you do not know how much we miss him."

At Yaidzu he never hated to see anybody and he was happy to be in company with others, whoever they might be. And during the years I knew him, I never found him so sociable as he was in Yaidzu. There he was not treated as a genius nor a great writer. The fishermen and children did not treat him as a foreigner, but they regarded him as a kind neighbour. They respected him, but they never thought he was a genius, and he was only their good friend. And

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it is not an exaggeration nor a fancy to say that he had more and truer friends among the fishermen and children of the village than he had among all the educated people who respected him and admired him as a great genius and writer.

III

Neither rain nor snow stopped him from going out for his daily walk. But nobody saw him with an umbrella. If he came upon a temple or a shrine, he never failed to enter and investigate. Every temple and shrine situated near his house received his frequent visits. Some of the temples of which he became very fond, he visited innumerable times. Whenever he found a temple he had never seen before, he tried to find out its history and to have a talk with the priest and learn if there was any special tradition. In that manner he became friendly with many of the priests, who were willing to tell him everything they knew about the temples and their quaint customs. Among the temples of Tokyo, there were several which received his almost weekly visit.

A short distance from his house in Tokyo, there was an old temple known as "Kobudera," to which he was particularly attached. Every morning and evening he used to visit there and walk through the garden shaded by many ancient trees.

He wanted to live in the temple, and many times he asked the old priest to allow him to do so. But the priest explained to him that the temples could not have boarders. One morning when he entered the temple yard as usual, he found three big cedars lying on the ground. He hurried home excited and angry.

"Why have they cut down the trees?" he shouted, "I know the temple is poor, and they need money. But why didn't they tell me. I should be glad to give some money. What a long tedious time it must have taken to grow so large from the tiny seed. I have become a little disgusted with that old priest recently. It is a great pity that he does not have money enough. Poor trees! I feel so sad to-day. Go and ask the priest to cut no more trees."

And he mourned for those poor trees as though he lost his own children, and after that incident he never visited the temple ground. Without the three big cedar trees, which spoke to him the history of many centuries, it was too sad a scene for him.

Among those tall cedar trees which shot straight into the blue sky, he used to walk slowly and meditate. And for many years the temple yard and cemetery were his places of meditation. And of the temple yard he wrote in *Exotics and Retrospectives.*

There is a very delightful story about the Kobudera that is believed by almost everybody of the neighbourhood. It was Hearn Sen-sei's greatest regret that he did not know the traditional story when he wrote *Exotics and Retrospectives,* as the story gave him a new light upon the temple.

"Why did not that old priest tell me that story?" he said.

I answered that it was because the story was merely a rumour.

"But how do you know that it is not true?" he said. "You say that you heard the story from your uncle when you were a little boy. I wish I heard the story from your uncle. The story fits the temple and its character much better than the history. Your story must be true."

It was like him to believe the tradition and to put aside authentic history.

When Hearn died, his funeral service was held in the Kobudera, and the old priest was called to preside at the ceremony, although at that time he was the head of another temple in Tokyo. In that odd-looking, quaint temple, his funeral service was performed in the ancient fashion of the Buddhist temple, and almost to the letter what he wrote in *Kwaidan* regarding his funeral was followed. Only his body was not buried in any of the ancient graveyards, as the Board of Health would not allow any more burials in the graveyards of tem-

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ples within the city limits. His ashes were buried in a public cemetery. But as he wished in *Kwaidan,* his remains are within the hearing of the peals of the temple bell.

IV

At home he was a loving husband and a kind father. He left household affairs to his wife. Whenever she consulted him upon any domestic matter, he used to say: "Mama-san, you know more about those things than I do. Do it as it pleases you, and I am satisfied." He loved his wife dearly and what he missed through lack of friendship, he gained at home from his wife and children. Whenever Mrs. Hearn went to theatres or other places, he used to urge her to return early.

"Mama-san, come home early, as without you home is nothing."

At home he was quiet and pleasant, and when he was not closed up in his study reading or writing, he was always talking and laughing with his children. He was never particular about what he ate, and he always preferred to have the Japanese dishes. Out of his house, he was seldom seen without a cigar in his hand. At home he smoked Japanese tobacco in long Japanese pipes, of which he had almost one hundred.

"My only luxuries are tobacco and wine," he used to say. But he drank only very little of whiskey and Japanese sake. After a couple of glasses of wine, he seemed to be greatly affected, and was much happier than at other times. Later, however, when his health began to fail, he stopped drinking whiskey and drank only wine.

He was forgetful and careless. Sometimes he was so absentminded that he took whiskey for wine and put salt in his coffee. Many a time when he was writing in his study, the supper was announced. His children used to go upstairs to announce the supper. "Come, down, Papa. Supper is ready," they shouted. And he always answered back promptly, "All right, sweet boys." But many times he did not come down. And when Mrs. Hearn went up and told him that the children were waiting for him, he could not understand why his children were waiting for him. He had forgotten all about the supper. But at meals he was happy. He enjoyed them very much and after they were finished he laughed, danced, and sang with his children.

He was exceedingly fond of insects and plants, and he felt almost the same feeling toward them as he did for human beings. And if he saw anybody hurting an insect or cutting a tree, he would mercilessly lecture the offender. He always said that the insects and plants could feel. Once a frog came to the window of his study. He looked at it for a while and then he concluded that it would not be safe on the window. And gently he said to the frog. "It is dangerous for you to be here. I will place you in a safe place. Would you permit me to touch your body for a moment?" So saying he tenderly placed the frog upon a tree out in his garden. And when he tried to leave it there, the frog fell down from the tree to the ground. "That is your fault. Do not blame me for that," he said almost apologisingly. He did not like to have flies in his house, and he always chased them, but he never killed one fly. And he was always telling his boys to love small insects and not be cruel to them.

He paid no attention to his clothes, and he did not care what he wore. But his underwear and hats he always ordered from the United States. He was particular about these. But he did not care what he had over his underwear. At home he always wore the Japanese kimono. And as soon as he returned from college, he changed to it. He had a great interest in the family crests of the Japanese, which the Japanese printed upon their clothes and other personal things. He decided to have one himself, and designed a crest for his family. It was a conventionalised design of a heron. I asked him why he selected a heron. "My name is 'Heron' and that's why I

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selected the bird for the crest," he said. He pronounced his name something like "Heron" and did not pronounce it "Hearn." The design is printed on the title page of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.*

V

He was a kind and painstaking teacher, and he took a sympathetic interest in the work of the students. Most of the foreign teachers were proud and indifferent, and it was a great contrast to see Hearn teaching the Japanese students English and English literature. He put his entire self into his lectures. But sometimes he became so interested in the subject of his lecture that he often forgot that he was lecturing to the Japanese students and went into the subject beyond the comprehension of the audience.

He was not only interested in the students' progress in the lessons, but he was interested in the mental and spiritual conditions and development of the students.

Hearn was so loved by all the students of the college that when the news that he was about to leave the University of Tokyo at the expiration of his contract with the Government, reached their ears, they immediately planned a movement to keep him in the college. The plan adopted was to send a committee to the Dean of the college to persuade him to retain Hearn, and another to Hearn to request him to stay. The committee that saw the Dean reported that he promised to consult with Hearn and do his best to have him remain. The committee that went to Hearn was twice refused before they saw him. But when they saw him and told him their errand, and of the love and esteem of the whole college, he said: "Even though I should leave your college, I should never forget your kindness."

What became of the conference that was held between the Dean and Hearn? What became of the promise of the Dean? Nobody could tell and nobody knows. For many days there was a disposition among the students to start a movement to denounce the authorities of the University. Their anger became greater when it was learned that personal antagonism was responsible for Hearn's departure. Some hot-headed students wished to expose the true facts and take violent measures.

But at Hearn's request the students became quiet. He did not wish to have any disturbance. The students were reluctant, but their respect for Hearn was so great that they dropped the matter.

I have heard and read many misstated reports about this matter in this country and also in Europe. It was believed widely that the Japanese Government did not wish to keep Professor Hearn because his salary was too big, and others are saying that Hearn was not comfortable in his position at the University and he had no desire of remaining. Those reports and rumours are all false. The Japanese Government was willing to keep him, but some of the authorities of the University objected to him on personal grounds. When Hearn died, many of his former students and his friends said that the authorities of the Tokyo University had killed him.

VI

What he loved and admired in Nippon was the quaint old Japan. It pained him to see western civilisation overthrowing the old traditions and customs of the land. He attacked Christianity for destroying the past, and he did not like to see his pupils and other young men of the country going to the Christian churches. He even hated to hear the hymns. He said to the students who sang hymns, "Why you sing such foolish songs?" He hated Christianity not only as the destroyer of the beauty of Japan, but it was understood that he also had some personal reasons. However, the reasons he always refused to tell.

He disliked anything Occidental, and anything that had the touch of the Occidental civilisation; above all, Occidental music. But he loved some of the popular songs of Japan. During the Russo-

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Japanese War, there was a popular song called "The Death of Commander Hisore." Commander Hisore was killed in the bombardment of Port Arthur. He was the hero of the hour, and the song was very popular at the time of the war. Hearn used to sing the song loudly often and enjoy it immensely. And whenever he saw the bright red evening sun going behind the western mountain, he used to join his boys and other children of the neighbourhood and sing the old Japanese song of the setting sun. It was a plain old children's song, and the children sing it even at present together when they see the burning red setting sun against the western sky.

As he was so fond of the old Japan and her quaint customs and habits, it is strange that Hearn never saw the inside of the Japanese theatre. Twice during his stay he visited small country theatres, but these were of such a poor class that he really never saw a Japanese play. Nor did he ever see the Japanese wrestling match, although he saw almost all other customs and habits of the country. Nobody could give the reason why he did not see any Japanese drama, nor the wrestling match, both of which still retain the old customs of centuries ago. But the fact remains that he never saw them. That he hated to be in any place where he would be the centre of curious eyes, might have something to do with the fact that he never visited those places.

He hated the civilised Japan, and he tried to keep away from the Western civilisation. Once there was a big banquet at which high Government officials, army officials, and other dignitaries were present. Everybody came in evening dress, and the army officers in their full uniforms. When all the guests were assembled, from one end of the room appeared a man in the strict Japanese costume, making a striking contrast to the rest of the gathering. The man was Hearn Sen-sei, and he was the only foreigner present at the banquet. And he wore the Japanese dress while all the Japanese present wore Western evening clothes. He was always delighted when he was addressed in Japanese, and he never liked to be spoken to in English. Once he went to a store and asked a shop girl a question in Japanese, and she answered him in English. That so angered him that he turned on his heel, and left the shop.

VII

As Hearn loved only the old Japan, the materials of his story came usually from the old books and old traditional tales. They did not represent the modern Japan. He never told the readers that he was telling the ancient tales of many centuries ago, and so many readers thought that his stories were too imaginary. But he saw only the ancient Japan and what he heard about the quaint old Japan looked to him real, and even many fairy tales, he did not treat as fairy tales, but as facts. His students were the source of his materials. He gave various subjects upon which to write essays and stories, and from those compositions and essays he obtained the first-hand information regarding Japanese ideas and customs. Almost all literary material which came into his hand was collected by his students. He used to give them such tasks as collecting a certain kind of old Japanese poems and translating them into English. Thus he gathered a large number of fairy tales and folk stories. Quaint traditional stories of the country came to him in the same way. Other material he obtained from the farmers, fishermen, priests and barbers with whom he became friendly. But Mrs. Hearn should not be forgotten. The world knows little of the help and assistance Mrs. Hearn gave to the literary work of her husband. Many of the stories written by Hearn were collected by her. That was particularly so of *In Ghostly Japan*. She went through many old books and manuscripts and picked out what was unusual and what she thought would interest her husband. He did only some editing of the translation of the stories.

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In fact the book should have been published under the joint name of Lafcadio Hearn and his Japanese wife. She understood his tastes and peculiarities perfectly and at a glance she knew whether a story would interest him or not.

At night she used to tell him stories she had read or had heard. She always had many ghost stories, as they were his favourites, and when she told the ghost stories, it was always on dreary nights with the lamp purposely dimly lighted. He never listened to a story as a story. He believed every word of it, and ghosts and other impossible things seemed to him real. While listening he held his breath and turned pale as if he really saw the ghosts. First she told him the skeletons of the stories, and if he found them interesting, he made notes of them in his notebook. He often imagined that he was the hero of the story.

Often he was so interested in what he was writing or thinking of and his whole attention and soul were so much in the work that the least disturbance gave him great pain.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part I—When Bryant Came to Town

Over the publication of the first book in what has since become the United States there seems to have been no friction whatever between publisher and author. It was the Psalms, and it was published at Cambridge in 1640. And when Eliot brought out there in 1661 his own Indian *New Testament,* publisher and author still dwelt together in perfect unison. Even when for the moment the two interests were vested in different parties, there is no record that, in the God-fearing community, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet quarrelled with the publisher of her poems in 1640. A publisher, to be sure, was a more important personage in that far-away period than he was to become again for two centuries, and perhaps it would have been impolitic to quarrel with him. For it is not to be credited that between him and Anne there did not arise some difference of opinion as to royalties or advertising or the consideration due a poetess.

Some people, indeed—even less temperamental than authors—did quarrel with the most important publisher of the period. John Usher, who was doing business as early as 1672, was also war-treasurer of the province under Sir Edmund Andros (what an ideal side-line for a publisher!) and afterward Governor of New Hampshire. "He was a man of unpolished manners," says an old history, "and became so odious to the people that they prevailed upon the king to remove him." Publishers and authors will doubtless differ in their interpretation of his disposition.

That Anne must certainly have had just grounds for complaint on the score of royalties at any rate, any discerning author will assume upon learning that most of the publishers of the period (with or without war-chests) were well-to-do. Of this man the English bookseller John Dunton—himself an author and honoured by Pope in the Dunciad—wrote: "This Trader makes the best Figure in Boston; he's very Rich, adventures much to Sea; but got his Estate by Book-Selling; he proposed to me the buying of my whole Venture, but would not agree to my terms; and so we parted

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with a great deal of seeming respect." "Seeming" seems sinister; and at any rate after this testimony, it would be difficult to persuade any author that some of his swollen revenue did not proceed from the several books he printed for the Boston Grub Street of his day. Samuel Phillips, too, published several books as well as dealt in English ones. In 1680 we first hear of him doing business "At the Brick-Shop at the West-End of the Town House." Doubtless he also was a devourer of the faithful, for one may read between the lines of the following testimony from the prejudiced mouth of his London agent. "On visiting him in Boston, he treated me with a noble Dinner and (if I may trust my Eyes) is blest with a Pretty, obliging wife; I'll say that for Sam (after dealing with him for some Hundred pounds) he's very just and (as Effect of that) very Thriving. I shall only add to his character that he's Young and Witty, and *the most beautiful man in the town of Boston.*" The italics are in the original, but even without them, the witness seems unduly prepossessed.

Before the Revolution there was not in the Colonies any publisher who was not either a general bookseller or a printer, and in most cases he was all three. Even after the Revolution every publisher had other callings, and it was only very gradually that in his tribe of multifarious undertakings publishing came to lead all the rest. This was not by any means on account of the risks of speculation, but only through the smallness of the reading demand. The capital necessarily invested was, indeed, little; and so remained for many decades. This was because, says the *American Dictionary of Printing,* books were mainly published by combinations of booksellers.

They divided expenses according to the amount subscribed, and each took so many sheets of the book. As they sold the first copies, they bound others, the printing stock remaining in quires until this was necessary. Occasionally as many as twelve or fourteen booksellers thus joined in a small book. There was little risk, for newspapers and magazines did not interfere with the sales. Another practice was to send a book to some small interior town, where the owner of a newspaper, always a practical printer, would have from four to twelve boys as indoor apprentices (who received on an average of twenty dollars a year and board, and were compelled to exert themselves). Coming from the same families whose sons entered the learned professions, they soon became very competent. As work must be obtained for them, it could be contracted for very cheaply—as cheaply, indeed, as twenty and twenty-five cents a thousand ems, employer's price. Paper, presswork and ink were dearer than now, but not composition.

Under these circumstances, authors will doubtless consider it doubly significant that publishers were able to live by publishing long before writers were able to live by writing.

THE PATRIOT PRINTERS

The American Baskerville, as Franklin called Isaiah Thomas, meaning the first of American printers, was born in 1749. He was in many respects a pioneer, but he carried on the habit of the early Boston printers in being both self-made and very successful. After many vicissitudes of fortune his business became the biggest in the country, his bookstores being many and widely distributed. "His dress," wrote his kinsman, E. Q. Thomas, "was fashionable to a fault, but he was abstemious in eating and drinking." The number of his publications was large and his authors have left no record of his treatment of them; but this personal glimpse is too brief to base any fair conclusion upon as to whether he was a ghoul or not. The only author, indeed, who has made any statement of his dealings with Thomas as publisher is Thomas himself. And though Richard III has narrated to us in soliloquy how confusingly one's house may be divided against one's self, he, after all, did not expect to be overheard. Thus it could hardly be demanded that Isaiah print for posterity the condemnation of the author

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part of him for the publisher part of him. One certainly cut a dash by reason of the labours of the other, and it would be an interesting problem in research to find out which.

Benjamin Franklin was another one of those self-inclusive publishers who, like jealousy, made the meat they fed upon. With him as with Thomas, it would be an interesting and Lamb-like speculation to determine whether the author or the publisher in him was the more fortunate. It is perhaps significant that he did not care to appear as either upon his tombstone, but simply as printer. This was his epitaph, written by himself (self-inclusive, you see, unto the end). "The Body of Benjamin Franklin, printer—Like the cover of an old Book, its contents worn out and stript of its lettering and gilding—lies here, food for worms! Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by its Author."

Alike may authors and publishers claim with pride the three patriot printers of the emergent republic—Thomas, Franklin, and Freneau. It is possible that any one who had the hardihood to write or publish in those days was bold enough for anything. The first collection of his poems Freneau printed and published himself. He had been the editor of a paper and after it was discontinued he set up the press, which he owned himself, in his back yard. "When he had indited his lyric, he would repair to his press, set up the types, and then issue his production." These were indeed halcyon days! The edition of his poems in two volumes was published by Matthew Carey in Philadelphia, but as he managed the subscription plan himself he could hardly be expected to complain even if his second publisher was not as satisfactory as his first. But in 1815 he testifies in a letter to President Madison that the American publisher was beginning his insidious tricks. "A Bookseller in New York, Mr. Longworth, discovering that now and then I had recourse to my old habit of scribbling, has prevailed on me to put my papers in his hands for publication. With some reluctance I consented to gratify his wish, although I think after the age of fifty or thereabouts the vanity of authorship ought to cease."

It was only a little later that the egg which American publishers had been so warmly seeking to incubate delivered a chick of embarrassing lustiness. Not only were they quite unprepared for such a sizable infant, but they were just finding out that (to change the figure) there were other fish to fry. "For heaven's sake," wrote Matthew Carey to Weems, "do not encourage every man who has written a Book no matter whether good or bad to apply to us. You worry us to death. We have full as much on our hands as we can manage." Too well for both Carey's resources and the necessity of keeping abreast of the foreign trade, had it become known by this time that he was in the business of encouraging American literature.

This was, however, as yet distant at the close of the century. Authors (those whose names have been preserved, at any rate) were few and far between. And none of them except Charles Brockden Brown looked to authorship as his only or indeed his chief means of support. Hitherto only editors of newspapers had ventured to rely solely on writing, and so it was to remain even in more balmy days. Brown announced in the preface to his magazine in 1803 that there was not any other monthly publication in America. "The author was a scarce article about the beginning of the century," wrote J. W. Francis in his personal reminiscences of Old New York, "and the returns for literary labour must have been small. Noah Webster was unquestionably the most successful of the tribe, and in his wake followed the geographer Morse. "So long ago as 1802 I had the pleasure of witnessing the first social gathering of American publishers at the old City Hotel, an organisation under the auspices of the venerable Matthew Carey. The huckstering which then marked the transactions between pub-

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lishers and authors no longer occurs; and the starveling writers whom I now and then saw at about the time of the first meeting of our literary vendors, the booksellers of 1802, have paid the debt of nature, and since has come a salutary change."

But all the authors were not starvelings, and some lighter literature than dictionary or geography made extraordinary success for that time. Carey had published *Charlotte Temple* for Mrs. Rowson in 1790, and its immediate prosperity has lasted to this day. Carey wrote to her, "It may afford you gratification to know that the sales exceed those of any of the most celebrated novels that ever appeared in England. I think the number disposed of must far exceed fifty thousand copies and the sale continues. There has lately been published an edition in Hartford of five thousand copies as a chap-book; and I have an edition in press of three thousand, which I shall sell at 50 or 62½ cents."

The process of printing, doubtless further retarded by the system of apprentice work in country towns, was very slow. "How does the publication of *Mervyn* proceed?" wrote Brown to his brother in 1799. "I shall not be at all surprised if M. obtains fewer subscribers than he expected or goes forward more slowly than he promised. In a case like this, self-delusion is impossible to be avoided." And again: "It is a source of some regret to me that M. is so reluctant and dilatory in the fulfilment of his promises, but allowances must be made for his indigence on the one hand and his sanguine and promiseful disposition on the other." Behold the attitude of Olympian remoteness here—and this from an author living by his pen! Truly the men of old were of stouter mould!

This letter gives us an inkling, too, of what was to continue for a generation the characteristic attitude of the American author toward his publisher. John Murray II had once reminded Byron that the poet had omitted, in writing to his publisher, to remember that his correspondent was also a gentleman. Although Thomas and Franklin and Carey were among the most notable men of the young republic and the friends of presidents, they were great exceptions to the rank and file of book-dealers; and in the eyes of authors their printers were only tradesmen—tradesmen, too, who were often jacks of all trades. "The publisher of the first collected edition of the works of our revered poet," said Houghton charmingly, as he opened the Whittier party in 1877, "was also the vendor of Brandreth's pills. He made a fortune, and I leave you to infer whether it was from the pills or the poetry." Furthermore, authors of the day (although they seem mild enough to us) were naturally somewhat in advance of the other members of their primitive communities; and bourgeois publishers very early in the game advertised themselves the custodians of the public morals. "Even as late as 1820," wrote Goodrich, "some publishers refused to sell Byron's poems, regarding them as infidel publications. About this time a publisher in Hartford declined being concerned in stereotyping an edition of them." Naturally with the meteoric success of Byron, they conquered this austerity of spirit; but for American writers they long remained the complacent keepers of the gates. There were not lacking cynical authors and competing publishers who thought that some of them might have put their consciences to more immediate employment.

When Mathew Carey established his firm in 1785 in Philadelphia, that city was the most progressive and flourishing in the country. The business he built up was destined to be of great importance to American authors and readers. By 1820 his trade had extended to all parts of the country and had regular exchanges in Europe and South America. Poe in reviewing the autobiography of this important publicist, said: "In the whole private and public course of Mr. Matthew Carey the strictest scrutiny can detect nothing derogatory to the character of the noblest work of God, an honest man."

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This, as everybody will own, was praise extraordinary coming from Poe, and perhaps praise extraordinary from any author of any publisher. Lest it may not be credited, one hastens to add that Carey had practically retired from the publishing world before Poe entered it. Probably more than anybody else, Carey taught Americans that they were worthy of having a literature of their own; and like Franklin, he was a publisher who showed that they were able to produce it in more ways than one. As author he was prodigiously productive, and successful; and as publisher he brought out Mrs. Rowson, Webster, Freneau, Percival, Irving, Weems, Neal, and Cooper. Though subsequent publishers—even his own firm—were to make up for his patriotism, he in both his capacities created, as much as any one, a deep interest by Americans in the products of their own country.

It took him and the others, however, a long time to do it. Children who had grown up on English school books and story books, "who knew more about skylarks and robin-redbreasts and bullfinches than they knew about mockingbirds or orioles," naturally believed Sidney Smith when he said that no one read an American book, and fancied that to do so was an admission of inferiority. Mrs. Rowson's was an exceptional case—in that respect as in others, hers was an American novel that broke all records. "Small as the trade was in foreign books," writes Growoll in *American Book Trade Bibligraphy*, "that in domestic ones was still smaller."

It was not until 1807 that Irving, Paulding and Verplanck made their first modest attempt at literature in the little periodical *Salmagundi*. Ten or fifteen years later, when Bradford and Inskeep rashly offered one hundred dollars for the copyright of a novel, the publishers' liberality was considered to have passed beyond the bounds of wisdom. It was almost sufficient to insure the condemnation of a book to have it known that it was of domestic origin. When Major Barker, of Philadelphia, dramatised *Marmion* the manager went through the farce of having the manuscript carefully packed up as coming from England, plastered over with imitations of English postmarks, and announced it as the work of an English author. As such it succeeded, but the real authorship soon leaking out, the public very soon ceased to find in it the merits that had been before so clearly visible.

ENGLISH REPRINTING

The practice of reprinting English books, which was on an extensive basis as early as 1823, resulted of course in the very infrequent publication of native light literature, and also in the deterioration of the quality of printing. And it resulted also—here authors may gloat upon the spectacle of villainy overreaching itself—in the publishers beginning a systematic business of cutting each other's throats. Three generations later the better class publishers formed a cult of their own and, eschewing such practices of ruinous competition, liked to make themselves believe that they had always done so. It is probable, however, that the much vaunted "trade courtesy" to which they proudly pointed had a humbler and more mercantile beginning than would have suited them to own. The distribution of books was naturally very deficient, and as no one publisher could cover the entire field of English reprints, the method became usual, in the days just before their competition flamed suddenly, with the unprecedented popularity of Edgeworth and Scott, into brigandage—of offering a certain number of books in exchange for others, in order to maintain a full stock. Thus when warfare became intolerable, the arts of a remote peace assumed a more chivalrous aspect than they had originally possessed.

But it is best to allow the period to speak for itself, in Goodrich's *Recollections of a Life Time*.

About 1819 I began to think of trying to bring out original American works. Bryant, Irving and Cooper had but just commenced their literary career; and not one of them had acquired a positive reputation. The

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general impression was that we had not, and could not have, a literature. The successful booksellers of the country—Carey, Small, Thomas, Warner, of Philadelphia; Whiting and Watson, of New York; Beers and Howe, of New Haven; O. D. Cooke, of Hartford; West and Richardson, Cummings and Hilliard, P. P. and C. Williams, S. T. Armstrong, of Boston—were for the most part the mere reproducers and sellers of English books. It was positively injurious to the commercial credit of a bookseller to undertake American works, unless they might be Morse's Geographies, classical books, school books, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, or something of that class. Nevertheless, about this time I published an edition of Trumbull's poems in two volumes, and paid him a thousand dollars and a hundred copies of the work for the copyright. I was seriously counselled against this by several booksellers—in fact, Trumbull had sought a publisher in vain for several years previous. For so considerable an enterprise, I took the precaution to get up a subscription; in which I was tolerably successful. But more than half the subscribers declined taking the work. While the public supposed I had made money by my enterprise, and even the author looked askance at me in the jealous apprehension that I had made too good a bargain out of him, I quietly pocketed a loss of about a thousand dollars.

The situation can be illustrated for a later date by two letters Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, wrote to their authors in the years that followed. They, succeeding Matthew Carey, had become the most important publishing house in the country, and until the house of Harper, begun in 1817, gained strength enough to meet them, they had no real competitors of equal resources. "We wish you to remark," they wrote to Cooper, "that we have been *compelled* to sell books cheaper than we did formerly. When your early books were published, English novels retailed for $1.50 and American could be sold at $2. Now the first retails at $1, the other at about $1.50 or less. We cannot estimate the product at more than $1.30 a copy." To Gilmore Simms they wrote in 1841, "*Confession* is a total failure, the *Kinsman* will do better. We do not see much hope in the future for the American writer of light literature—as a matter of profit it might be abandoned. The channel seems to be glutted with periodical literature—particularly the mammoth Weeklies. Besides which, we go into the market for $1.50 a copy against English reprints at 90 cents."

The energy of Carey and Lea in Philadelphia was far from being of that nature which furnishes forth so many New York jokes nowadays. Indeed, it is quite possible that the modern derision of literary as well as of commercial New York for literary Philadelphia and Boston arose during the many years when these cities, one after the other, were so greatly her superior. Harpers were only printers when they started out, and as late as 1837 they were still doing work for every one that brought it in. D. Appleton and Company was founded in 1818, but, as with Harpers, it was some time before the firm became identified with the publication of literature. In 1825, when Irving wrote home to his friends to make a contract for his new book, they wrote that the leading men in New York were G. and C. Carvill. New York, indeed, was decidedly primitive when Bryant and Cooper came to town, while in 1823 Carey and Lea put on the market in thirty-six hours an edition of *Don Juan*. It was they who started the habit of rushing new English importations quickly into print, which was to become so spectacular a feature of the next generation; when New York finally awoke, she took lessons in speed from Philadelphia.

Not even Cooper or Irving, who made his big reputation in London, proved able to compete with Scott, Byron and Dickens. Even had it been possible to sell their books at the same price, the sales would have been smaller. Irving still further embarrassed his publisher by demanding fine editions; and the public often hesitated to buy Cooper on ac-

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count of his frequent failures in the past. To indulge either personal friendship or personal patriotism would have ruined the best as well as the worst of publishers. Thus it was that the traditional enmity between them and authors, inherited from England, reached in America its acute stage.

When Irving made his wide reputation not in America but England; when Edward Everett had to bring out his "Alaric" in a London magazine; when Barlow, Northmore, and other poets crossed the water for recognition; and all the while American publishers were unloading British wares on the public—relations naturally were a bit strained. In 1820 the book trade in America was seventy per cent. British and thirty per cent. American—the former percentage comprehending, of course, all new editions of whatever kind; but on the other hand, the American percentage being largely swelled by school books. In 1830 it had become sixty per cent. British against forty per cent. American, the increase still accounted for by books not generally termed literature. Even so late as 1836 Paulding wrote to Poe, "In compliance with your wishes it would afford me much pleasure to have proposed the publication of your book to some one respectable bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other who publishes anything but schoolbooks, religious works and the like; and with them I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another. I have, therefore, placed your work in the hands of Messrs. Harper to forward to Richmond, and I hope it will come safely to hand."

THE JOURNALIST-AUTHORS

Under these hard conditions it is not surprising that most of our early authors began, and some of them ended, their careers as journalists of one kind or another. "Even the New York journals were inferior to the Boston newspapers," wrote James Gordon Bennett, "and were wretched specimens of journalism, three days out of six attacking or replying to a brother editor with boyish, trivial, or vulgar abuse;" but such as they were, they cradled most of our authors. "And most of these," says Hudson in his *Journalism in the United States,* "mixed in equal proportions the muse of Parnassus with the mud of politics." The poets Freneau, Percival, Drake, Halleck, Bryant, John Howard Payne, were all journalists, and many others besides. (Even Whittier was the editor of a Boston paper in 1829.) Irving made his first appearance in the *Morning Chronicle* as Jonathan Oldstyle. *The Weekly Mirror,* established in 1823, became afterward the property of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, who later published a daily called the *Evening Mirror. The Mirror* was the lounging-place of the town-poets, who came out in its columns. In 1828 appeared the annuals—*The Talisman,* edited by Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck; and *The Legendary* (afterward *The Token*), edited by Willis. For these annuals everybody who was anybody in literature wrote. R. H. Stoddard says the idea of supplying the American market with pictorial literature of native growth struck simultaneously the publishers Elam Bliss and the indefatigable Goodrich. *The Talisman* of Bliss lived three years, *The Token* lived fifteen, at the end of which time the rage, even for this the hardiest of the annuals, was over. But they and the weeklies, although they had not filled the larder, had kept burning the torch.

The publication of the first number of *Salmagundi,* in January, 1807, may be considered as the starting of the literary career of Paulding and Irving. Paulding wrote, "It was, I believe, the first of its kind in this country, produced numerous similar publications, and formed somewhat of an era in our Literature. It reached two volumes, and we could easily have continued it indefinitely. But the publishers, with that liberality so characteristic of these modern Mæcenases, declined to concede to us a share of the profits which had become consider-

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able, and the work was abruptly discontinued." It appears that the authors received one hundred dollars apiece from Longworth as their share of the proceeds. In 1822, the original copyright having expired, Paulding proposed to Irving that they should revise and republish it for their joint benefit; observing that it still had a good sale, and adducing as an additional reason that the publisher had "taken the liberty to add some of his own nonsense occasionally and it would be desirable even on that account to get the work out of his diabolical clutches, if possible, since he was debauching it with blunders and vile pictures, etc., that were a disgrace to any decent publication." But Irving refused then and afterward "to give it the sanction of our present taste, judgment, and opinions."

In after life Paulding changed his publishers frequently—Moses Thomas, Wiley, G. and C. Carvill, Harpers, Baker and Scribner—and all his life he retained the poor opinion of them which this would seem to indicate. At the age of seventy-one (in 1849) he wrote to a friend. "Having nothing to do in the farming way this winter, I have undertaken to splice the "Puritan's Daughter" as they do steamboats, by cutting them in two and putting a piece in the middle. When you go to New York and get among the trade, I wish you would see what kind of arrangement (for cash) you can make with those Philistines. I could have it ready in about a month, and should not be easily induced to take less for it than the old price agreed upon by —— ——. Had they not declined all further negotiation on the subject, in so careless a style, I should have held myself bound to offer the work on the old footing; but, as it is, I don't think I owe them the compliment. P.S. Screw as much out of those rogues as you can, as I contemplate some great agricultural experiments next spring."

But to return to the periodicals of the youthful century. Most of Bryant's literary work was connected with them. In 1823 he had begun to write for the *United States Literary Gazette,* conducted by Judge Parsons, and the two years of his connection proved his most prolific of poetry. When asked what compensation he expected, he fixed upon two dollars for each piece; "and seemed," wrote Parsons in a letter to Parke Godwin, "abundantly satisfied with the terms." Cummings, Hilliard and Company, the publishers, however, appreciating the worth of their contributor, offered him two hundred dollars a year for an average of one hundred lines a month; and expressed profound regret at being unable to offer more. From his book, published in 1821, he had not derived so much, for in five years his profits upon it had amounted to slightly less than fifteen dollars. A gentleman told Bryant in later life, says Godwin, that he had just paid twenty dollars for his earliest edition. "More by a long shot," replied Bryant, "than I received for writing the whole work."

He became, in 1825, one of the two editors of the *Atlantic Magazine* under the new name of *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine,* at a thousand dollars a year, which was just double what he had earned by his law practice in the country. "I have given up my profession," he wrote to Dana, "which was a shabby one, and I am not altogether certain that I have got into a better. Bliss and White, however, the publishers of the *New York Review,* employ me, which at present will be a livelihood, and a livelihood was all I got from the law." But the new magazine and another proved disappointments, and he was just resuming his law practice when he became temporarily assistant editor of the *Evening Post,* the profits of which were at that time estimated at thirty thousand a year. "Politics and a belly-full," he wrote, "are better than poetry and starvation." In 1829 he became chief editor, but he did not become prosy and unimaginative for all that. "His leaders," remarked a witty opponent, "always opened with a stale joke and ended with a fresh lie."

When Bryant came to New York, he found no literary man not an editor

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who was living by his pen. Both Irving and Cooper had begun to be successful, it is true, but both of them had some little hereditary fortune and another calling. Verplanck and Sands were lawyers, Halleck was in the mercantile business, and Drake was a physician-druggist. No one was desperate enough to follow Brockden Brown's example and attempt to live by literature, although the city now numbered nearly one hundred and sixty thousand and the elastic Broadway had unrolled as far as Canal Street. A pamphlet in 1815—*An Account of Abimelech Coody*—says in a tone of humorous boastfulness that New York had now greater claims to be the Athens of America than Philadelphia or Hartford (Boston is passed over in disdainful silence) and had astonished the world by its superior lustre and effulgence in that she presented the singular spectacle of authors by profession who made it a business and a living. But it doth not yet appear who these should be, and, like many a Manhattan boast of superiority, the statement seems to have been mere swagger in the face of disagreeable facts.

The press had recently been responsible for the success of two more literary men. It was during the spring of 1819, a vexed period of political revolutions, that the Croaker pieces appeared in the *Post*. They were begun by John Rodman Drake and Halleck joined him. They received not a cent of money for them, but it was on account of their popularity that Charles Wiley told Halleck that he was the only writer in America, Irving excepted, whose works he would risk publishing. Indeed, nothing since *Salmagundi* had so enlivened the business and political world. Halleck had no intention of publishing his subsequent *Fanny* until he was persuaded by the publisher of the *Sketch Book*, and its popularity proved so great that Wiley offered him five hundred dollars for another canto, which came out in 1821. Before its appearance the poem had become so scarce that ten dollars had been paid for the fifty-cent pamphlet; yet the whole sum he received for the various editions of his poems, including the prices for them as contributions to periodicals, was sixteen thousand dollars. For editing Byron and making selections from British poets, he received one thousand dollars and five hundred dollars more, making in all seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for the literary labours of a lifetime, writes James Grant Wilson. But as he had not attempted to live by literature and this could not have failed in those days to seem a sizable sum to him, this can have had little to do with his opinion of publishers as a class. Like Paulding, he had at the close of a life marked by no real privations, some rancour against them. "I remember," wrote Gilmore Simms, "that he had a special dislike to publishers, of very few of whom did he entertain a favourable opinion."

> I remember well the biting scorn with which he expressed himself in reference to the action of the members of a certain publishing house, some of whom had on a previous occasion avowed themselves friendly to the proposed bill of international copyright; and one of the company assumed from this that for the sake of mere consistency the house would not oppose it. "Consistency!" said Halleck, with a scornful laugh; "these fellows are consistent in nothing but pursuit of gain. They have no dread of inconsistency, having long since survived all sense of shame."

COOPER

Charles Wiley was the first publisher of Cooper. They had fallen in with each other while travelling and Wiley never dreamed that Cooper intended to write. Cooper on his arrival in New York in 1821 called upon the publisher and handed him the manuscript of *The Spy*. He said he had written it in great haste because he had just read Scott's *Pirate*, recently published, and had found its nautical descriptions and incidents very incorrect. Cooper was frequently at Wiley's store, and became the nucleus of a group numbering Bryant, Paulding, and Halleck. They had a room set apart for them in the rear, and christened

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the Literary Den. In 1824 he helped to found the Bread and Cheese Club (which was not restricted to literary men, for Philip Hone was a member of it). Bread and cheese were used for ballots and (with startling modern association of ideas) one of cheese blackballed the candidate. The English success of the *Last of the Mohicans,* together with the assured position of Irving in London, compelled England, by the end of 1825, to recognise American literary pretensions. Miss Mitford wrote to Haydon, says Earl Bradsheer, in his monograph on Matthew Carey, just six years after Sidney Smith's memorable sneer, "How wonderfully America is rising in the scale of the intellect! If you have not read the American novels, do so. Depend upon it, America will succeed us as Rome did Athens." His London success had made Irving, hitherto most modest, put a rather large estimate upon his work (which, by the way, lost his London publisher, John Murray, much money); and he came back to New York with great ideas destined for a time to be bitterly disappointed. Cooper at home had his head quite turned by London approbation. His attempts to wear his halo with the proper divinity which should hedge a king from the common run of authors quite, as time went on, unfellowed him from his race. "It was not always pleasant," wrote G. P. Putnam, the publisher, of a later period, "to hear Cooper's rather tart criticisms of notable contemporaries."

But the earlier Cooper, though always stiffish, could be human. Goodrich tells a story of him and Percival. The latter had been a doctor, and said he had ruined himself by getting a name for writing verses. "When a person is really ill," he grumbled, "no one sends for a poet to cure him."

> Knowing his imbecility in the common affairs of life, it did not surprise me to find him now without money and in a state of complete bewilderment as to what should be done. I asked him to dine with me at the City Hotel, and invited Cooper to meet him. I had a design in bringing these two men together, and this was to have a handsome edition of Percival's poems published for his benefit and under such influence as to make it profitable for him. I wrote a contract between Percival and the publisher, Charles Wiley, and had it duly signed. Cooper took the prospectus in hand and actively pushed the subscription. The fairest ladies of New York gave a helping hand, and before I left the city three hundred subscribers were secured. I returned to Hartford [after furnishing Percival with lodgings], but in a fortnight got a letter asking me if I knew what had become of our poet. Some weeks passed, during which time he was among the missing. At last it was discovered that he had been annoyed by a fiddling Frenchman near his room, and had fled to New Haven. There he had entered into another contract for the publication of his poems!

It is a pleasure to find that though the poems were published at last and Goodrich had a London bookseller bring them out also, they failed.

As the publisher of *The Token* (*née The Legendary*), Goodrich sustained intimate relations with all the writers of that period—Willis, Hawthorne, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Hale, Pierpont, Longfellow. His valuable services for Hawthorne will be spoken of later, and it was owing to him that the bustling and showy Willis began his career more illustriously than any other American writer until our own generation; his innumerable kindnesses to authors both as publisher and as fellow are well known. As Peter Parley, his histories and manuals became world-famous. Consequently, the testimony of this author-publisher as to the relations existing (in his external world) between the two is important. His situation, to be sure, was peculiar; and he could not help but remember that in his long series of books he had employed many writers who fancied that they themselves were responsible for the success of a book which Peter Parley gave his name to. Mr. G. H. Putnam, a half-century later, in writing

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on the subject that publishers are the only class of business men whose sins, real or imaginary, come into literature, notes that Canon Farrar complained to the public that his publishers made more money out of a book than himself, although he had written the book to order under their suggestion and contract. In this case it must be owned that it was Farrar who supplied the successful name. But though Peter Parley's name supported many hacks, he appears to state the matter without partiality.

It is not to be supposed that in a long career, both as bookseller and editor, I should have escaped altogether the annoyances and vexations which naturally attach to these vocations. The relation of author and publisher is generally regarded as that of the cat and the dog, both greedy of the bone and inherently jealous of each other. The authors have hitherto written the accounts of the wrangles between these two parties, and the publishers have been traditionally gibbeted as a set of mean, mercenary wretches, coining the heart's blood of genius for their selfish profits. The poet Campbell is said to have been an admirer of Napoleon because he shot a bookseller. Nevertheless, speaking from my own experience, I suspect, if the truth were told, that even in cases where the world has been taught to bestow all its sympathy in behalf of the author, it would appear that while there were claws on one side there were teeth on the other.

I know of nothing more vexatious, more wearisome, more calculated to beget impatience, than the egotism, the exactions, the unreasonableness of authors, in cases I have witnessed. One thing may be remarked, that in general difficulties come from poor and unsuccessful writers. They have been taught that publishers and booksellers are vampires and feed upon the vitals of genius; assuming—honestly, no doubt—that they are of this latter class, they feel no great scruple in taking vengeance upon those whom they regard as their natural enemies. That there may be examples of meanness and stupidity and selfishness in publishers is indisputable. In judging them, one must consider that two-thirds of the original works issued by them are unprofitable. If a publisher rejects a book, it is not because he despises genius, but because he thinks it will not pay.

No man has more cause to know and feel the disappointments, the wear and tear of health, the headaches and heartaches which attend authorship as a means of support than myself. For nearly thirty years I have appeared before the public as the author of Peter Parley's Tales. In my larger geographical and historical works I had assistants, as is usual and indispensable in such cases—especially as during a space of fifteen years a disease of the eyes confined me for weeks together to a dark room. I paid my assistants what they and I deemed sufficient. Some of these young men afterward rose to fame; and it was then more than once suggested that they were the real authors of my books, and I had not only ill-paid them, but robbed them of their due.

But if authors often turned and bit the bosom which had warmed them, one must balance against this the other leaf of the ledger, "On all sides, in England and America," writes he, "frauds were perpetrated in my name by publishers." Thus, in the testimony of Goodrich, dishonours were even.

"When the Pen Began to Pay" is the title of Mr. Tassin's next article. It deals with the period 1830-1850, and with the experiences of Prescott, Irving, Cooper, and Poe. These names mark the transition from the old literary activities to the new ones. Publishing became an independent business before authorship; and the authors of the day who had seen the publishers gradually abandon general printing and other side-lines, but were themselves unable to live by literature, naturally began to wonder if their wages were all the traffic would stand. When they saw the traffic increasing by leaps and bounds, they began to make demands. Thus was ushered in what is nowadays denominated austerely the "commercialisation of literature."

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IN GOOD KING GEORGE'S GOLDEN REIGN

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

THIS last has been a year of surprises in the world of poets and poetry. That a reflective and delicately experimental artist like Robert Bridges should have been chosen for the post of Poet Laureate in competition with so many popular candidates—Mr. Bridges himself was scarcely known to the large British public—and that an Oriental like Rabindranath Tagore should have carried off the Nobel Prize from the whole English and Continental field—these were certainly both wholly unforeseen issues in what are without doubt the most conspicuous contests open to modern European men of letters. But what perhaps is even more remarkable under the circumstances, is that there was so little general dissent from the selection in either instance. There were, it is true, some who were inclined to cavil at what they were pleased to call the "lack of inspiration" or "mediocrity," of the new laureate, and at the mysticism of the Bengali school-master, which is so little in accord with the more positive moods of Occidental civilisation. But apart from the fact that there was a coarseness of perception in such criticism that disqualified it from the start, it certainly seemed a trifle odd to lay so much stress upon inspiration in the case of a poet whose principal business it is to learn to write without it; while our Western poetry has already become so permeated with the religious and philosophic spirit of the East, from Leconte de Lisle and Southey down to "A. E." and William Butler Yeats, that Mr. Tagore's mysticism can scarcely be regarded as an entire novelty. Meanwhile, Mr. Bridges seems to have discharged his first official functions to everybody's entire satisfaction, while Mr. Tagore, in his later books, *The Gardener* and *The Crescent Moon*—the second a collection of exquisite poetry concerning children, a veritable Indian *Child's Garden of Verses*—has become almost popular.

With two such laureates — Mr. Bridges for the British Isles and Mr. Tagore for the Empire—the outlook for English poetry seems excellent at the present moment. To heighten this beneficent impression, we have just received from London a circular communication concerning an institution called "The Poetry Bookshop," which was founded in January, 1913, with the avowed object "of creating a link between poetry and the public such as . . . has never before existed in England." For the founders affirm their belief "that the public appreciation of verse is no less now than at any time in the past, and that all fallacies as to its unpopularity have been to a large extent, if not manufactured, at any rate encouraged by members of the (book) trade interested in the sale of the more easily distributed and quickly remunerative wares." Hence the hope "by the establishment of a more direct medium of contact between poetry and the public to destroy these iniquitous fallacies;" and it is claimed it has already been abundantly proved in the past year, "that a large, though scattered, sympathetic though unguided public indeed exists, to which such an institution may prove a source, not only of help and

Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

The Muse in Exile. Poems by William Watson. New York: John Lane Company.

The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lyrics and Dramas. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

The Poetical Works of Oscar Wilde. With a biographical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Knave of Hearts. By Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Company.

The Works of Francis Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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recreation, but of constant and enduring pleasure."

As for the shop itself, we are told that its accommodation "is arranged for the convenience of visitors who may desire to pay prolonged visits for the detailed examination of all recent publications. Those in charge of the shop, being personally acquainted with their wares"—does that mean that the poets themselves will stand behind the counter?—"are in a position to give, when requested, information either of a general or of a technical nature and under no circumstances are visitors who find themselves unable to select any volume of personal interest expected to pay for some volume they do not require, out of an unnecessary obligation to buy something." And finally, "since it is the belief of the founders that the recent transplantation of poetry out of the common ways of life into the study is an abuse in no sense to be tolerated, and that the true manner of its propagation, the inherent object of its existence, be delivery aloud by the voice of a sympathetic and qualified speaker, or rhapsodist, readings of poetry are given twice a week in a large room behind the Bookshop. . . ."

Who now will say that the reign of George V does not promise to be a golden one indeed for the poets thus patronised and provided not only with a market of their own (like all other producers), but a place where they may foregather to be seen and heard publicly! Instinctively, one's thoughts turn to Lemerre's, the little Paris stationer's shop—destined to take a place in the front rank of great French publishing houses—in the Passage Choiseul, where Paul Verlaine, François Coppée, and so many other poets, since famous, made their début in the latter days of the Second Empire. To be sure, Lemerre did not have public readings of the works of his protégés—the idea of a *salon des poètes* was borrowed rather from the *école symboliste,* successor to that of the *Parnassiens*—but he had, as it were, a house organ, in the *Parnasse Contemporain,* just as "The Poetry Bookshop" has, in *Poetry and Drama,* a quarterly review edited by Mr. Harold Monro, a means of publicity promotion for the enterprise. So perhaps this little London emporium for poets' wares, on a back street off Theobalds Road, will be no less successful than its Parisian prototype in organising a genuine literary revival.

In the meantime it offers as an evidence of its belief "that English poetry is now once again putting on a new strength and beauty," and "that we are at the beginning of another 'Georgian Period' which may take rank in due time with several other great poetic ages of the past," a volume entitled *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912,* and containing specimens of the work of a number of the new writers, as well as of a few of the older ones which seemed to the editor "to have gained some accession of power." The names of two only will be at all familiar to many American readers: Mr. John Masefield, here represented by "Biography," which appeared last year in *The Story of a Roundhouse,* and Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. But Mr. Sturge Moore, who has the longest poem in the book, a charming "Sicilian Idyll," which successfully oversteps the traditional limits of the strict idyllic form, without, however, for all its dramatic qualities, quite becoming a conventional little poetic drama, has been writing longer than either Mr. Masefield or Mr. Chesterton. With one exception—Robert Calverley Tremaine—he is—from the publication

Poems. By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Aphrodite, and Other Poems. By John Helston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Daffodil Fields. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Salt Water Ballads. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Gitanjali (Song Offerings). By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Gardener. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Crescent Moon. Child-Poems. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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standpoint, at any rate—the oldest of the group.

Among the younger men, both Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and Mr. Gordon Bottomley have some following in this country, while Mr. D. H. Lawrence has become known here within the last year or two through a successful novel, *Sons and Lovers,* and James Stephens, through his prose sketches in *A Crock of Gold* and other volumes. There was a lively controversy in a New York newspaper last winter as to the latter's right to certain lines which, like Rossetti before him, he had paraphrased from Sappho. He has here three poems of which the longest and most remarkable is "The Lonely God." In it the poet imagines the Deity come into Eden the evening after the expulsion of its human occupants:

So Eden was deserted, and at eve
Into the quiet place God came to grieve.
His face was sad, His hands hung slackly down
Along His robe; too sorrowful to frown
He paced along the grassy paths and through
The silent trees, and where the flowers grew
Tended by Adam. All the birds had gone
Out to the world, and singing was not one
To cheer the lonely God out of His grief—
The silence broken only when a leaf
Tapt lightly on a leaf, or when the wind,
Slow-handed, swayed the bushes to its mind.

And so along

The base of a round hill,
Rolling in fern, He bent His way until
He neared the little hut by Adam made,
And saw its dusky rooftree overlaid
With greenest leaves. Here Adam and His spouse
Were wont to nestle in their little house,
Snug at the dew-time: here He, standing sad,
Sighed with the wind, nor any pleasure had
In heavenly knowledge, for His darlings twain
Had gone from Him to learn the feel of pain,
And what was meant by knowledge and despair,—
Drear knowledge for a Father to prepare.

The sight of the empty structure, shaped round like a "beehive," made him think regretfully

Of the days and nights that in it had been spent
In blithe communion, Adam, Eve, and He,
Afar from Heaven and its gaudery.

Now

Never again to Eden would He haste
At cool of evening, when the sun had paced
Back from the treetops.

How pleasant it had been

To quit at evening His great throne,
To lay His crown aside, and all alone,
Down through the quiet air to stoop and glide
Unkenned by angels:

His angels!

Silly creatures who could sing
And sing again, and delicately fling
The smoky censer, bow and stand aside,
All in mute adoration: thronging wide,
Till nowhere could He look but soon He saw
An angel bending humbly to the law
Mechanic; knowing nothing more of pain,
Than when they were forbid to sing again,
Or swing anew the censer, or bow down
In humble adoration of His frown.
This was the thought in Eden as He trod—
. . . *It is a lonely thing to be a God.*

Nowhere within the confines of space does there exist a real companion for Him. He explored them in every direction without finding the "fringes of the Infinite." And returning, "dizzied with distance," He was met by His angels,

Sadhānā. The Realisation of Life. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Little Book of Modern Verse. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913. By William Stanley Braithwaite.

General William Booth Enters into Heaven. And Other Poems. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Ride Home. Poems, with The Marriage of Guineth, a Play in One Act. By Florence Wilkinson Evans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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ready as ever to fling their incense and to sing their praises.

O, in fury, I
Then roared them senseless, then threw down the sky
And stamped upon it, buffeted a star
With My great fist, and flung the sun afar:
Shouted My anger till the mighty sound
Rung to the width, frighting the furthest bound
And scope of hearing: tumult vaster still,
Thronging the echo, dinned My ears, until
I fled in silence, seeking out a place
To hide Me from the very thought of Space.

It was to dispel this "solitude unspeakable" of His estate, that God created man:

And so, He thought, in Mine own Image I
Have made a man, remote from Heaven high
And all its humble angels: I have poured
My essence in his nostrils: I have cored
His heart with My own spirit; part of Me,
His mind with laboured growth unceasingly
Must strive to equal Mine; must ever grow
By virtue of My essence till he know
Both good and evil through the solemn test
Of sin and retribution, till, with zest,
He feels his godhead, soars to challenge Me
In Mine own Heaven for supremacy.

Then, when through the ages, and the experience of sin, pain, and sorrow, he has grown to be

Strong, pure and proud an enemy to meet,
Tremendous on a battlefield, or sweet
To walk by as a friend with candid mind,

then,

The topmost blossom of his growing I
Shall take unto Me, cherish and lift high
Beside Myself upon My holy throne:

It is not good for God to be alone.
The perfect woman of His perfect race
Shall sit beside Me in the highest place
And be My Goddess, Queen, Companion, Wife,
The rounder of My Majesty, the life
Of My ambition. She will smile to see
Me bending down to worship at her knee,
Who never bent before, and she will say,
"Dear God, who was it taught *Thee* how to pray?"

* * * * *

The stooping to the hut—a beehive round—
God entered in and saw upon the ground
The dusty garland Adam (learned to weave)
Had, loving, placed upon the head of Eve
Before the terror came, when joyous they
Could look for God at closing of the day
Profound and happy. So the Mighty Guest
Rent, took, and placed the blossoms in His breast.
"This," He said gently, "I shall show My Queen
When she has grown to Me in space serene,
And say, ''Twas worn by Eve.'" So, smiling fair,
He spread His wings abroad upon the air.

Certainly nobody can accuse these new Georgian poets of lacking originality, audacity, or fertility of invention. The question of taste, in this particular instance, at any rate, is another matter. Mr. Stephens doubtless conceived the idea of his poem in the naïve spirit of primitive folk fable and anthropomorphism. But his sentimental deity is a little too much like the creation of a French librettist for some maudlin music drama, to be wholly acceptable from either a religious or an artistic standpoint.

In sharp contrast with the flowing,

Sanctuary. A Bird Masque. By Percy MacKaye. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Shadow of Ætna. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Merchants from Cathay. By William Rose Benét. New York: The Century Company.

The Wine-Press: A Tale of War. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Flight, and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company.

Myself and I. By Fannie Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Love and Liberation. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Lyrics from a Library. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, New York: George William Browning.

At the World's Heart. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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fanciful, and facile rhyming manner of Mr. Stephens, which is also that of several of his associates, and which achieves freedom of movement at the expense of a certain vulgarity and diffuseness, is the compact texture, and concentrated imaginative vigour of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's blank verse in "The Sale of Saint Thomas":

> The great caravan's
> Strange cattle with their snoring breath made steam
> Upon the air.

Or, describing the sea,

> How evilly move
> Ripples long that golden skin!—the gleam
> Works like a muscular thing! like the half-gorged,
> Sleepy swallowing of a serpent's neck.

Or, again, expressing the corruption of the soil in India:

> And flies! a land of flies! where the hot soil,
> Foul with ceaseless decay, steams into flies!
> So thick they pile themselves in the air above
> Their meal of filth, they seem like breathing heaps
> Of formless life mounded upon the earth:
> And buzzing always like the pipes and strings
> Of solemn music made for sorcerers.

No poet has written like this before in England since Thomas Lovell Beddoes. It used to be the fashion to call Beddoes "the Gothic Keats"—what kind of a Keats shall we call Mr. Abercrombie? He comes closer to that poet than to Donne, by whom he is said to have been influenced; for he is primarily a descriptive writer, more concerned, on the whole, in the outward aspect of things than with their inward significance, and there is more of Donne's essential mood in two stanzas of Mr. Rupert Brooke's "Dust" than in all of Mr. Abercrombie's splendid, but somewhat superficial, corruscations:

> When the white flame in us is gone,
> And we that lost the world's delight
> Stiffen in darkness, left alone
> To crumble in our separate night;
>
> When your swift hair is quiet in death,
> And through the lips corruption thrust
> Has stilled the labour of my breath—
> When we are dust, when we are dust!—

Of course this is more lyrical than Donne, with whom William Watson, in the address on "The Poet's Place" in his latest volume, *The Muse in Exile*—which title, by the way, not inaptly characterises its poetical contents—quarrels on this very score: "Neither his intellectual brilliancy and subtlety," he writes, "nor his prodigal wealth of fancy, has saved Donne from the fate which overtakes all poets who lacks the crowning gift of harmonious utterance."

As a matter of fact, though Donne has never been popular, he is very far from being forgotten at the present day. Indeed of late there has been something like a critical revival of the seventeenth century school of poets to which he belongs, and to this we owe, among other things, Miss Heloise Robinson's admirable *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont, D.D., 1616-1699,* edited from the unique manuscript in the possession of Professor Palmer, of Harvard, who bought it from Mr. Bertram Dobell, rediscoverer of that other seventeenth cen-

Gabrielle, and Other Poems. By Martha Gilbert Dickenson Bianchi. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Faun, and Other Poems. By Genevieve Farnell-Bond. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Minions of the Moon. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Republic. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Theban Eagle, and Other Poems. By Chester Allyn Reed. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Last Poems. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Collected Poems. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

My Rubiayat. By Sadakichi Hartmann. St. Louis: The Mangan Printing Company.

Mr. Faust. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley Company.

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tury poet, Thomas Traherne. None of these poets sought so much to express himself harmoniously as to express himself accurately and fully—to find an adequate imaginative statement for his ideas. Donne certainly has nothing of that smoothness of versification that we find in his predecessors of the Spenserian tradition, or in such a modern poet as Mr. Stephen Phillips before the bloom had largely been brushed off his verses, as in his recent *Lyrics and Dramas*. But the old poet who, in writing such a line as

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,

could so crystallise his personality in his expression, had what is far more fundamental in literary art—a fresh and original sense in his selection of words and images. This is really tautological, inasmuch as images, and even ideas, do not exist in art independently of the medium in which they come to the artist. An image, as Benedetto Croce has, for the first time, made entirely clear in his *Estetica,* is not merely a visual, auditive, or other impression—as it is too commonly in the case, for example, of Oscar Wilde (whose poetical works now appear in a new and complete American edition), or of his disciple, Mr. Arthur Symons (*Knave of Hearts*). It is a distinct, definite creation in the dark and mysterious world of the poet's own feeling, in which the power to select and combine words according, not to their sense, strictly, but to their colour, cadence, and contour, plays a part whose importance it would be as difficult to over-estimate as it is to analyse and explain.

Poems. By Herbert Kaufman. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Sonnets of Hérédia. Rendered into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. Fifth Edition. San Francisco: Printed by the Author.

To the Lost Friend: A Sonnet-Sequence. From the French of Auguste Angellier. By Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen. Collected and arranged by Mrs. F. E. Garrett, with an introduction by Philip H. Wicksteed. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

It is this power, combined with great fertility of fancy, that makes so remarkable a poet of Francis Thompson (for whom his friend, Mr. Everard Meynell, has now performed the final act of piety in a well-edited collection of his complete prose and poetry), just as it is precisely the lack of either such sensuousness or such passion as it implies, that marks the artistic inferiority of a *précieuse* poet, like Mrs. Alice Meynell (also newly collected) in spite of her critical appreciation and recognition of genius in others.

One new English poet who is not included in *Georgian Poets* is Mr. John Helston, whose first collection—a bumper crop—comes to us in a thick book of nearly three hundred pages, *Aphrodite and Other Poems*. In the title-piece, "Aphrodite at Leatherwood," the poet tells how, walking along the bank of a river, he came suddenly to a place where "all was sweetly strange," and there

Were no more houses, but great woods that passed
Into the shadows of some mountain range,
Crowned with a sunlight coronet of snows.
No shining flowers, by verdant glooms o'ercast,
Along a bank beside blue water rose.
Blue water broken by low waterfalls
And plashy places, strewn with rocks and sand,
As Naiads would delight.

Then, as he thought, he saw one. She stood

In a broad sunlight, like some statue planned
Of Love himself, whose marble meaning calls
Out of the ages: a more vital thing

Lyrics for the Chinese. By Helen Waddell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Heroic Ballads of Servia. Translated into English verse by George Rapall Noyes and Leonard Bacon. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe. Translated into English verse by Sophie Jewett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Bees in Amber. By John Oxenham. New York: American Tract Society.

The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse. Thirteenth Century-Twentieth Century.

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Than many a heart of beats grown dead
to spring,
Whose body is a sepulchre that palls,
With its own pallid plinth, all burgeoning
Of primal joys at Love's chief festivals.
All loveliness to make one greatly mad
With dreams whereof men grow madly great
Upon that glory which, of starry date,
Crowns Beauty's co-eternal high estate;
All these things she had.
There was a sweet, pure beauty in her eyes
To make all cynic sense grow gladly wise—
E'en sorrow wisely glad.

Of course the Naiad turns out to be Aphrodite in person, and the spiritual significance of the poem as it proceeds from this point is stated by the author in his sonnet-"Envoi," which he calls "His Answer to Those Who Impute Impurity to Him, in regard to the Preceding Poem." This itself is summed up in the statement, in the seventh line, "that love is lovelier for its lust."

Mr. Helston escapes the charge of impurity more easily than that of preaching in this poem, but in spite of much raggedness of present performance, he is a young poet of considerable promise and power. His verse novel, *The Thorn Brake,* which is evidently modelled upon Mr. Masefield's similar productions, is a very much better constructed and sustained piece than the older writer's *The Daffodil Fields,* which is generally recognised as a failure in its scattered action, and in its sentimental and descriptive excess. But Mr. Helston does better still when he abandons Mr. Masefield's lead, and the best things in his book are the two long dramatic dialogues, "Lonicera" and "In a Garden," the first of which, especially, embodies a real psychological motive and written with considerable distinction of style. Even here, however, this poet, who has passages of supple strength as well as of sheer loveliness, is inclined to rant at times and to tear passion to tatters, as well as to obscure his thought with the intricacies of an over-subtle analysis; while he, too, like so many of these younger writers, suffer from the habit of a too hasty improvisation.

TAGORE AND HIS WORK

There seems to be some idea to-day that improvisation is necessarily the speech of passion—that thrill and intoxication demand speed, and that, if this, in turn, involves a certain amount of slipshod carelessness, why so much the better, since it helps to heighten the illusion. Nothing, as a matter of fact, could be farther from the truth. Mr. Tagore's love poems in *The Gardener* are perhaps the most passionate that have been poured along the veins of any European language since Sappho or, at any rate, since Catullus. Yet these verses which, if they have of the former the naïve intensity and the imaginative sweetness, have of the latter the charming, playful tenderness, though without cynical perversity, that marks the cultivated man of letters and of the world in all climes and ages, exhibit the most exquisite art and restraint. The passion that pulsates in them has all been absorbed into the images, and leaves no loose ends to fringe themselves like flags whipped by every empty wind of rhetoric. This wonderful poet of India, who is said to have expressed the highest aspirations of his race in every realm of literary art, so that he has already given his name to the age—the age of Tagore—in order to transmit his mood, mirrors

Chosen by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. The Clarendon Press.

The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse. Chosen by Wilfred Campbell. Oxford University Press.

Celtic Memories, and Other Poems. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. New York: John Lane Company.

Out of Bondage. By Fanny Hodge Newman. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.

Kurze Sprüche von Isidor Nadle. New York: International Traveller Company.

Home-Made Verse. By Dwight Burdge. Battle Creek, Mich.

The Foothills of Parnassus. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Beyond the Stars, and Other Poems. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: Mitchell Kennerley Company.

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darkly in his mind the whole world—that mysterious world of the Orient, with its magical sights, scents, and sounds, which is also the world of mystic intuition, always somewhat wavering, unstable, evanescent, ready at all instants to dissolve like mist, or to float away on the soft perfumed air. It is this fleeting, fugitive sentiment and aspect of things, as of music in the memory, so different from the solid, sensuous, substantial beauty of the Theocritean idylls, for example, that gives the little poems, lyric or idyllic, so large a part of their very special charm. For the rest this arises from the very simplicity of the emotional expressed in them. Love, as this poet sings it, is natural, instinctive, and spontaneous:

It is a game of giving and withholding,
revealing and screening again some
smiles and some little shyness, and
some sweet useless struggles.
This love between you and me is simple
as a song.
No mystery beyond the present; no striving
for the impossible; no shadow behind
the charm; no groping in the depth of
the dark.
This love between you and me is simple
as a song.
We do not stray out of all words into the
ever silent; we do not raise our hands
to the void for things beyond hope.
It is enough what we give and we get.
We have not crushed the joy to the utmost
to wring from it the wine of pain.
This love between you and me is simple
as a song.

And yet, if this poet is thus free from modern spiritual complexities, he is not, however, entirely unfamiliar with that modern disillusionment, or sadness of the spirit, which finds expression in the following:

I hold her hands and press her to my
breast.
I try to fill my arms with her loveliness,
to plunder her sweet smile with kisses,
to drink her dark glances with my eyes.
Ah, but where is it? Who can strain the
blue from the sky?
I try to grasp the beauty; it eludes me,
leaving only the body in my hands.
Baffled and weary I come back.
How can the body touch the flower which
only the spirit may touch?

The first American magazine to print specimens of Mr. Tagore's work was, we believe, the little Chicago publication, *Poetry,* now in its second year. One of the prizes which the editors announced in their first issue for the best original poems to appear in their pages was awarded to Mr. William Butler Yeats, and another to an American poet, Mr. Nicholas Vachell Lindsay, for the piece entitled "General William Booth Enters Heaven," now reprinted, as the title-poem, in a new volume of the author's verse. That the realistic element daringly introduced into this grotesque production is effective in creating an appropriate imaginative atmosphere for a requiem on the late leader of the Salvation Army, is undeniable. But it is the kind of effectiveness which is easily reduced to a formula, and ends by becoming painfully mechanical as in "The Kallyope Yell" reprinted in Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913.*

In lieu of a Lyric Year such as we had last season, this interesting little collection, which has grown out of the annual

Madge Linsey, and Other Poems. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. London: Maunsel and Company, Ltd.

Brunelleschi: A Poem. By John Eaton Howard. San Francisco: John Howell Company.

Perceptions of Robert Bowman Peck. London: Elkin Mathews.

On the Way to Willowdale. By Robert Loveman. Dalton, Ga.: The A. J. Showalter Company.

Songs Through the Night. By Mary Ellis Robins. Woodstock, N. Y.: The Maverick Press.

The Dirge of the Sea. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

A Wand and Strings, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company.

The Gift of White Roses. By James Cloyd Bowman. Ada, Ohio: The University Herald Press.

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review of American magazine poetry made by Mr. Braithwaite for the last nine years in a Boston paper, offers a convenient basis for a survey of recent American verse. It contains forty-five poems of a remarkably high average, considering the basis on which they were selected, and several that would be a credit to any company. Among these, in our opinion, is not to be numbered the sonnet, "November," by Mahlon Leonard Fisher:

Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,
As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;
The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;
The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.
It is the tread of armies marching near,
From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;
It is a bugle dying down the gale;
It is the sudden gushing of a tear.
And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors,
And romp of spirit children on the pave;
It is the tender sighing of the brave
Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile wars;
It is such sound as death; and, after all,
'Tis but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

We should have overlooked this entirely had not our attention been specially directed to it by Mr. Braithwaite, who, in his introduction, says: "It must rank with Lizette Woodworth Reese's 'Tears' and Longfellow's 'Nature' as the best sonnets that have been accomplished by American poets. I have known one competent judge and lover of poetry to declare that not since Keats's 'On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer' and Miss Reese's 'Tears,' has there appeared so fine a sonnet in English poetry. The man who has written 'November' has added something to American poetry that cannot be too highly estimated."

The first effect of this extraordinary panegyric is to send the reader post-haste in search of Miss Reese's sonnet, which is thus elevated to the highest eminence. We confess we had not known it ourselves, but we found it in *The Little Book of Modern (American) Verse,* another new anthology, edited by Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Here it is:

When I consider life and its few years—
A wisp of fog between us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street,—
I wonder at the idleness of tears
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to keep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

This is not a bad sonnet, barring a too apparent straining after effect throughout, save in the last line, which is simple, natural, and charming. But the expression is, on the whole, too purely derivative—as in the Shakespearean attack of the first line, and in the Tennysonian "idleness of tears"—for the poem to claim any real originality. It has, indeed, no proper style of its own,

The Knight of the Chinese Dragon. By James Cloyd Bowman. Columbus, Ohio: The Pfeifer Press.

The Woods. By Douglas Malloch. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Sign of the Tree. By Harriet Mason Kilburn. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Songs of New Sweden. By Arthur Peterson. Chicago: The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Company.

The Snow-Shoe Trail, and Other Poems. By Isaac Rusling Pennypacker. Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Company.

Chips and Whetstones. By Marcus L. Burris. New York: Everywhere Publishing Company.

Eve. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

A Song of the Deep, and Other Poems. By A. S. Coats. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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only a rather stilted reproduction of the styles of other poets. Mr. Fisher's sonnet is worse because it is at once cruder and more affected than Miss Reese's. To us it seems a distinctly vapid bit of vapouring. The extravagant praise bestowed upon this pair of poems points to a singular uncertainty and confusion of standards in American criticism, now as in the time of Poe.

We are afraid that the very sense of effort and strain which offends the taste in such poems as "Tears" and "November" constitutes the essence of their appeal for many readers. It is often said that we do not take poetry seriously enough in this country. But there is a certain justice in the contrary contention that in some ways we take it too seriously, meaning, of course, that we are altogether too addicted to the grand manner. Mr. George Moore tells in *Hail and Farewell* how he once had to remind Yeats that style cannot be achieved by the simple process of substituting an uncommon word for a common one. In the same way it may be said that spiritual elevation cannot be attained in poetry by merely raising the voice. And how much the time the voice is actually raised to-day in America might be amusingly shown by making a little anthology of last lines from Miss Rittenhouse's collection. Take these three that occur in succession, for example:

Is this wild ride with God,
The shrill, primeval hawk gazed down—
and screamed,
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

Now would any one guess that the ride referred to in the first was taken in the New York subway, and that the object which the hawk gazed down upon in the second was an automobile, the subject of the poem? It is noteworthy that the only one of these poems in which the treatment does not seem altogether incongruous with the subject is the last, "The Black Vulture." The author, Mr. George Sterling, is old-fashioned enough not to have substituted for the bird a Bleriot monoplane. Or does he feel the force of what Mr. Watson says in the preface to his above-mentioned book, "that to do imperfectly and with difficulty what any seabird can do with divinely beautiful ease, and then to call this awkward imitation 'the conquest of the air,' is to court criticism and to use vainglorious language?"

American verse to-day is full of this "vainglorious language." Fancy, for example, referring to the Polar Quest as "The Frozen Grail!" To us, at least, this is far more suggestive of *marron glacé,* or of Nesselrode pudding than of Arctic exploration. Our poets are exceedingly clever in evolving such conceits. They have, on the whole, a great deal of talent—too much of it, perhaps, for, as M. Remy de Gourmont remarks in one of his most recent *Promenades Littéraires, "le talent est le tortionnaire de la poèsie."* In other words, talent has a natural tendency to exclude the personal element, or style, from poetry —to strangle self-expression. Many of our best poets suffer more or less from this hypertrophy of their talent, as we may call it, and above all the women. Doubtless that is why we are inclined to place the work of Mrs. Florence Wilkinson Evans—who has just published a new book, *The Ride Back*—above that of many of her more talented sisters. Certainly she herself is not par-

The Inner Garden. By Horace Holley. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Heart's-Ease and Hawthorne; Myrtle and Rue. By John Irving Pearce. Published at Chicago.

A Handful of Flowers, with Sprays of Evergreen. By Amasa S. Condon, M.D. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Justification: A Philosophic Phantasy. By John H. White. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The Mountain Spring, and Other Poems. By Nannie R. Glass. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Rhymes from the Rhineland. Selected and translated from the German by Alice Howland Goodwin. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Flora Transmuta: A Calendar of Translations. By Maria Bowen. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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ticularly clever, though she tries hard—too hard—to be. Unlike writers of such sustained voice as Anna Hempstead Branch and Josephine Preston Peabody, Mrs. Evans is very irregular, rarely producing a perfect poem or one, indeed, that is not marked by more blemishes than beauties. But, seemingly for the very reason that she is not guided by too sure an artistic intelligence, or even just plain feminine tact (the real secret, perhaps, of the talent of so many of our most agreeable women writers, gifted to please), she, from time to time, amid much smoke and murk, emits a really fine line or flashing image. The evocation of the Czar in the following passage from her "Salute to Russia," chosen quite at random, is touched with true intuition. Here, however, as so often, the initial effect is succeeded by a grotesque caricatural absurdity:

You, O Romanoff, walking softly at painted
Tsarkoe-Seloe,
Waxen, wavering, kindhearted,
With white hands that do not know how to
grip and eyes that have no vision;
You, O Romanoff, with one foot rocking a
cradle and the other trampling out a
million human ambitions,
As a girl might crush a puff-ball to see it
disappear in smoke.

Two of the most noticeable poems in Mr. Braithwaite's book are by women. Oddly enough, both deal with museum subjects drawn, one from the domestic, the other from the artistic, life of ancient Rome. The first is Agnes Lee's "A Roman Doll," and the second, Willa Sibert Cather's "A Likeness," suggested by the portrait of an unknown man in the Capitol. This, in particular, is an admirable piece of writing, epigrammatic, yet impassioned, dignified, yet direct, and with a surprise in the last stanza where, with an abruptness that well renders the swift backward thought and breaking voice, the accumulated moral emotion of the poem is turned into an unexpected channel of intimate personal feeling:

Ritratto d'ignoto; defying
Things unsubstantial as a dream—
An empire, long in ashes lying—
His face still set against the stream.
Yes, so he looked, that gifted brother
I loved, who passed and left no trace,
Not even—happier than this other—
His sorrow in a marble face.

Another striking poem by a woman—Miss Marguerite Mooers Marshall—is "Ghosts," written to repudiate the idea that Puritanism is without its passionate element, held in leash. Betraying, however, a far firmer grasp upon the realities of the New England spirit, is the delightful Emersonian fantasy, "School," by Mr. Percy MacKaye, whose much-advertised "bird-masque," *Sanctuary,* was performed at Cornish, New Hampshire, last summer, with a cast of poets, artists, nature lovers, and President's daughters. For the rest we may mention Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson's "Levi," full of subtle insight, yet somehow less effective than usual in its art; Mr. Louis V. Ledoux's richly wrought, and sometimes too richly rhymed, celebration of modern and classical Sicilian themes, in his "Hymn to Demeter" and "Threnody in Memory of the Destruction of Messina Earthquake" (*The Shadow of Ætna*); "The Marvellous Munchausen," by William Rose Benét, a young writer (*Merchants from Cathay*), who has much in common with Mr. Alfred Noyes, but who still lingers in a realm of miscellaneous and rollick-

Wayside Idyls. By Henry Graves. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Toiling of Felix. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bread and Circuses. By Helen Parry Eden. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

Songs of Seven Years. By Sidney Rowe. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagerdorn. New Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Poems. By Wilfred Earl Chase. Madison, Wis.: W. E. Chase.

Perham's Pertinent Prose and Poetry. Published by John L. Perham, Wilton, N. H.

The Garden of Life, and Other Poems. By Anne Richardson Talbot. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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ing romance, which the latter has recently deserted in order to recommend himself to the peace societies by his *Wine-Press,* a narrative poem dealing with the war in the Balkans; and finally, "St. John and the Faun," a poem by George Edward Woodberry, which well illustrates that writer's ability to present a figure or a scene completely in a few swift strokes, and to create about both an atmosphere of imaginative glamour.

There are plenty of other illustrations of this very unusual gift in Mr. Woodberry's new book, *The Flight and Other Poems,* which is without question the poetic event of the year in this country. Of the two long pieces in the African section, "The Kingdom of all Souls," and "Beyond Good and Evil," we have spoken already in the BOOKMAN, when they appeared last year as a separate publication bearing the imprint of a private society. So there is no need to insist further here upon the new power and freedom of expression which Mr. Woodberry has achieved in these remarkable poems. He has certainly succeeded in letting himself go in them as neither he nor any other American poet has ever let himself go before; and whatever they have lost in art as the result of the speed and tension at which they were apparently written, is more than made up for by a new sense of vitality. Here is a volume of American verse that deals imaginatively, and at times obscurely, with abstract ethical ideas, and yet is absolutely *alive.*

To Mr. Woodberry's earlier, more self-contained mood and more decorative manner, belongs the set of three poems in "A Day at Castrogiovanni," also previously printed under that title in a separate format. Noble in tone, and lovely in texture is the "In Memoriam" to the late Charles Elliot Norton, which concludes the third section, devoted to poems chiefly American—especially that passage which, presenting a picture of the Cambridge don, and interpreting his personality, begins:

A grave demeanor masked his solitude,
Like the dark pines of his seignorial wood.

But we believe that the pieces which will give the greatest and most general pleasure in the present collection, are the graceful, and at times exalted, Italian boy poems, of which "Orféo" is, perhaps, the most charming example:

Teach me to kiss the Dorian flute,
  The Dorian pipe to blow;
I with my own breath would salute
  Great Pan before I go;
And may the genius of the place
Adopt me in the shepherd race!

So perched on Monte Venere,
  I prayed a little goatskin boy
To leave his herd and sit by me,
  And teach me all the shepherd's joy.
"What is your name?" to him I said:
"Orféo," blithe reply he made.

I took the flute, I took the pipe;
  No reed would to my breath respond;
He laughed to see me blow, and wipe
  My lips, the pretty vagabond;
Still nature's child, though notes I snatch,
Was victor in that singing match.

But I was paid when, as behooved,
  I threw into his shaggy lap
The gifts by ancient time approved,
  My London scarf and Naples cap;
And, as of old, the happy boy
Leaped high, and clapped his hands for joy.

There is noticeable in Mr. Braithwaite's book, a dearth of short lyrics of distinction. Lyrics may be divided into three classes according to the degree in which nature enters into them. Of the

The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems. By George Klingle. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Sunset Road. By Jane G. A. Carter. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Moon-Maiden, and Other Poems. By Frances Reed Gibson. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Vestigia: Collected Poems. By Algernon Sydney Logan. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Bluets, and Other Poems. By Mary A. Buttles. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

Amor Vitaque. By Oliver Opp-Dyke. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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first, or purely descriptive and fanciful class, there is "May is Building Her House," a pretty piece of sentimental embroidery, in the vein in which the author of *The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems* is most successful. Of the second, which is also descriptive, but whose descriptions always involve an element of self-revelation, we find "Wind," by Fannie Stearns Davis, whose first book, *Myself and I,* has appeared this season. Finally, of the third, in which self-expression is more directly attempted, and nature is reduced to a secondary rôle as symbol and decoration, almost the only example is John Hall Wheelock's "Departure."

This little poem is one of a very large number of little poems, all very much alike in manner and metre, which the author brings together in his third volume, *Love and Liberation.* So many of them are there, indeed, and so delicate are the gradations by which the sentiment expressed in them progresses from stage to stage, that the effect, as we read, is very much that of a cinematographic reel being unwound quite slowly. Mr. Wheelock needs to speed up his emotive machinery somewhat. At present he is less a lyric poet than an analyst of lyric passion and sentiment. As such, however, he has a very delicate and ideal gift.

A long line of books still looks down from the shelf. Mr. Clinton Scollard's latest seems quite at home there, since its title is *Lyrics from a Library,* but Mr. Cale Young Rice's, written *At the World's Heart,* appears a bit out of place, with its "planetary" pretensions, amid so many more humble and home-keeping companions. Yet while there are few poets—even Mrs. Evans or Professor Woodberry—who have travelled as widely as Mr. Rice from continent to continent, there is no lack of those who visit on the wings of fancy those "realms of gold" and "faery lands forlorn," for a tour of which there is no need of one of Messrs. Cook's convenient circular tickets. For, whether he (or she), like Mrs. Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi in *Gabrielle and Other Poems,* rhymes of Gaston de Latour's ancestress; like Miss Genevieve Farnell-Bond, in *The Faun and Other Poems,* haunts the half-human penumbra of classical mythology; or, like Mr. Madison Cawein, magically invokes the *Minions of the Moon,* the American poet of to-day is still for the most part incorrigibly sentimental and romantic. So that when Mr. Chester Allyn Reed in his challenging poem to Pindar entitled "The Theban Eagle" writes:

> Much has been lost, O Greece, since thy decay,
> Yet something has been added wholly new,
> Cast up by sightless forces into day;
> No writer of the modern world could be
> So coldly careless of humanity!

one is inclined to question the complete truth of this statement. Certainly human warmth of feeling is the quality in which most contemporary American verse seems most noticeably lacking, and Miss Mary Root Garvin is not the only poet who appears to live in *A Walled Garden,* the one escape from which is through such moods of reverie as we find in the late Julia C. R. Dorr's *Last Poems,* or such historical and literary culture as furnishes the inspiration for the most important of the *Collected Poems* of Grace Denio Litchfield—dramas like "The Nun of Kent," and narrative poems like "Baldur the Beautiful." This does not mean that the modern spirit with its various "awakenings," has not already touched a number of our contemporary poets, but, for the most part, it has touched them on other sides than that of their creative consciousness, has aroused the preacher, or the teacher, rather than the artist, in them. In such works as *My Rubaiyat,* by Sadakichi Hartmann, and *Mr. Faust,* by Arthur Davison Ficke, it is evident that the form, whether that of the Persian qua-

The Trumpeters, and Other Poems. By Andrew Downing. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Aurora, and Other Poems. By Laura A. Whitmore. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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train (with Japanese quarter-tones!), or of the Goethean philosophic drama, interests them mainly as a medium for their message. This message ranges from the most spiritual and esoteric in the case of Mr. Ficke, to the most practical of Mr. Kauffman who, in such rhymed editorials as "Why are you weeping, sister?" "The Waiting Woman," "Failure," and "Fool's Gold," counsels a conventional code of conduct based upon considerations of prudence and self-interest, in the manner of Franklin.

Among the translations, we note a new edition, the fifth, of Mr. E. R. Taylor's well-known translation of Hérédia's sonnets in *Les Trophées*. Here is also a sensitive rendering of some sonnets *To the Lost Friend* (*A l'Amie Perdue*), by a much more recent poet, M. Auguste Angellier, specimens of whose work have already been made known here by Dr. van Dyke. A volume entitled *Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen* is at least two-thirds filled with the translator's version of "Brand," which is not exactly what the title leads one to expect. And Miss Helen Waddell offers a little group of *Lyrics from the Chinese,* based upon the prose versions of the late Professor Legge, the famous Oxford sinologue. It is difficult to realise that the following, which might have been written by Mr. Gellett Burgess or Mr. Oliver Herford, dates from 780 B.C.:

When first the guests approach the mats,
  Their manners are correct;
And even when they well have drunk,
  They still are circumspect.

But when the guests have drunk too much,
  They lose sobriety;
They shout and brawl and loudly sing,
  —An impropriety.

If when a guest has drunk too much
  He courteously depart,
His host and he would happy be,
  Each having done his part.

But to remain when one is drunk
  Is not a virtuous thing.
To drinking, though a custom good,
  One must deportment bring.

Two excellent additions to the library of ballad literature, are *Heroic Ballads of Servia,* and the late Sophie Jewett's *Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe,* which gives the original text in Castillian, Roumanian, Catalan, and other Latin tongues, on the left-hand page, and the translation on the right. Miss Jewett did her work well, and her rendering of such a ballad as the Piedmontese "Donna Lombardia," for example, keeps the grim, laconic quality of the original.

But surely the *chef d'œuvre* of translation to date is that of a poem entitled "Kapiolani," in Mr. John Oxenham's *Bees in Amber,* into Rarotongan, "a sort of Lingua Franca, or Sacred Esperanto," of the South Seas, by a New Zealand missionary. The first line of Mr. Oxenham's original runs:

Where the great green combers break in thunder on the barrier reefs.

To render this in uneconomic Rarotongan, "strictly according to East Polynesian ballad-metres," requires a whole four-line stanza, as follows:

Tei te ngai mangugú-anga no te au ngaru roro'a
Ki runga no te punga matoato'a
Ngaru kerekere, ngaru mamaata e tini
Ki runga no te 'Akaú-Pipini.

In this extended form, "Kapiolani" is assured, it is said, of becoming a household classic in many of the Eastern Islands!

The latest additions to a growing group of popular anthologies are *The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse,* and *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse,*

Alms for Oblivion. By Pegram Dargan. New Orleans: L. Graham Company, Ltd.

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THE ART OF LOOKING ON AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE following episode, which we may as well christen The Parable of the Onlooker, contains a little lesson in the art of making fiction which it will not be unprofitable to consider. A certain author was making his way along a quiet, cross-town city block, when there passed him in some haste a tailor's apprentice, bearing on his arm a newly pressed suit of clothes. At the instant of passing, he inadvertently allowed the trousers to slip from his arm, and continued on his way unaware of his loss. Now, the author might have intervened; he had only to raise his voice and call the man back, and thus save him from unpleasant consequences. But the author did nothing of the sort; in fact, the idea never once occurred to him. Here was a story being enacted under his very eyes, and he was too carefully trained in the methods of strictly objective narrative to intrude his own personality. So, at a distance of a few yards, he paused in a convenient doorway and watched events. Almost at once a small group had gathered, attracted by the curious sight of a perfectly good pair of trousers that had apparently evolved from nowhere, lying in broad daylight upon the public walk. They gazed perplexedly up at the house which overlooked the spot, but it gave them no enlightenment, the windows being all tightly closed. Then one of the men very gingerly took up the mysterious garment, and measured it against a rotund figure; and forthwith an animated discussion broke out that threatened to become a serious quarrel; which of the spectators had first discovered those trousers, and which was entitled to them by right of priority? It really began to look as though the episode would develop into a well-constructed short story, when a new factor entered in and spoiled a most promising situation. Far down the block, a small street arab had seen the whole transaction, started in breathless pursuit of the tailor's apprentice, caught up with him somewhere out of sight around the corner, and brought him back just in time to identify his lost property and save it from being torn limb from limb by the enraged rival claimants.

Now, there is no question that the conduct of the author in remaining passive was quite reprehensible from the point of ethics and good citizenship, and subsequently he would probably have been quite conscience-stricken and worried himself fruitlessly in wondering just how serious the consequences would be to the careless clerk,—assuming that the matter had ended otherwise and the trousers had not been recovered. But the point which it is desired to make here is this: that the instinct which prompted the author to refrain from interfering, however unneighbourly and uncharitable it may have been, was the unmistakable hall-mark of the born story-teller. This particular writer could not help himself; he did not deliberately plan to harm a poor, hungry-looking journeyman tailor; but he was simply for the time being no

*The Precipice. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Forester's Daughter. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Anthony the Absolute. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company.

When Ghost Meets Ghost. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Liliekrona's Home. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Lodger. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Rocks of Valpré. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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longer a free agent. His mind had shot ahead, visualising the various consequences, the general consternation when the suit should arrive at its destination minus the trousers, the messenger's bewilderment, his frantic chase back over the route he had come, the anger of his employer, his probable dismissal, and so forth and so on, scene after scene came tumbling through the author's brain, like the whizzing film of a mad motion picture,—and to save himself he could not have thrown off the hypnotism of it in time to act.

Now, this is an unwise, and even a dangerous mood to cultivate in real life. It is quite conceivable that the rôle of passive onlooker might become such a settled habit that one might stand and watch death and destruction, in the shape of a runaway horse or a fire or a flood, threatening a group of unconscious victims, and remain dumb, in a state of horrified fascination, when a warning shout would save them. But in the making of fiction it is one of the great essentials. The novelist is first, last and always the Onlooker at life. It is not his province to play special Providence; he has more important business than to go around saving his characters from the consequences of their rashness or their blunders or their bad temper. He may care as much as he likes for the men and women born of his own brain; he may be as fanatical as he chooses about his central theme, whether it be prohibition, or Christian Science, or feminism, or the hesitation waltz,—on one all important condition; namely, that he will care a little more, be a little more fanatical in regard to his art. The author who failed to pick up the trousers and run after the messenger loved his fellow-men,—but he loved the making of stories somewhat better, that is all. And the reason why many a novel which, in its first conception, was nothing but a learned thesis on some debated question of history or politics or religion, little by little in the course of the writing became galvanised into real flesh and blood was because the author suddenly awoke to a consciousness of the dignity and splendour of the creative power and realised that, however much in earnest he may have thought himself regarding the lesson he wished to teach the world,—mothers-in-law, or a quiet Fourth, or the single tax or the split skirt, —he was vastly more in earnest regarding the sheer art of composition, infinitely more concerned over the structure and symmetry of the work as a whole than over the chance of ever making even a single convert. We are all familiar with the proverbial attitude of the physician toward his patient: the latter is not a man but only a case. Well, with a slight paraphrase, we may twist the same thought to fit the making of novels: the attitude of the novelist toward his central subject should be this: he should forget it as a doctrine, a philosophy, an ethical, moral or religious theme, and think of it steadfastly as a plot, a piece of careful structure intended to mirror back and, so far as in him lies, to interpret life.

The trouble with a good deal of the fiction of to-day is that it not only tries to play the part of Special Providence, but it goes still further and emulates the aggressive methods of the militant suffragettes. To revert to our Parable of the Onlooker, it is as though, not content with calling back the delinquent tailor's apprentice, our author should have taken upon himself to box his ears, roundly berate him for his carelessness, and report the whole incident to his employer. As a matter of fact, the novels that sin most wantonly in this respect just at present are the quite numerous class of novels written by women of the more or less advanced type and waving the standards of feminism. But they do not stand alone by any means, more is the pity. With the models still before us of almost flawless workmanship which the big realists of the last quarter-century have given us, it seems almost incredible that we should have had the retrograde movement, in the swirls and eddies and back waters of which the fiction of to-day finds itself caught. The

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trouble, of course, with a majority of the latter-day novelists is that they have to a greater or less extent forgotten to be Onlookers at life,—they have been too busy picking up the trousers, so to speak. Your Onlooker has the advantage of not losing his sense of proportion. He loses, to be sure, some of the keen zest of enthusiasm; but, on the other hand, he has an infinite amount of satiric enjoyment and quiet chuckles at the foibles and weaknesses of human nature. And, furthermore, he knows that human nature is an amazingly constant quantity: he knows, for instance, that the most militant suffragette of to-day is not so very different from her great-grandmother at the same age, if one could once get behind the artificial barrier she has chosen to raise.

"THE PRECIPICE"

In this connection, it is only natural that *The Precipice,* by Elia W. Peattie, should be the first of the novels of the month to come to mind. It is not a book to be lightly dismissed, for it has a certain degree of strength, and considerable understanding of the peculiar problems which face the enlightened young woman of to-day. It is a frank and fearless study of the New Womanhood which we now see all around us, struggling for "self-expression," to borrow one of the stock phrases of the hour; and it is done upon a broad canvas, with a generous collection of sample types of young women, besides the heroine,—and back and behind them, long, dim vistas of other women, the successful, the down-trodden, the desperate, stretching away in unnumbered hosts, one and all with their own special problems, solved or unsolved. To this extent Mrs. Peattie has done good work; the sheer sense of the bigness of life, and the force and onward urge of human progress is something which many writers strive for and few attain. But the weakness of *The Precipice,*—for unfortunately it has its weakness,—is due simply to the quite obvious fact that Mrs. Peattie has not sufficiently cultivated the gentle art of Looking On. She meddles too much with her characters' destinies, she weakens her effects by taking too specialised cases. The bare outline of the story is general enough: there are plenty of young girls who insist nowadays upon going to college, in spite of parental objection, and later choosing a vocation for themselves; and there are plenty of them who, having chosen a vocation, insist upon believing that this life work they have entered upon is incompatible with matrimony. But the young woman about whom the author is especially concerned is in many regards so exceptionally placed that we are never quite sure whether she is swayed by the big general movement of the times or by her own private problems and dilemmas. Would she, for instance, have made her fierce fight for an education if she had not seen that her father's domineering nature, his contempt for the opposite sex, had slowly stifled her mother's individuality and would stifle hers in turn, if she did not escape from it? And, when she returned from college, would she not once more have settled down to the old routine, if the bickering and antagonism of years had not suddenly over-strained the frail mother's heart and caused her death? And these are only the beginning of a long series of casualties that are constantly occurring to the girl herself and to her immediate friends and intimates, deaths, divorces, loss of fortune, anything and everything that would tend to take choice out of the girl's own hands and decide things for her. When the supply of possible calamities runs low, the author even duplicates the sinking of the *Titanic,* in order to remove two characters, whose further share in events threaten to put too great a strain upon her inventive powers. It is always so much easier to meddle than just to look on! If your characters refuse to do the right thing, drown them! Then at least they will not be able to do the wrong thing, and thus life is simplified. But in the end, Mrs. Peattie's heroine really does have to make up her own mind, she really does have to recog-

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nise that, in spite of her revolts and denials, there is one man whom she loves, almost but not quite to the point of giving up her life-work, as supervisor of the National Child-Protection Society,—while the man himself confesses that he loves her almost enough, but not quite, to give up his life-work, which has to do with mining enterprises in the Far West. It takes them an incredibly long time to reach the obvious solution, and many tears are shed and many angry and despairing words spoken, before they both say simultaneously, Why should either of us give up our work? why should we not keep our work and have each other too? The general public will probably find this a fairly satisfactory climax for a closing chapter; but here and there a reader, less easily convinced than the majority, will have his doubts as to the chances of happiness, with the wife in Washington, mothering a universe of other people's children, and the husband in the depths of his Rocky Mountain mines, amassing a fortune for the heirs whom he may never have.

"THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER"

It would be difficult to find a more complete contrast to *The Precipice* than is afforded by Hamlin Garland's latest published volume, *The Forester's Daughter*. There are no problems of feminism in this story; it is quite wild and woolly, after the harmless and conventionalised manner of an "Essanay" or "Broncho" motion picture. There is the beautiful, daring, physically superb young woman, daughter of a Government forester, who knows vastly more than her own father about felling trees and breaking horses and controlling men; there is the interesting invalid from the East, only son and heir of a millionaire lumberman, who has been sent West to recover from the effects of overstudy; and there is the typical "bad man," who loves the girl and has almost won her, until the Easterner arrives to show her the difference between a desperado and a real gentleman. The real gentleman, by the way, has no little trouble in living up to the requirements of his rôle. For instance, it happens that he and the girl are caught and snowed in, up in the mountains, for two days and nights, and when the news leaks out, a certain scandal-loving old woman of the neighbourhood proceeds to circulate the facts by telephone, all over the district. The girl's father naturally wants to know what the young man intends to do about the matter, and the other somewhat lamely answers that he loves the girl and has told her so, but hasn't exactly asked her to marry him, and hadn't meant to do so, because he hadn't expected to marry for some years to come. But since he had injured the girl's reputation, well, just for the sake of being obliging, and to prove he was a gentleman, and also because he really did love the girl, he would make her his wife,—provided the millionaire father had no objections. This is not literally what the book puts into the young man's mouth, but it is the substance of it. And the girl's father, and the girl's mother and the girl herself, all unite in saying substantially, "Thank you most to death for your kind condescension." And the millionaire arrives in his private car, and is instantly so delighted with his prospective daughter-in-law that he tells his son she will make mother and the girls ashamed to look at themselves in the glass. So the volume ends with wedding bells and a parental blessing,—and leaves the puzzled reader wondering what it was written for, unless to show how much or how little the author knows of forestry. It is hard to believe that this story came from the same hand that once gave us a book of real strength, *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*.

"ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE"

One cannot read Samuel Merwin's *Anthony the Absolute* without realising how hugely the author must have enjoyed himself while writing it. Of course, every reviewer is bound to make the inevitable comparison, if not on paper, at least in his own private consciousness: its author has suddenly re-

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vealed himself as an American William J. Locke, who has performed the miracle of possessing himself of the delicious, whimsical, elusive humour of Marcus Ordeyne and the Belovèd Vagabond, and yet at the same time retaining in full measure his own individuality. There are, of course, some readers who will make the mistake of taking the book too seriously, of seeing in it an intention to discuss some of the big problems of the day, the white slave traffic, the equal standard of morality for the sexes, the right of woman to her individual freedom, and economic independence. And it is quite true that all these topics and others akin to them find mention in the pages of *Anthony the Absolute*,—but only for the purpose of showing up his hero from some new angle, and revealing some new and refreshing eccentricity. Anthony is a meditative and retiring sort of person, with strange theories about music, a hobby for collecting folk-songs, and a theoretic knowledge of women gained wholly from books. The most ardent feminist could not ask for greater liberty for the sex than this surprisingly absolute gentleman would freely accord them. But, like many another theorist, he discovers that his most cherished beliefs and doctrines break down under practical application. In theory he holds that even the most degraded of women are entitled to courteous treatment, as well as their happier sisters; yet, one evening when he is initiated into the mysteries of a Japanese tea-house, he discovers that his courteous consideration of the feelings of its inmates is very far from being appreciated. He believes that a lady has a perfect right to leave her husband if she has ceased to love him; and when he encounters on a trans-Pacific steamer a wronged husband who is on his way to China for the purpose of killing his wife and her lover, Anthony argues eloquently to dissuade him from his antiquated procedure, but to no purpose; so, just to teach Anthony a lesson, fate amuses itself by making him casually fall in with the truant lady, not knowing who she is,—and almost before they are aware of it, he and the young woman have formed a friendship which rapidly ripens into a much more ardent feeling, thanks to a unanimity of tastes and a propinquity of hotel rooms. All of a sudden, the wronged husband turns up, waving a Japanese sword, and swearing by all the gods of East and West that he has become convinced that Anthony is the man who has wronged him, and that he will have his heart's blood. Now, another of Anthony's pet theories is that love should not stand in the way of a woman's career; here is a woman whom he loves and whom her husband loves, but she has a wonderful voice, and should be allowed her freedom and a chance to study. All of which the husband refuses to listen to,—so Anthony forgets his theories and knocks the husband down, and since the scuffle happens on the hotel stairs, the husband is considerably damaged physically and so hurt in his self-respect that on the way to the hospital he commits hari-kari with his Japanese sword, and thus leaves the field free to Anthony. But Anthony has not yet reached the limits of his absolutism; the lady's husband, to be sure, is out of the way; but she still has her career to think of, and no true man of the modern type would interfere with a lady's career. But it happens that her career is the last thing that the lady is thinking of; she knows what she wants, and she wants Anthony and nothing else. And when this fact at last dawns upon Anthony, the last of his feministic theories dissolves into thin air, and he is quite ready to be simply and practically happy in a sane and wholesome fashion. The book is brimming over with unexpected and refreshing paradoxes, and may be enjoyed simply as a clever piece of sheer, light-hearted fun and indulgent satire. But those who look a little deeper will realise that Mr. Merwin has really said one rather striking thing, namely, that if the full feministic programme could be put into practice, if the equal standard with all the consequences that would logically follow in its wake could become an accomplished fact, the last persons to

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be satisfied by the change would be the women themselves.

"WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST"

Every time that a new De Morgan book comes along, the present reviewer finds himself once more wondering why the reading of them is such a conscious effort. There is an unmistakable charm about them; they have in them a certain mellow richness and palpable worth; and at the same time they are full of tricks and mannerisms of a bygone generation which endear them to us because of that constant suggestion of a resemblance to the great masters of English fiction. Nevertheless, they are not easy reading. It requires a deliberate effort to keep the plot clearly spread before the mind's eye, and more than once it is necessary to turn back and straighten out the identity of one or more characters. All of this applies to a rather greater extent than usual to the latest De Morgan volume, *When Ghost Meets Ghost,*—partly because of the great length of the story and its multitude of characters (for it runs to more than eight hundred pages), and partly to its complicated and mysterious plot, and its frequent shifting backward and forward in point of time, over a period of fifty years. To attempt anything approaching a comprehensive analysis of this story within the modest limits of a brief review would be a *tour de force* from which even a veteran reviewer might reasonably be excused. It covers as wide a range through the social strata of England as Dickens's *Bleak House* or *Barnaby Rudge;* it rakes up old, forgotten family secrets, buried in the archives of New Zealand penal colonies, and through the curious interweavings of human life it leads us from the abodes of wealth down into squalid back alleys, in the midst of poverty and disease and that unfailing charity and sympathy which Mr. De Morgan so truly recognises as a characteristic of the very poor. Among the host of men and women who throng these eight hundred pages, there are two bent and feeble old women, octogenarians both of them, who linger conspicuously in the memory, for they are the "ghosts" to which the title refers. Neither of them knows that the other is alive, because more than half a century ago it had served the selfish purpose of a man to keep them apart. These two old women are twins, and in girlhood were so much alike that even their closest friends could not tell them apart; and, like all twins, they were inseparable. But one of them was unwise, and made a runaway match, of doubtful legality, with a handsome scoundrel who soon after was convicted of forgery and sentenced to deportation for life. As soon as she could, his wife followed him into the exile of a penal settlement, and there, in spite of privation and loneliness and scant kindness from her husband, she continued to live until his death set her free. But she often begged him for the money to take her home on a visit, for her heart ached with the longing to see her twin sister once again. The husband refused to let her go, for he feared that once away she might never come back; so, in order to put an end to her reason for going, he forged two letters, one from England, telling of the death of her father and sister, and the other announcing his own wife's death to her family at home. There is the big, fine, pathetic situation that looms up behind the multitude of happenings in this crowded story: for fifty years, these two sisters have mourned each other as dead, and all this time they have been living within easy distance of each other, unconsciously waiting for fate to bring them into touch. But to give the impression that this is the whole story, or even the chief part of the story Mr. De Morgan has to tell, would be most misleading. It is a big, sane, eminently human story, done with an amplitude of means, a generosity of portrayal, a wealth of happy phrasing such as Mr. De Morgan has not equalled in any other book since the publication of *Joseph Vance.* The volume would be a memorable one, if only for the new friends that we make in the unsavoury squalour of Sapp's Court,—Uncle Mo',

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the ex-prize-fighter, and Aunt M'riar, and Dolly and Dave, two more of Mr. De Morgan's inimitable child portraitures,—poor little Dave, who was run down by a fire-engine and taken to the "Horsetickle!" And these are only one little random group out of the thronging treasure-house of these pages. And yet, in spite of the pleasure it gives, the book is none the less somewhat difficult reading.

"LILIEKRONA'S HOME"

One delightful thing about Selma Lagerlöf is that she is by nature a born Onlooker. In this simple little tale just published in translation, *Liliekrona's Home,* which, like so much of this author's inimitable work, has about it something of the quality of folk-lore, she has kept herself absolutely outside the story. The tone changes from chapter to chapter, taking on a different colour according as it is successively seen through the eyes of Little Maid, or the Pastor's Daughter, or one or another of the chief actors. But Selma Lagerlöf herself never for an instant obtrudes her personality,—although of course one feels it indirectly in every line of her exquisitely simple narrative style. As for the substance of this tale, it is simply the old familiar situation of the cruel stepmother and the once dearly beloved daughter whose father is now persuaded to believe nothing but evil of her. The setting of the story is a little remote Scandinavian village under most primitive conditions, and the loom and spinning-wheel and all the old homely domestic duties of farm and household are carried on with pleasant thrift and enterprise. But they are a superstitious folk as well as thrifty, and they have their own beliefs as to what was left behind in the old days when the lake down by the Black River was drained dry. They knew that the spirit of that lake would never have been content to dwell in the scant waters of the Black River; so what was more likely than that this Water Spirit should be none other than the Pastor's second wife, who had come no one knew from where and had the disposition of the Devil himself. Now, the Pastor's daughter loved a young man who was a great musician, but had laid aside his violin to play no more because of a grim tragedy in his life. He had once before loved a young girl and on the night of their betrothal the spirit of gladness had so entered into his music that he had played and played and the girl had danced and danced until, in the midst of her happiness, she dropped dead at his feet. This was why Liliekrona had put aside thoughts of love and told himself that he could never know the joy of a home and fireside of his own. How the Pastor's daughter taught him a wiser philosophy and persuaded him to play again, and how the evil stepmother was finally banished from the Pastor's house, and how that same evening, certain villagers swore that they saw a black spirit creeping through the dusk to hide itself in the Black River,—all this and more Selma Lagerlöf has interwoven so ingeniously that you may take the tale as a fairy legend, a parable or a bit of realistic country life as unsparing in its details as a painting by Millet. If books of this type of workmanship were not so few and far between the reviewer's task would be an easier and pleasanter one.

"THE LODGER"

The Lodger, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, is easily the best of the various mystery stories that this writer has produced. The real merit of it lies in the quietness with which it opens, without a hint of anything gruesome or uncanny; and then little by little we begin to connect certain events and places and to realise the utter grimness of a situation innocently brought about by a respectable middle-aged woman renting a room to a strange lodger. He seemed to have come to her like a special dispensation of Providence. That very evening she and her husband, who had once been respectable family servants but were now too old to go back to their former work, had been reckoning up just how many shill-

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ings stood between them and abject poverty; and then the husband, yielding to that illogical desire which often comes when funds are low, to redeem his self-respect by some reckless expenditure, actually steps out of the house and pays a penny, one of their few, precious pennies, for an evening paper. You see, just at this time all London was excited by a series of atrocious and inexplicable murders, and the good man happened to have a young friend on the Secret Service force, who had told him a few inside facts as to what the police were doing. Now if he had not gone out for that paper, he would not have left the light turned high in the front hall and the Lodger would have passed the house without seeing the sign announcing furnished rooms. And such a wonderful lodger, too; to be sure, he had no luggage excepting one small, mysterious satchel, which he would not leave for an instant out of his hand; but he insisted on paying her double what she asked on condition that she would take no other lodgers than him. So, happy in the possession of a month's rent in advance, the landlady descended to the dining-room to interrupt her husband in his perusal of the latest details of a fresh murder in Whitechapel. Well, there is the situation; and the fine art by which, without unnecessary haste, without a word too much or too little, you are led to form a mental connection between the grim headlines of the newspaper and the identity of the Lodger upstairs entitles Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes to cordial recognition as an adept in this type of fiction. It satisfies the reader's desire to be kept in a state of sustained suspense; and, what is much rarer, it satisfies him equally when the final disclosures have all been made. The only weak point in the whole volume is the somewhat melodramatic and unlikely coincidence of having all the parties concerned meet by chance in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works.

"THE ROCKS OF VALPRÉ"

The Rocks of Valpré, by Ethel M. Dell, may best be described as the history of a young woman of much the same fluffy and irresponsible type as those heroines of the Duchess's novels, so dear to the hearts of an earlier generation. It was among the rocks of Valpré, on the French coast, that Chris Wyndham committed her first serious indiscretion by scraping an acquaintance with a good-looking young Frenchman, meeting him surreptitiously on several occasions and finally allowing the tide to overtake them while exploring a certain magic cave, in consequence of which they found themselves prisoners for the rest of the night. This escapade, coupled with the duel which the young Frenchman afterward fought in her defense was destined to pursue her in one form or another throughout life; and notwithstanding the fact that she is afterward happily married to an English husband, her happiness carries a heavy handicap of secrecy, blackmail, forgery, and the persistent and dangerous devotion of the Frenchman. Altogether, this is a well-intentioned little story, with which it would be an unkindness to find fault for its extreme lightness of weight,—because it is so very evident that it is precisely the light, inconsequential thing that its author meant it to be.

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FIFTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie, 1625-1732*

"The briefness of life and the uncertainty of the hour of death decided me, my dear son, to write an account of my life in this, the first year of yours, for your future guidance; nor do I know that God will let me live long enough to relate it to you." Thus begins a document whose unique value and charm are considerable. Finding herself still alive when she had brought it up to date, she continues it as an annual record until within a dozen years of the end of her long life. After the marriage of her son, for whom she had made so splendid a fight, her journal is occupied with less stirring events—with little household affairs, a strike of domestics, taxes, religious disturbances, a visit to George I of England at Hanover, and other matters less interesting to her son, but very illuminating to us, the unexpected heirs of her manuscript.

The record gives us very valuable social information. The alternate privation and splendour of rich people lives, and how even royalty could not command comfort except in their own palaces, and hardly there, are very graphically illustrated. We acquire also a valuable insight into the workings of the devout conscience of the period. Charlotte Amelie, born a Calvinist, came naturally by her quaint and delightful tendency to moralise, for her grandmother had made appropriate reflections on the vanity of worldly things as she watched for ten hours the burning of her château. Through a long life, over half of which was harassed by extraordinary trials, Charlotte saw the hand of God ever intervening in her behalf, even when a toothache lasting for months set her half mad. Through her artless account, which is very feminine and preserves little sense of proportion, one perceives a simple-minded, sensible, energetic nature, submissive to Providence and the social scheme and untroubled by imagining how things might be otherwise, and equally unaware that her magnificent fight single-handed against the principalities of Europe was in any way remarkable.

Born a princess de la Tremoille, she remembers even at the age of two an inordinate pride; and at the age of five she exhibited extraordinary religiosity. At the death of her grandmother she came into the hands of her mother in Antwerp, much to the displeasure of her uncle, who had returned to the Catholic fold and tried by fair means and foul to make her do the same. Her mother, fearing the daughter must succumb in the end, wrote to the Queen of Denmark, her niece, to request Charlotte for maid-of-honour. The Queen, the Reformed Church being the state religion of Denmark, did so; and on the father's refusal, her mother secretly procured a passport from the King of France and proceeded with her daughter to Copenhagen. Leaving her there with the Queen, she returned to her own life, which for all the toughness of her religious convictions, seems to have been a very shallow and worldly one.

The Court of Denmark seemed preternaturally occupied with questions of etiquette. One time when persons of equal rank were visiting their majesties, lots were drawn at each meal to decide how all should be placed. Some years afterward when at the Court again, Charlotte recorded that she heard nothing discussed but trifles, intermixed with profanity and coarseness; and said that being unable to do a single useful thing all day long, was quite insupportable. She speaks to her infant son of his father

*The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie. Translated and edited by her descendant, Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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always as Monsieur. He was a very unromantic and elderly widower, as dignified and reticent as herself, and it is not clear why their rather pallid love affair should have been carried on with the strictest secrecy and with mysterious hints of danger, or why the Queen should have been furious at the thought of an engagement between them. Charlotte always held herself guilty in marrying him, because she feared she loved the creature more than the creator and that subsequent events showed the Divine displeasure.

He was the Count of Aldenburg, and at once after the marriage they journeyed thither. Very shortly and without warning, followed the somewhat exacting majesties of Denmark to visit them. "The whole house," writes Charlotte, "was in disorder and there were even partitions to be put up separating rooms. I sent for every one in town who could sew to make hangings. Your two sisters (step-sisters) and I made window-curtains and had hardly time to eat. I I think I have never been so tired as I was that day, going up and down those terrible stairs superintending the arrangement of the bedrooms. The next day the King went for a walk and the Queen wrote letters, and I tried to get the castle in order." The Queen-mother, the Princess of East Friesland (who quite trembled at meeting the Queen) and a lot of other people visited their Majesties during the visit ("the castle was so full we could hardly turn around in it, and Monsieur and I slept in a loft without a bedstead") and the question of precedence grew alarming.

In less than six months, Monsieur was slowly poisoned by an emissary of the heir-presumptive. The story of his illness and death she tells with the reserve and dignity which, in spite of feminine circumstantiality, marks the whole narrative. The heir-presumptive when he found that she was with child had his people brutally annoy and mistreat her in every way, even starving her—so that she found it miraculous that her life and reason were preserved. The King had taken a hand in despoiling her; and when she and her child continued to live, she was warned that he and the two guardians intended to get possession of him. She did not venture to allow her child to be called the heir because as the King had seized his inheritance, the creditors could have come upon the infant for the debts of the estate. Harassments multiplying, they were forced to flee. "While we were travelling together you helped us admirably by your acting. You called me Fraw Sultzen and Judith 'Hertzmama' without once making a mistake, though you were not quite three years old. Once when Judith scolded you, you apologised out loud and called her 'Maman,' and then between your teeth you whispered angrily, 'Faule Judith!'" Upon new persecutions and formal charges, she decided to appeal against the King to the Emperor at Vienna. "I needed exceptional help from above for my enterprise, a Frenchwoman of the Reformed religion going to the Court of the Emperor, who had been warned against me and my conduct, without introduction or money or acquaintance or support to gain protection. But time proved to me that God can act *without means and contrary to all expectations.*" The guardians and the King had warned off everybody on the way who might be of assistance to her and she could not buy her advancement —as was customary—with presents. But she triumphed in a most singular manner. Her enemies had painted her to the Emperor as so black that her bad character would be admitted as soon as seen. Consequently he, impressed with her appearance, read her petition and at length decreed in her favour. While she waited for the decree, she found every one at the Court squabbling over precedence. On her return the King ordered her to appear and explain her conduct and have her guardianship confirmed, but this she respectfully refused to do. Finally, though her friends feared for her life, she decided to accept the Queen's invitation to visit her, so that as far as her son's affairs were concerned she

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might have nothing to reproach herself with. The Queen forced her to lodge in the house of her chief enemy, but if she had intended harm she made a botch of the business; and Charlotte Amelie got away again in safety. Her years began now to be less eventful, though she was still pursued by the unexplained malice of the King—who had been so devotedly served by her husband all his life and by his repeated efforts to get hold of the son's property. The boy, in spite of all attempts to win him over, remained faithful to his single-minded and dauntless mother, so glowing an example of the strength of the weak and the wisdom of the simple.

Graham Berry.

II

DE GOBINEAU'S "THE RENAISSANCE"*

Three persons are concerned in the making of this book. Their relative importance in the eyes of the publisher is set forth in type. Arthur, Comte de Gobineau appears in large capitals as the author; Dr. Oscar Levy in smaller capitals as the editor and the writer of the introduction; Mr. Paul V. Cohn in ordinary type on the back of the title page as the translator. If merit ruled, perhaps the order would be reversed. The translation appears to have been admirably done, and with great care although, in spite of the fact that the translator is a Cambridge B.A., there is an occasional slip in grammar. How far the actual work of the learned author may have been modified by the even more learned editor does not appear. But the editor has done nobly by his friend, from the editorial point of view doubtless, in the introduction and appreciation, which as it runs to twenty-five thousand words, is a contribution entitled to be considered an integral portion of the book. In the opinion of Dr. Levy not to know the Comte de Gobineau is to argue one's self unknown. Yet the merits and the work of the gentleman in question, now deceased, have not been sufficiently impressive or sufficiently well known to have entitled him to a mention even in the three latest encyclopædias! A few lines in the *Century Dictionary of Names* rescues him from oblivion. So that the introduction with its highly-coloured, highly-flavoured account of the author's career and work has some excuse for being.

It would be a more valuable introduction if the personality of the introductor did not so constantly obtrude itself. Dr. Levy shows himself to be completely anti-Christian, following the lead of the Comte de Gobineau in that. He is also contemptuous of such racial admixtures as this western hemisphere and especially the United States exhibits. He is fully committed to the theory that it is race and nothing else that tells in the battles of life as recorded in the pages of history. The idea of universal brotherhood set forth in religion is abhorrent to him. Incidentally, he is utterly devoid of a sense of humour. That is proved in two ways: by the things that he cites as humourous and by the things he presents seriously. If the reader have the time and patience he will find the introduction interesting, although when he concludes it he will know much more of the self-revealing Levy than of Gobineau.

As to the book itself, the author has striven to picture the Renaissance in the form of dramatic dialogue which he groups conveniently under five great headings: "Savonarola," "Cesare Borgia," "Julius II," "Leo X," and "Michael Angelo." There is no attempt to preserve any dramatic unity. Characters are introduced and dropped, sometimes to reappear later, sometimes not to reappear at all. The line of continuity is broken into a series of dots and dashes. The author displays an extensive knowledge of human nature of the baser sort; a wide familiarity with the literature of the period in its least pleasant and useful aspects, and a tendency to dwell upon everything that is mean,

*The Renaissance. By Arthur, Comte de Gobineau, with introduction by Dr. Arthur Levy, translated by Paul V. Cohn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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petty and ignoble. There are interesting bits of characterisation throughout the book, but with few exceptions these deal with the vicious personages and happenings of the period. The glory, the splendour, the magnificence of the Renaissance are overlooked. The book is decadent, decidedly so. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is unhistoric and unscientific in that it belittles and undignifies a great movement and makes nothing of the great motive that was back of it and the great ends that were achieved.

Do Cesare Borgia and the two Popes mentioned represent the real spirit of the Renaissance? Does Savonarola, does Michael Angelo? Well of the five, the two last mentioned come nearer to it. Michael Angelo of course being more typically representative than the others, and Michael Angelo is more kindly dealt with by the author than the others. Savonarola, wherever he appears, is made ridiculous. Perhaps he was ridiculous to some of his contemporaries and perhaps some of his propositions do not altogether move to-day to enthusiasm. But he was not such a man as he is presented, not by any means. Comte de Gobineau could not write feelingly and understandingly of the Renaissance, for he himself had not been born again. It is a pity that such undoubted talents, such fine dramatic ability, such power of forcible dialogue should not have been employed to a better purpose. Still, the book is useful as a corrective. The Comte de Gobineau is a sort of *advocatus diaboli* whose work may perhaps moderate what is sometimes an undue and excessive enthusiasm for the people and the period.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

III

Charles Mills Gayley's "Beaumont the Dramatist"*

"I fear," says Professor Gayley (speaking of Ward's monumental and tedious *English Drama,* in another connection), "that too much reading of decadent drama sometimes impairs the critical perception. In making allowances for what masquerades as historical probability, one frequently accepts human improbabilities and condones what should be condemned. I have found it so in my own case." One often fears that the vast amount of scholarship expended on the Elizabethan drama is as misguided as it is unhuman. Certainly the King of France is constantly on the march these days; and research confutes research incessantly. Doubtless one is ungrateful, but it is better to be the blind heir of ages of scholarship than to watch the laborious coral-maker at his minute task.

Slowly Professor Gayley saws apart the Siamese twins — Beaumont and Fletcher. Of the thirty-four plays once ascribed to them, Beaumont wrote only five in partnership with Fletcher. Tradition has it that in their partnership he was critic and Fletcher was creator. But very much the larger part of their joint plays are his, and his the conception and inventiveness. The cream he ascribes to Beaumont entirely—the cream (if one may so state it) not only in quality but quantity. The chief separators (to derive the figure still further from the dairy) which determine the two are their metrical styles, sentence-structure, favourite expressions, and mental habits.

In Beaumont's later work, as in his earlier work alone, says the author, there is frank animalism of Elizabethan blood and humour, but one may search in vain for the Jacobean salaciousness of Fletcher before and after Beaumont was persuading him that mirth might exist without obscenity. Since the plot of none of their joint plays is borrowed, while those of almost all Fletcher's joint plays are, like Shakespeare's, lifted, one must assume his constructive genius. Their Bohemian life on the Bankside—such as it was —must have been brought to an end by Beaumont's marriage in 1613 at the age of twenty-eight. At his marriage his dramatic activity ceased.

*Beaumont the Dramatist. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: The Century Company.

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Though they did not begin to write for Shakespeare's Company until 1609 they must certainly have met him before that time; and they were certainly familiar with his poetry and his methods. Beaumont had often parodied him either in roguery or in censure, but always humorously; and laughed at his exaggeration. Their great trio of plays was written for and produced by Shakespeare's actors. Unlike some other researchers imbued with the German spirit of scholarship, he does not feel that *Cymbeline* and the subsequent romantic dramas of Shakespeare betray any consciousness of the Beaumont and Fletcher *Philaster*—in fact, there is a closer relationship between them and a half dozen of his own earlier plays. It is a sufficient marvel that Beaumont should have written such plays between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight, without going to the extent of saying that he diverted from his natural course the dramatic technique of a master twenty years his senior and intimately acquainted for that length of time before Beaumont began to write, with the condition of the stage. The book is not at all convincing here, for if Beaumont in *Philaster* was accepting the new method of the seasoned playwright Shakespeare in *Pericles,* one wants to know how it happened that he went so far ahead of that trivial and chaotic work. In disposing of the baseless statement continuously parroted by critics that Beaumont's famous burlesque, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* derives from Don Quixote, Professor Gayley does better service.

Beaumont at his best, he says, has the unadorned poetry of the human heart-break; is Nature sobbing into verse. Yet a Shakespearean grandeur of phrase may be his also, with a similar complexity and balanced crowding of illustration and fresh insistent thought. The dramatic methods of his heroic plays, lending themselves easily to imitation, lent themselves to debasement also; but next to Shakespeare he was the most essentially poetic dramatist of the early Jacobean period. Properly staged and cut, his three greatest plays would all yield delight to-day.

A. de Vivier.

IV

Robert Dunn's "The Youngest World"*

There are some books, just as there are some scenes of nature, which it is essential to see for the first time from just the right vantage ground, if we wish to get the correct estimate of their inherent bigness. Robert Dunn's newly published novel of Alaska, *The Youngest World,* is one of these books. Let us not misunderstand one another. In making this comparison, the present reviewer is not attempting to claim that Mr. Dunn's book is one of the great natural phenomena of the world, that it has the pent-up energy of a Niagara Falls or the soaring majesty of the Matterhorn. On the contrary, it has very distinct human limitations and very obvious faults. But it does have a rather unusual bigness, in spite of these faults, indeed, in a measure because of them, and in order to understand this we must recognise that Mr. Dunn's methods are those of nature rather than of art, and that his work is far more akin to a rugged pinnacle of storm-scourged granite than to the chiseled stone of a cathedral.

Accordingly, if you start with the wrong view-point, you get the impression of something very large, to be sure, but rather formless, over-crowded, chaotic. Mr. Dunn evidently suffers from the proverbial embarrassment of riches in the form of material, and he has not yet learned the finer economies of artistic creation. Words and phrases, scenes and episodes, are flung before us with spendthrift lavishness, as the flashing memories crowd and jostle one another in his brain. And the whole effect is somewhat like watching a great mass of storm-clouds piling up and rolling and shifting and amassing again, until you suddenly see to your astonishment that they have

*The Youngest World. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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grouped themselves into a huge and impressive picture, a trifle distorted and exaggerated perhaps, yet bearing quite unmistakably the forms and outlines of terrestrial objects.

So, in *The Youngest World,* we suddenly discover that all the crowded incidents, the jostling tide of human beings, have united to form a picture, not of man or woman, but of Alaska itself, a personified and transfigured Alaska, like a beneficent spirit of hope. This is the point of view, and the only one, from which to see *The Youngest World,* if we wish to grasp its rugged symmetry of form and unity of purpose.

From the foregoing statement, it may be rightly inferred that this is a book which does not lend itself to a brief epitome of plot. Indeed, the luckless reviewer who should start out to trace, even in the most condensed sort of verbal shorthand, the career of Gabriel Thain from the hour that he broke away from the wretched bondage of his mistaken marriage to Arlene, would soon find himself floundering hopelessly along a wilderness of unbroken trails. The only way to do the book even elemental justice is to attack it from the other side, the side of its big, underlying motive. It is a fundamental instinct of life, says Mr. Dunn, an instinct shared in a measure even by the animals, to wish to leave behind something of themselves, something in which to survive. Some men hand down their name through a son, some through a book, some through a deed of valour, a desert traversed or a mountain scaled. These are all merely different forms of a striving after an earthly immortality; and if we read Mr. Dunn correctly, he believes that it is not only a natural instinct, but an inalienable right thus to perpetuate one's memory; and all his sympathies go out to those who, through some blighting disappointment, or stifling environment, a loveless marriage, a financial disaster, a failure to reach the goal, lose that heaven-sent gift, ambition. To such he does not offer Alaska as the universal panacea; but he does proclaim boldly that it is a younger, cleaner world, where big things and little things readjust themselves in their true proportions, and where many a human derelict, man and woman alike, has recovered a lost faith, a lost energy, and has found the courage to rebuild a new and finer and nobler life on the ruins of the old one.

We have had almost a surfeit of Alaskan stories since the first opening-up of the Klondike, and the mad and reckless rush to the new gold-fields. And necessarily there are certain stage-properties common to them all: hardship, brutality, hunger and want must always be close companions of frontier life the world over; and in the far North these are supplemented by darkness and unimaginable cold. It has pleased most writers hitherto to dwell chiefly upon the physical, not to say the animal side, of life in the far North. The very essence of what we have come to think of as Jack-Londonism is this insistence upon the thinness of the veneer of civilisation, the readiness of humanity to obey the call of the wild, and revert to the primordial savagery of the Stone Age. Mr. Dunn has not shut his eyes to the hatred and lust and violence that naturally have a freer hand in a primitive country. But he has not deliberately magnified them. He sees the divinity latent in man and woman, quite as clearly as he sees the mark of the beast. He has a strong, fine, youthful optimism, and an abiding faith in the ability of erring humanity to find eventually the trail that leads to those higher places of moral and physical well-being, if only they are provided with half a chance. And this faith, which he exemplifies in the individual lives of a score of characters which rather persistently refuse to be forgotten is one of the chief reasons for proclaiming *The Youngest World* one of the few novels of recent years which the lover of good fiction cannot afford to miss. It is many years since the present reviewer has felt such glad surprise on reading the first story of a new novelist, or experienced a similar thrill of elation, such a sense of having been swept

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through and through by the tonic breath of high, clean altitudes.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

V

William J. Locke's "The Fortunate Youth"*

Ever since the dawn of realism, it has been the fashion to ridicule the type of story dear to a bygone generation, in which the hero, gutter-born and gutter-bred, miraculously works his way from poverty and obscurity into wealth, knowledge and fame, and ends by winning his heart's desire, the fairy princess, so to speak. But here comes Mr. William J. Locke, the great wizard of plausibility, and says to us indirectly if not in words, "Well, why not? It wasn't a half-bad type of story after all, and I am going to prove it to you." And he does. He takes his hero, his Fortunate Youth, not merely from the gutter, but from the foulest and most hopeless back alley in a second-rate English manufacturing town, a half-starved, over-worked little lad, kicked and beaten almost to death. But the boy has great physical beauty, which is destined to be a big asset, and he has another even greater, an invincible belief in his own ultimate destiny as a great man, a power in the world. And thanks to this belief, and to a treasured talisman, a little coral heart given him at a Sunday-school picnic by a pretty young woman who came before his dazzled young eyes like a glimpse of heaven, the boy does escape from his surroundings and does slowly but surely struggle up the rungs of the social ladder. He is by turn gypsy, artist's model, walking gentleman in third-rate London companies, and leading man on tour through the provinces. He knows poverty, illness and starvation; but his personal charm, his magnetism of voice and manner, and his unconquerable belief in himself always win him the timely aid of some man or woman,—usually a woman. And in the end we leave him a promising young member of the House of Commons, a leader of the Young England party, and the happy possessor of the love of a princess, only a Balkan princess to be sure, but a real, genuine one, straight out of the *Almanac de Gotha,* which is more than most fairy tales can boast. Of course, it is all quite preposterous and fantastic, but then, fantasy and preposterousness are Mr. Locke's chief stock-in-trade; and so long as he can thus achieve the impossible, restore dethroned romance to her rightful heritage, and cheerfully and unblushingly convince us that white is black and blue is green in the full light of day, it would be ungrateful to do less than recognise him as the magician of words that he is and one of the princes of modern entertainers.

Calvin Winter.

*The Fortunate Youth. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

VI

Miss Dalrymple's "Diane of the Green Van"*

One of the oldest axioms in the world is that there is simply no accounting for tastes. There are some people who may like *Diane of the Green Van,* in fact, just a few have put themselves on record to that effect in a sensational and widely heralded manner. But the only fair way is to judge for yourself. Do you really care to read about a young and beautiful American heiress, who has wearied of conventional society and chooses to go wandering across country in a big green van, fitted up as cozily as any boudoir? She is followed by her lover and self-appointed protector enthroned on top of a load of hay; and in this guise they make their slow way from Connecticut southward, until they finally arrive, after many incredibly narrow escapes, in the Everglades of Florida. You see, the heiress is beset with a host of frightful perils, of which she is blissfully unaware. She does not know that a certain principality in Europe has been thrown into consternation because in an earlier generation the heir to the throne ran away to America, and, as the result

*Diane of the Green Van. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company.

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of a mad career of marriages and divorces, so tangled up the royal pedigree that his successors have never since felt secure upon their throne. And now, suddenly a paper has come to light proving that the American heiress is the rightful princess. So in hot haste the leading diplomat of the foreign state, the reigning prince's confidential spy, and the prince himself all journey to America, each with his individual scheme for getting rid of the beautiful and dangerous heiress. Furthermore, the luckless girl has a cousin who knows the secret and has everything to gain by her death, for he will inherit all her wealth. Can you not picture the wild orgy of plots and counterplots made possible by such a situation? From Connecticut to Florida, the gypsy trail of the Green Van leads through a succession of midnight ambushes, knife thrusts, pistol shots, abductions and at least one successful murder. There are scenes of torture managed with an up-to-date ingenuity that makes the Spanish inquisitors look like amateurs, there is a masquerade ball that out-masks and out-dances the famous carnivals of Venice, and there is a tribe of friendly Florida Indians, whose special function in the story the reviewer would not be rash enough to attempt to define; because the whole impression left by the book is that of a conglomeration of mad irresponsibility, a host of fantastic shapes, whirling through chaos in a devil's dance. It may be a masterpiece, and it may be worth the ten thousand dollar prize that it received. But to the present reviewer it seems like rather sorry stuff, a patchwork of the chief stage properties borrowed from the "best sellers" of the past decade, with the patching none too neatly done.

Philip Tillinghast.

VII

H. Rider Haggard's "The Wanderer's Necklace"*

The literary generations come and go, but Rider Haggard goes on forever. He digresses into the varied fields of politics, sociology, agriculture and the modern novel, but he always returns between whiles to his old love whom he terms Romance. The newest book is one of the outbreaks of fidelity to an ideal which once proved financially lucrative. But somehow it doesn't seem quite the same Rider Haggard of the days of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The superlative ease of craftsmanship is there, the fluent style, modernised sufficiently to seem natural to the readers of this generation, and yet sufficiently archaic to give what will pass very well as local colour—or may one say "epochal colour?" What is missed is the fertile imagination that seemed inexhaustible, that piled incident on incident in breathless succession. It labours here, in this latest volume, it comes with a perceptible effort. There is virility, as in the earlier works, and a sense of power, but it shows itself here in the writing, not in the creating of situations. It is the power of the man who knows the mechanics of his business—but who is trying to let mechanics take the place of invention. The pattern is there as of old, but the colour and vivid life are lacking.

The story concerns itself with some part of the life of Olaf, a Norseman, a former incarnation of some personage who is telling the tale at the present day, or at any rate at a later day than the ninth century in which Olaf lived, sang, fought and loved. But Olaf also remembers a former incarnation in his dreams and knows himself for the reawakened soul of a Norseman of dim ages back who loved a daughter of the Pharaohs. And it is not until he meets the woman who is a descendant of that long-dead Egyptian Princess that Olaf himself finds the woman who is his destined mate, although he had loved, unhappily, a maiden of his own people and had been loved by an Empress of Byzantium. It all sounds very romantic and superficial, retold thus coldly. And it is all very much on the surface. For despite Olaf's

*The Wanderer's Necklace. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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dreams and Freydisa's clairvoyance, and in spite of the meditations of priest and sage met in the pages, the realities of things are never touched. But it is all so well written that we read on with a real desire to know what is coming, not for the incident itself, but for the dignified manner of the telling. And there are still some readers, in this prosaic age with its own burning problems, who will like to wander in old Norse antiquity and who delight in the splendid brutality of virile manhood that was the old Norse ideal as it swept down upon the Latin races, drawn by some inexplicable longing for the sun. There is dignity in this book. It does not attempt to be more than it is, and this quality joined to the memory of past pleasures, should ensure it a reception of affectionate esteem.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

William R. Castle's "The Pillar of Sand"*

It seems odd to read a man's name, and one that sounds like a real name, too, not a literary pseudonym, on the title page of this book. The story has a very feminine quality, a refinement and delicacy, a tender lingering on trifles, a flavour as of some well-chosen perfume, all the qualities that are quoted as the greatest charm of the well-bred sheltered woman. They are qualities that do not necessarily exclude brains, and they certainly do not exclude evidences of considerable intelligence in this book. But the feminine flavour is there, and the novel's great charm lies just in that point. It is as pleasant a companion to spend an hour with as some cultivated, refined and sufficiently experienced woman would be; as pleasant as some of the women of this sort whose acquaintance we make in its pages.

The author has not yet fully learned the secret of proportion. His book is a little too long for the slight story that carries it, much too long for the background of class distinction and class-consciousness which is the inner meaning of the story. The same theme in a country where the distinctions are founded in facts of centuries instead of arbitrary lines drawn by a few individuals of yesterday, makes an effective background for modern conflicts. But Boston's own particular little idea of Who's Who is, after all, not sufficiently recognised by all creation to carry too much stress of human joy and sorrow.

However, the author has given us a dainty satire on Boston's amiable provincialism, and also a good deal of very sympathetic humanity in the characters he has introduced to us. They are so sympathetic that we are really interested in what happens to them. We care very much when Hugh Brandon is sentenced to prison for a theft he did not commit. It is not that we are as concerned even as the author would like to have us with the fact that Hugh is a member of the inner circle of Boston's Four Hundred. But Hugh is a thoroughly nice boy and we can't help liking him. Also we know that Louise Atwood will not be happy with Francis Evans, not so much because she also is one of this inner circle and he is not, but because she is a woman of innate refinement of soul and has the power to look below the surface of things, two qualities which the successful banker does not possess. The story is very slight, but it rolls on easily and leads the reader through pleasant ways. The style is simple, natural, and good. There is a commendable insistence of the "below the surface" poetry of life which comes as a relief from the fiction that represents too realistically the hustle and bustle of our American life. And one or two sentences which concern themselves with literary style are good enough to quote.

> His prose acquired a vigour and clarity which was the result of having something to say, rather than having to say something.

> The need to say things taught him, as no instruction could have done, that words are a revealing medium, not an end in themselves.

*The Pillar of Sand. By William R. Castle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Nothing new in these thoughts, perhaps, but something that every young writer would do well to heed.

J. Marchand.

IX

Kathleen Norris's "The Treasure"*

The author of *Mother* has hit upon a happy theme which has caused much unhappiness. Why the servant problem has not been touched on before in the recent feministic fiction is a marvel, for it is the bone of contention which disrupts many a happy home. Mrs. Norris points the way through a simple treatment. Indeed, this story of some two hundred pages should do much good—and this is quite aside from the author's natural charm and literary skill. There is nothing ponderous or didactic, however, in her treatment, so it will not offend those who may be disappointed because the story is so fragile. It is just a phase of American life presented with clarity and insight.

The Salisburys keep house and have a hard time making both ends meet. The main fault is the continual waste in the culinary department. Further, the peace of Mrs. Salisbury is broken by her series of domestics, who are merely intermittent inmates in her "old-fashioned home." The problem is solved by the arrival of "the treasure," a highly respectable young woman, with a college education in domestic science. Her methods create a revolution in the conservative mother's breast, but effect a considerable saving in the father's pocketbook. She has a simple system: her wages are regulated by the number of people in the family, her hours are well defined, she has the privilege of a two-weeks' vacation with pay, she does all the marketing herself and she is not asked to piece out the service which detracts from concentration upon her profession of running the food supplies and the meals. In other words, Mrs. Norris has shown us the possibilities of the domestic duties being placed upon a strictly scientific basis, as Mrs. Gilman advocated years ago, in her *Woman and Economics*. Mrs. Salisbury naturally resents this intrusion of the servant upon her own sacred and traditional rights. Further, in spite of her sweetness, she simply cannot understand why "the treasure" should have social privileges. And this brings us to the core of the book when her husband, an unusually clear-visioned husband, by the way, comments pointedly:

> It's a funny thing about you women. You keep wondering why smart girls won't go into housework, and yet, if you get a girl who isn't a mere stupid machine, you resent every sign she gives of being an intelligent human being. No two of you keep house alike, and you jump on a girl the instant she hangs a dish towel up the way you don't. It's you women who make life so hard for each other. There's going to be some domestic revolutionising in the next few years. It's hard enough to get a maid now; pretty soon it will be impossible. Then you women will have to sit down and work the thing out, and ask yourselves why young American girls won't come into your home, and eat the best food in the land, and get well paid for what they do. You'll have to reduce the work of the American home to a system, that's all; and what you want done that isn't provided for in that system, you'll have to do yourselves.

George Middleton.

*The Treasure. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company.

X

David Lisle's "The Soul of Life"*

If a sentimental school girl with literary aspirations and unlimited opportunity for unguided reading should absorb immense quantities of Ouida mingled with lesser doses of Elinor Glyn, as well as considerable Sunday Supplement sizzlings regarding D'Annunzio's love for Duse—and should furthermore have seen Sarah Bernhardt play *Phædre* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—and should

*The Soul of Life. By David Lisle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.

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then feel an ungovernable impulse to express her emotions in a novel—the result would closely resemble the book with the above soulful title. So much so, in fact, that the reader is inclined to ask whether Mr. David Lisle possibly intended his book to be that sort of a parody. If so, it is as clever a parody as has ever been written. If it is to be taken seriously as a modern novel—it is certainly unique in this day and generation.

Every woman in its pages is strikingly beautiful and wears clothes that exhaust the available supply of adjectives. Every man is handsome or noble and manly, or cruel with the cruelty of an absinthe dream—frappé of course—and they are all rich beyond the dreams of avarice. They live in homes that take pages of description to do them justice. It is Ouida out-ouida-ed, with touches of modern decadence of which Ouida never dreamed. There is an actress whom we are told is the greatest actress of her century. There is a dreamfully beautiful young girl who combines English respectability with a perverse desire to be a French actress and who makes a hit in a *demi-vierge* part—just because she makes it good when it should have been naughty. There is a Russian Princess who defies time and remains young and beautiful and who is so great and powerful that she can dictate to Paquin. There is a pretty English widow whose husband was a rich American. But be not alarmed, my countrymen; the defunct captain of industry was as handsome and as manly as all the other men in the book and if possible, just a little kinder. Then there is also a poet who writes when inspired by the scent of orchids and by the absence of a mother who is a morphine fiend with a sense of humour.

The story hinges on the fact that Lucienne Gérôme, the greatest actress of the century, is growing old. This is tragic for Lucienne of course, but it is not necessarily of vital interest to the rest of the world. Also this particular sort of tragedy has been done in fiction a few hundred times. The beautiful young girl, of course, attracts the attention of the orchid poet with whom the greatest actress is in love. Not only that, but it is she who carries off the honours of the *demi-vierge* play. The poet's intentions, we grieve to say, are not honourable. But there is a fine young Anglo-American who wants to marry the girl and eventually does. Another evidence of the superiority of Northern over Latin blood—it is not afraid even of marriage! The Russian Princess has a devoted lover, but she is true to the memory of a man who never returned her love. And she spreads her protecting wing over the above-mentioned young girl, who is this man's daughter, probably in gratitude that the father did not destroy her illusions by marrying her. But why spoil the reader's pleasure? He must find out for himself what this book has to offer, and if he has a sense of humour, it will prove decidedly worth while.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

XI

Warwick Deeping's "The White Gate"*

A well-written story of contemporary English country life. The characters are clearly drawn and even in the painting of Dora Brent, the mother of the heroine, where it would have been easy to over-colour, the author has resisted the temptation. Nearly all the figures that people the story are life-like and likable. There is an atmosphere of wholesomeness and sanity about the whole book. The author never preaches and is never dull.

Constance Brent, after a girlhood largely spent in wandering about from place to place in the wake of her mother, finds herself, when the story opens, settled for the time being, in the midst of a little community filled with cultured and cultivated English people. She knows nothing of the story of her mother's life or of her own. All she knows is that her father died before she

*The White Gate. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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can remember. She and her mother are totally unsympathetic. The elder woman is the personification of selfishness. She has no affection for her daughter and pretends to none. What affection she has is lavished on a wretched little spaniel from which she is never separated a moment.

On her daughter's eighteenth birthday, she tells her the sordid story of her life and divorce. But it is the part of her life which she does not tell which the girl finds most revolting. Suddenly all the things about her mother which have always caused her to shrink from her, her dyed hair, her painted face, her tawdry costumes, and her vulgar taste for loud colours, are explained. No longer does she wonder why no nice women ever call on them. She understands their enforced isolation instinctively.

But finally, Constance meets Richard Skelton, a man of modest fortune, who has come down to the country side to work on an invention that has long possessed his mind. He falls in love with her, but his own slender fortune and the thought that she may consider him elderly—he is some ten years older than she—makes him hesitate to begin his suit until the sudden death of Mrs. Brent, who dies from an overdose of chloral following a drunken spree, leaves the girl doubly helpless and alone. It was she who had given her mother the chloral which it was her nightly habit to take, believing her story that she had not had her usual dose. To escape the unpleasantness following the inquest, Constance and Richard are married at once and leave for the south of France, where, in the pleasant sunshine, Skelton learns of the great success of his invention.

Paul Lee Fleming.

XII

W. Pett Ridge's "Remington Sentence"*

Mr. Ridge's latest book leaves one with a feeling of exasperation. He seems to be so uncertain as to just what he wants to do. Starting as he does with a situation which holds promise of the possibilities for farce, he wavers between farce and the serious development of his story until one wonders just what plan he had, if any. Some of the characters, such as the aunt of the Remington family, who is a sort of exaggerated Betsy Trotwood, if one can imagine such a character, and Major Hurndall, one of the trustees of their fortune, are so overdrawn as to be out of key with the others; while the character of the ne'er-do-well brother and his tragic end gives the tale a sombre touch which seems utterly inconsistent. Much that transpires seems to have no real reason; it just happened. Many things are inadequately explained, few of the characters are firmly drawn, with the result that the impression of the whole work is vague in the extreme.

The three Remingtons, Geoffrey, Helen and "Snips," the youngest, who acts as historian, find on the death of their father, that, by the terms of his will, they must go to London and make their living for a term of years before they inherit his fortune. Just why he makes such extraordinary terms is not clear. In the interval they are in the hands of two trustees. They take lodgings over a shop in a poor quarter. The elder brother is rebellious from the first. He finally quarrels with his sister and goes away to live by himself, finally dying in prison. Helen, the sister, succeeds in getting a sufficient number of pupils in dancing to support herself and her younger brother. She falls in love with a South African explorer. Their engagement is broken when he discovers that she will one day be an heiress. One of the two trustees absconds with all the property, so that objection is removed, and they marry at the close of the book. The story is told with many graphic and amusing touches which only make one feel that the author could have given us something so much better if he had tried. But the result as a whole is far from satisfactory.

Louis Tucker.

*The Remington Sentence. By W. Pett Ridge.

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XIII

Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars"*

The conductor of the train which arrived at El Cajon, New Mexico, shortly before midnight told Madeline Hammond, of New York, known to her friends and even the cowboys of the West, as "Majesty" Hammond, on account of her stately appearance and haughty reputation, that it was no place for a lady. The reader will find himself heartily agreeing with the conductor. The chief novelty of this book, beyond its style, is the enormous variety of dialects used by the characters who are mostly travesties of the cowboys of former days. Madeline, herself, is an extraordinary creature. Never before had she found herself alone except once, when she had missed her maid and her train at a place *outside* of Versailles. Those familiar with the palace of the bygone French kings will be a little puzzled to know just where this accident occurred.

Madeline went West to visit her brother who had left home in disgrace the year after she "came out" in society. She dated a certain thoughtful habit of mind from that time. But finally, when society life palled on her, she packed six trunks—one infers that the lost maid was never recovered—and came out to rough it with her dear disgraced brother in the Far West. No one met her at the station but a drunken cowboy who, in a sportive mood, had made a bet that he would marry the first woman who came to town. He nearly succeeds in persuading a terrified priest to marry them then and there, when he learns that the lady he proposes to honour is no other than the celebrated Majesty Hammond. The opening chapters are a fair sample of the rest of the book. Of characterisation, there is none; of interest, there is almost less. But of all the characters, the heroine is easily the most unreal and absurd. Of her it might be said as a well-known critic once said of the elder Sothern's performance of Claude Melnotte: "He possesses all of the characteristics of the poker, except its occasional warmth."

Wallace L. Kilner.

*The Light of Western Stars. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers.

XIV

Anne Warner's "Sunshine Jane"*

It would be a hardened misanthrope who could withstand the cheer of this beaming little story with its natural unstrained humour and its insistent preaching from the text: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the World." Even if the reader feels the impossibility of accepting the author's serene philosophy quite as literally as she herself does—and the book rings too true to permit of entertaining any doubt as to her complete sincerity—it will leave him rather wistfully contemplating his own limitations. Sunshine Jane belongs to a new order of nurses. She explains that their training has taught them to see the sun as always shining, to go where there isn't any brightness and be bright, to go where there isn't any happiness and teach people how to be happy. She finds her new theories put to the test when she is called upon to take care of her aunt Susan, who has been a bed-ridden invalid for many years, while her other aunt, Matilda, goes for a much needed rest of three weeks. One can imagine her astonishment when she discovers that the supposed invalid has been "playing possum" all this time because it seemed to be the easiest way to please the exacting Matilda. Her confession to her sympathetic niece is one of the most humourous passages in the book. Restricted by the nature of things to the lightest of invalid diets, she has been in the habit of stealing downstairs while her keeper was weeding the garden and cooking herself real meals of a more substantial kind. The consequent depredations on the larder have always been laid to the door of the family cat, who has suffered

*Sunshine Jane. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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greatly in reputation in consequence, being widely known as the greatest thief in town.

Douglas Nettleton.

XV

W. J. HOPKINS'S "BURBURY STOKE"*

The possession of a smooth and flowing style comes to most writers only after prayer, fasting, and long and arduous work, a thing to be striven for and worthy of high commendation when attained. But is by no means the whole art of the novelist. In the case of Mr. Hopkins, it would seem to be a gift of questionable value, leaving the reader, as it does, in doubt as to whether he wilfully sacrifices his ability to tell a story to his desire to be regarded solely as a stylist, or whether he uses his talent consciously to hide the fact that he has no story to tell. It is a truism of the theatre that a beautiful voice is often a temptation to an actor: he falls into the habit of listening to its cadence, forgetting that elocution is only a part of his art. In the same manner, style may be a pitfall to the novelist.

Mr. Hopkins flows on and on, more like the proverbial brook than the deeper waters he is so fond of describing. It is all so inconsequential and irresponsible that one has the feeling after perusing the three hundred odd pages of his latest book, that, so far as the story itself is concerned, he might have just as easily gone on for three hundred pages more, or written: "The End" half way through the present volume. The average reader will put the book down with a feeling of pleasure tempered with exasperation. And he will be right. After all, a story-teller should have a story to tell.

Mason Church.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART IV—MOTHERHOOD

SEATED on a declivity of a richly wooded hill, about three miles from Potsdam, and looking down upon a fine expanse of water, the little Castle of Babelsberg commands a charming view of the surrounding country. "Everything there," wrote Queen Victoria on her first visit, "is very small, a Gothic *bijou,* full of furniture, and flowers (creepers), which they arrange very prettily round screens, and lamps, and pictures. There are many irregular turrets and towers and steps."

It was at Babelsberg that the Princess Royal began to try and see something of the intellectual and artistic world of Berlin. Neither the husband nor the wife was under the dominion of the class and caste prejudices which even now are so astonishing a feature of German social life, and which were then even more powerful and far-reaching. That the Prince and Princess should appear actually to enjoy the society of mere painters and writers and scientists, whether they occupied any official positions or not, seemed extraordinary and highly improper to the whole bureaucratic element of Berlin, and must, we can well imagine, have seriously offended the Prince's father.

It is easy to be wise after the event. No one now can help seeing that it would have been the truest wisdom for the young Princess to have rigidly suppressed her natural tastes and intellectual interests, and to have led a life of the narrowly conventional character which Prussian princesses were expected to lead. But she was incapable of such self-suppression, which would have seemed to her deceitful, and the mild

*Burbury Stoke. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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cautions and hints at prudence in her father's letters were pathetically inadequate to the needs of her critical position. She was herself still quite unaware of how closely she was being watched and criticised. "I am very happy," she told a guest at one of the Court receptions, "and I am intensely proud of belonging to this country."

The more the Princess's social preferences aroused the suspicion and indignation of the Court world, the more popular she became with the "intellectuals," unfortunately not a profitable exchange for her as she was then situated. We become aware of this by a passage in the *Reminiscences* of Professor Schellbach, who had been mathematical tutor to Prince Frederick William. He writes:

"The first words which the Princess addressed to me with the greatest kindness were, 'I love mathematics, physics, and chemistry.' I was much pleased, for I saw that the Prince must have given her a pleasant account of me. Under the direction of her highly cultivated father, who had himself studied it, Princess Victoria had become acquainted with natural science, and had even received her first teaching from such famous men as Faraday and Hoffman. Our beloved Princess soon revealed her love for art and science, as well as her pleasure in setting problems of her own. Her Royal Highness at first tried to go on with her studies in physics and mathematics under my direction, but soon her artistic work took up the remainder of time which the requirements of Court life left to her."

Early in June Prince Albert carried out his plan of visiting his daughter and son-in-law, but it was at Babelsberg, not at Coburg, as he had hoped. He was able to report to Queen Victoria: "The relation between the young people is all that can be desired. I have had long talks with them both, singly and together, which gave me the greatest satisfaction."

Prince Albert was, however, shocked to find the King of Prussia in a terrible state:

"The King looks frightfully ill; he was very cordial and friendly, and for the half hour he stayed with us, did not once get confused, but complained greatly about his state of health. He is thin and fallen away over his whole body, with a large stomach, his face grown quite small. He made many attempts at joking in the old way, but with a voice quite broken, and features full of pain. *'Wenn ich einmal fort bin, wieder fort bin,'* he said, grasping his forehead and striking it, 'then the Queen must pay us a visit here, it will make me so happy.' What he meant was, *'Wenn ich wieder wohl bin.'* 'It is so tedious,' he murmured; thus it is plainly to be seen that he has not quite given up all thought of getting better. The Prince's whole aim is to be serviceable to his brother. He still walks very lame, but looks well. I kept quietly in the house all day with Vicky, who is very sensible and good."

The Princess had special reasons for being "sensible" at this time, for, to the great joy of the Prussian Royal family, she was enceinte.

In August, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid a visit of some length to their daughter. The Queen herself describes the visit as "quite private and unofficial," although she carried in her train not only Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Secretary in Lord Derby's Government (which had been formed in February), but also Lord Clarendon, his predecessor, and Lord Granville, who had been Lord President of the Council in Palmerston's Government.

Prince Albert, at any rate, did not neglect the opportunity of studying the political situation. He wrote to Stockmar a letter highly approving the Prince of Prussia's political views, while his son-in-law he described as firm in his constitutional principles and despising the Manteuffel Ministry, the members of which he met with obvious coolness.

The Berliners gave a hearty reception to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the Queen declared to the Burgomaster of Berlin that she felt exceed-

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ingly happy there, because she had realised with what love and devotion every one was attached to the Royal house and to her daughter.

She was delighted with old Wrangel, whom she calls a great character. "He was full of Vicky and the marriage, and said she was an angel." There was a great deal of sight-seeing, mitigated by charming little *gemuthlich* family dinners, and a grand review at Potsdam.

Prince Albert's birthday occurred during the visit, and one of the Queen's presents to him was "a paper-weight of Balmoral granite and deer's teeth designed by Vicky." "Vicky gave her portrait, a small oil one by Hartmann, very like though not flattered, and a drawing by herself. There were two birthday-cakes. Vicky had ordered one with as many lights as Albert numbered years, which is the Prussian custom."

Her Majesty notes with pleasure the arrival of "our dear, excellent, old friend Stockmar," whose presence, however, by no means gave universal satisfaction. Indeed, Sir Theodore Martin says frankly that, although his visit was due solely to his desire to meet the Queen and Prince Consort, it was viewed with rancorous suspicion by the aristocratic party, who held in abhorrence the man whom they knew to be the great advocate for the establishment of constitutional government in Germany. He was even accused of actively intriguing for the downfall of the Manteuffel Administration, having, it was said, "brought in his pocket, all cut and dry from England, the Ministry of the new era."

Stockmar's views of what was needful to raise Germany to her proper place among the nations were unchanged, but age and infirmity had for some time made him a mere looker-on. Nevertheless, it is probable that neither the Queen nor Prince Albert in the least realised how inadvisable, in the interests of the Princess Royal, was the old man's visit.

It must not, however, be thought that the Prussians were indifferent to the Princess Royal's singular personal charm. We have a most interesting glimpse of this in a long letter written to Queen Victoria by the beautiful and brilliant Duchess of Manchester, herself a Hanoverian by birth, who afterward married the Duke of Devonshire and for many years held a remarkable position in English society.

The Duchess relates how well the Princess Royal was looking during the manœuvres on the Rhine, and how much she seemed to be beloved, not only by all those who knew her, but also by those who had only seen and heard of her.

"The English could not help feeling proud of the way the Princess Royal was spoken of, and the high esteem she is held in. For one so young it is a most flattering position, and certainly, as the Princess's charm of manner and her kind unaffected words had in that short time won her the hearts of all the officers and strangers present, one was not astonished at the praise the Prussians themselves bestow on her Royal Highness. The Prussian Royal Family is so large, and their opinions politically and socially sometimes so different, that it must have been very difficult indeed at first for the Princess Royal, and people therefore cannot praise enough the high principles, great discretion, sound judgment, and cleverness her Royal Highness has invariably displayed."

And the Duchess adds, on the authority of Field-Marshal Wrangel, that the soldiers were particularly delighted to see the Princess on horseback and without a veil.

The Royal visit to Babelsberg came to an end all too soon, and the leave-taking was tearful and emotional in the extreme. Queen Victoria wrote with natural feeling, "All would be comparatively easy, were it not for the one thought that I cannot be with her at the very critical moment when every other mother goes to her child!"

In the October of that first year of the Princess Royal's married life, her father-in-law became permanent Regent, owing to the continued mental incapacity of King Frederick William IV. This filled

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the young Princess with intense satisfaction, which was increased when the new Prince Regent declared it to be his intention strictly to adhere to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of 1850. The great bulk of the nation rallied instantly round him, and it seemed as if the gulf between the House of Hohenzollern and the people of Prussia had been suddenly bridged. The Manteuffel Ministry fell in the following month, a general election produced an enormous Liberal majority, and the hopes of the Constitutionalists ran high. The Manteuffel Ministry was succeeded by one of which Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern was the President. From this time forward Prince Frederick William regularly attended the meetings of the Ministry, and Privy Councillor Brunnemann was assigned to him as a kind of secretary and channel of communication on State affairs.

The Princess Royal imprudently expressed to a gentleman of the Court her satisfaction at the change in the political situation, and her words, being repeated and exaggerated, gave great offence to the Conservative party, which was also the party of the King. The Princess's satisfaction was of course shared by her father, who wrote to the sympathetic Stockmar a letter showing no provision of that great rock of Army administration on which these high hopes were destined to be wrecked:

"The Regency seems now to have been secured for the Prince. We have only news of this at present by telegrams from our children, but are greatly delighted at this first step toward the reduction to order of a miserable chaos. Will the Prince have the courage to surround himself with honourable and patriotic men? That is the question, and what shape will the new Chamber take, and what will its influence on him be?"

On November 20, 1858, Prince and Princess Frederick William moved into the palace in Unter den Linden which was henceforth to be their residence in Berlin; and on the following day, the Princess's eighteenth birthday, there was a kind of dedicatory service in the palace chapel, which was attended by all the members of the Royal House.

This palace had been the scene of the happy life of the Prince's grandfather, King Frederick William III, and of Queen Louise. The intimate and beautiful family life that had filled these rooms was the best of omens for the young pair, and the Princess Royal was delighted with her new home. But the palace required to be brought up to modern standards of comfort, and it was very difficult to have the alterations approved by the moody and violent King. What he allowed on one day he took back with hasty blame on the morrow. At last Prince Frederick William obtained the Royal assent to those alterations which were absolutely urgent, together with a grant of 350,000 thalers. Among other improvements was added an eight-cornered "Gedenkhalle" or "Memory-Hall," in which were placed the numerous wedding presents of the young pair, and to these, from time to time, were added other rare and beautiful objects.

II

On January 27, 1859, Berlin was on the tip-toe of expectation. The custom is that 101 guns announce the birth of a Prince, and only twenty-one that of a Princess, and as in Prussia the Salic Law still obtains, it may easily be imagined with what anxiety the Berliners counted the successive discharges. There was indeed no need to wait for the whole tale of the 101 guns, for the firing of the twenty-second was enough to spread the glad news.

The story goes that when old Field-Marshal Wrangel, "Papa Wrangel" as the Berliners affectionately called him, left the palace, the populace crowded round him and demanded to know what he could tell them. "Children," he answered, "all is well! It is as fine and sturdy a recruit as one could wish!"

It soon became known, however, that all had not gone well with the young mother and her child. There had been one of those unfortunate mishaps, the

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exact truth of which it is always so difficult to disentangle, but the following account, we believe, represents what actually happened:

It had been Queen Victoria's wish that the Princess should be attended in her confinement by Dr. Martin, her English doctor, as well as the German Court physicians. About eight o'clock in the morning of January 27th, one of the latter wrote to his English colleague, asking him to come at once to the Palace. But the servant to whom the letter was entrusted, instead of taking it to Dr. Martin's house, put it in the post, and it never reached him till the afternoon. To that fact the Princess Royal's friends always attributed the circumstances which resulted in the weakness of the infant's left arm. Be that as it may, both mother and baby were for a time in imminent danger. No anæsthetic was administered, and the Princess with characteristic courage looked up to her husband, who held her in his arms the whole time, and asked him to forgive her for being impatient. None of those about her thought her strength would hold out, and one of the German doctors actually said in her presence that he thought she would die, and her baby too. But at last her ordeal came to an end, and to her intense joy she was told that she had given birth to a fine healthy boy. one of those unfortunate mishaps, the

The news of the birth of their first grandchild was quickly flashed to the anxious parents at Windsor. "A boy," ran the telegram, and Queen Victoria characteristically replied, "Is it a fine boy?" But it was not till the following day, so Prince Albert told Stockmar, that the courier brought "our first information of the severe suffering which poor Vicky had undergone, and of the great danger in which the child's life had hovered for a time." To King Leopold the Prince wrote, "The danger for the child and the sufferings for the mother were serious. Poor Fritz and the Prince and Princess must have undergone terrible anxiety, as they had no hope of the birth of a living child, and their joy over a strong, healthy boy is therefore all the greater."

On the evening of the baby's birth, the Prince Regent, also a grandfather for the first time, held a reception, of which we have a vivid description from the pen of the dramatist, Gustav zu Putlitz, then a member of the Prussian Landtag, and afterward chamberlain to Princess Frederick William. He says:

"It was like a great family festival. Every one hurried there with congratulations, and when the young father, beaming with happiness, appeared, the rejoicings increased. This delight is shared by all classes of society, and is a testimony to the extent of the popularity of the Prince and Princess."

Prince Frederick William received on January 29th the congratulations of the Prussian Chambers, to which he made the following reply:

"I thank you very heartily for the interest you have shown in the joyful event, which is of such consequence to my family and to the country. If God should preserve my son's life, it shall be my chief endeavour to bring him up in the opinions and sentiments which bind me to the Fatherland. It is nearly a year ago to-day since I told you how deeply moved I was by the universal sympathy which was exhibited toward me, as a young married man, by the country as a whole. This sympathy it was which made the Princess, my wife, who had left her home to come to a new Fatherland, realise those ties of affection which have now, owing to the birth of this son, become unbreakable. May God therefore bless our efforts to bring up our son to be worthy of the love which has been thus early manifested toward him. The Princess, to whom I was able to communicate your intention, desires me to express her most sincere thanks."

The christening was fixed for March 5th, but neither of the parents of the Princess could be present. "I don't think I ever felt so bitterly disappointed," wrote the Queen to Uncle Leopold. "It almost breaks my heart. And then it is an

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occasion so gratifying to both nations and brings them so much together that it is peculiarly mortifying." However, the Queen consoled herself by doing all she could to mark the importance of the occasion. She sent a formal mission to represent her and the Prince Consort at the christening, consisting of Lord Raglan, the son of the victor of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, and Captain (afterward Lord) de Ros, equerry to Prince Albert. They were both old friends of the Princess, to whom her father wrote:

"I was certain that the presence of Lord Raglan and Captain de Ros would give you pleasure. Ours will come when they return, and we can put questions to them. My first will be: Has the Princess gone out? and does she begin to enjoy the air, to which alone she can look for regaining strength and health? Or is she in the way to grow weak and watery by being baked like a bit of pastry in hot rooms? My second: Is she grown? I will spare you my others.

"Your description of the Prince's kindness and loving sympathy for you makes me very happy. I love him dearly, and respect and value him, and I am glad, too, for his sake, that in you and my little grandchild he has found ties of family happiness which cannot fail to give him those domestic tastes in which alone in the long run life's true contentment is to be found."

The baby Prince was duly christened on March 5th, when he received the names of Frederick William Victor Albert, and on the following day his parents issued a touching expression of their gratitude for the sympathy and congratulations they had received from the public. In it they pledged themselves afresh to bring up their son, with the help of God, to the honour and service of the Fatherland.

After the special envoys had returned from Berlin, the Prince writes to his daughter a letter on the duties of motherhood, which was decidedly candid for those rather prudish days:

"Lord Raglan's and Captain de Ros's news of you have given me great pleasure. But I gather from them that you look rather languid and exhausted. Some sea air would be the right thing for you; it is what does all newly made mothers the most good when their 'campaign is over.' I am, however, delighted to hear you have begun to get into the air. Now pass on as soon as possible to cold washing, shower baths, etc., so as to brace the system again, and to restore elasticity to the nerves and muscles.

"You are now eighteen years old, and you will hold your own against many a buffet in life; still, you will encounter many for which you were not prepared and which you would fain have been spared. You must arm yourself against these, like Austria against the chance of war, otherwise you will break down and drop into a sickly state, which would be disastrous to yourself, and inflict a frightful burden upon poor Fritz for life; besides which, it would unfit you for fulfilling all the duties of your station.

"In reference to having children, the French proverb says: *Le premier pour la santé, le second pour la beauté, le troisième gâte tout.* But England proves that the last part of the saying is not true, and health and beauty, those two great blessings, are only injured where the wife does not make zealous use of the intervals to repair the exhaustion, undoubtedly great, of the body, and to strengthen it both for what it has gone and what it has to go through, and where also the intervals are not sufficiently long to leave the body the necessary time to recruit."

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York, Downtown.	The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup
New York, Uptown....	The Devil's Garden	The Rocks of Valpré
Albany, N. Y.....	The Devil's Garden	The Rocks of Valpré
Atlanta, Ga.....	Pollyanna	The Light of Western Stars
Baltimore, Md.....	T. Tembarom	The Witness for the Defence
Birmingham, Ala.....	Pollyanna	Laddie
Boston, Mass.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Boston, Mass.....	The Witness for the Defence	Pollyanna
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Chicago, Ill.....	The Inside of the Cup	Sunshine Jane
Chicago, Ill.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	On the Seaboard	The Inside of the Cup
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Old Valentines	The Inside of the Cup
Dallas, Texas.....	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom
Denver, Colo.....	The Broken Halo	The White Linen Nurse
Des Moines, Iowa	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Detroit, Mich.....	The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Devil's Garden	T. Tembarom
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Devil's Garden	It Happened in Egypt
Louisville, Ky.....	T. Tembarom	The Best Man
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
New Haven, Conn.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Best Man
New Orleans, La.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Norfolk, Va.....	The Soul of Life	The Passionate Friends
Omaha, Neb.....	The Devil's Garden	The After House
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Sunshine Jane	The Light of Western Stars
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Witness for the Defence	The Devil's Garden
Portland, Me.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Providence, R. I.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Miss Billy Married
Richmond, Va.....	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Rochester, N. Y.....	T. Tembarom	The Light of Western Stars
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Door That Had No Key	The Devil's Garden
Spokane, Wash.....	The Light of Western Stars	The Inside of the Cup
Toledo, Ohio.....	The Light of Western Stars	The Clutch of Circumstance
Toronto, Canada.....	T. Tembarom	The Rocks of Valpré
Waco, Tex.....	The Custom of the Country	The Way Home
Washington, D. C.....	Pollyanna	The After House
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Light of Western Stars	Dark Hollow	The After House	The Iron Trail
The White Sapphire	Fortitude	Home	Sale of Lady Daventry
Sunshine Jane	Home	The Best Man	The Butterfly
T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie
Fortitude	The Red Emerald	The Dark Flower	The After House
T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden	The Dark Flower	Peg o' My Heart
Light of Western Stars	The Rocks of Valpré	Dark Hollow	Sunshine Jane
T. Tembarom	Fortitude	The Rocks of Valpré	The Devil's Garden
Pollyanna	Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	The Rocks of Valpré
Laddie	Dark Hollow	The Eagle's Mate	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden	Woman Thou Gavest Me
Laddie	Home	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	Laddie	Light of Western Stars	Westways
The White Linen Nurse	Custom of the Country	Otherwise Phyllis	The Eagle's Mate
The Eagle's Mate	The Rocks of Valpré	Light of Western Stars	Home
The Butterfly	Peg o' My Heart	The Passionate Friends	It Happened in Egypt
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Laddie	It Happened in Egypt
Westways	Light of Western Stars	The Dark Flower	The Flying Inn
The Inside of the Cup	It Happened in Egypt	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Light of Western Stars
The Butterfly	The After House	General John Regan	Clutch of Circumstance
Light of Western Stars	Woman Thou Gavest Me	The White Sapphire	It Happened in Egypt
Laddie	The Dark Flower	The White Linen Nurse	Pollyanna
T. Tembarom	Westways	Sunshine Jane	**Peg o' My Heart**
Witness for the Defence	Light of Western Stars	Sunshine Jane	Miss Billy Married
Peg o' My Heart	The Dark Flower	Laddie	Garden Without Walls
Dark Hollow	The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	Laddie	Gold	A Vision of Joy
It Happened in Egypt	The Devil's Garden	The Best Man	When Ghost Meets Ghost
It Happened in Egypt	Damaged Goods	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Red Emerald
Miss Billy Married	Light of Western Stars	The Red Emerald	The Rocks of Valpré
Light of Western Stars	The Best Man	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Flying Inn
The House of Happiness	Witness for the Defence	The After House	Dark Hollow
Pollyanna	The Rocks of Valpré	The Iron Trail	It Happened in Egypt
Pollyanna	Laddie	T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	Westways	The Way Home	The Dark Flower
Dark Hollow	The After House	The Inside of the Cup	The Butterfly
T. Tembarom	Laddie	Pollyanna	The After House
The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup	It Happened in Egypt	The After House
The Inside of the Cup	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie	Dark Hollow
In Search of a Husband	V. V.'s Eyes	Within the Law	**Peg o' My Heart**
Daddy-Long-Legs	T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars	The Inside of the Cup
The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré	Miss Billy Married	Sunshine Jane

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending February 4th:
1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
3. Plays. Strindberg.
4. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
5. Across Unknown South America.
6. Common Diseases. Hutchinson.
7. Principles of Teaching. Taylor.
8. A Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.

For the week ending February 11th:
1. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck.
3. Poems. Noyes.
4. The Promised Land. Antin.
5. The Life of Jesus. Martin.
6. The Son of a Servant. Strindberg.

For the week ending February 19th:
1. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
2. The House in Good Taste. DeWolfe.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
5. Accounting. Keister.
6. Dress Design. Hughes.

For the week ending February 25th:
1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
3. Old Greek Life. Mahaffy.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Crowds. Lee.
6. Fires and Fire-Fighters. Kenlon.
7. Plays. Strindberg.
8. Ballads and Poems. Masefield.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Crowds. Lee.
Gitanjali. Tagore.
Sadhana. Tagore.
Autobiography. Roosevelt.
Alone in the Wilderness. Knowles.
Poems. Noyes.
The Philippines, Past and Present. Worcester.
The Montessori Method. Montessori.
The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
European Dramatists. Henderson.
Poems. Masefield.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 230 and 231) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

SEE HINTS FOR BUYERS
PAGE 48, ADVERTISING SECTION

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	196
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	161
3. The Devil's Garden. Maxwell. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	133
4. The Light of Western Stars. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	127
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	122
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	96

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